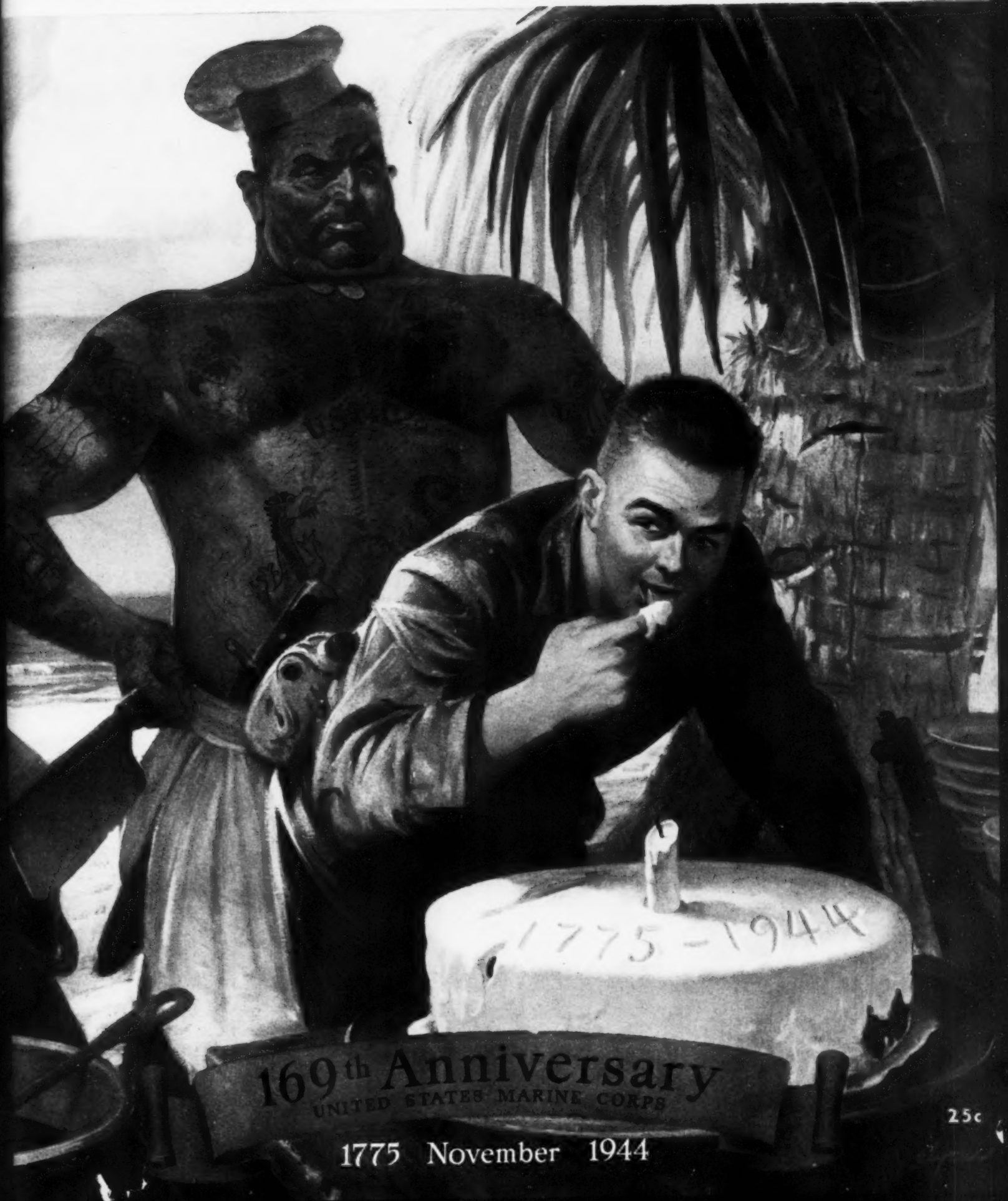


gap
FEB 10 1944
The Leatherneck





HE'S COMING HOME!

Please don't wake me anybody!
Everything's going to be just
the way he'll want it. His easy
chair...his slippers...and his
Chesterfields.

IT'S
Chesterfield

**RIGHT COMBINATION
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS**

Over the Editor's Shoulder



Birthday of the Corps

ON NOVEMBER 10, 1775, a Corps of Marines was created by a resolution of the Continental Congress. Since that date many thousand men have borne the name Marine. In memory of them it is fitting that we who are Marines should commemorate the birthday of our Corps by calling to mind the glories of its long and illustrious history.

The record of our Corps is one which will bear comparison with that of the most famous military organizations in the world's history. During the greater part of its existence the Marine Corps has been in action against the Nation's foes. Since the Battle of Trenton, Marines have won foremost honors in war, and in the long eras of tranquility at home generation after generation of Marines have grown gray in war on both hemispheres, and in every corner of the seven seas that our country and its citizens might enjoy peace and security.

In every battle and skirmish since the birth of our Corps Marines have acquitted themselves with the greatest distinction, winning new honors on each occasion until the term "Marine" has come to signify all that is highest in military efficiency and soldierly virtue.

This high name of distinction and soldierly repute we who are Marines today have received from those who preceded us in the Corps. With it we also received from them the eternal spirit which has animated our Corps from generation to generation and has been the distinguishing mark of the Marines in every age. So long as that spirit continues to flourish Marines will be found equal to every emergency in the future as they have been in the past, and the men of our Nation will regard us as worthy successors to the long line of illustrious men who have served as "Soldiers of the Sea" since the founding of the Corps.

On the tenth of November of each year the above statement from the Marine Corps Manual is read to Marines wherever they may be.

THE LEATHERNECK, NOVEMBER, 1944

VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 12

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ALWAYS "TOPS"

BUT IT TOOK A WAR TO PROVE IT!



Millions of cans of Ammen's are in use by Uncle Sam's fighting men all over the world. For Ammen's Triple Action soothes the skin, absorbs perspiration, and prevents the growth of harmful bacteria. Germs can't live near Ammen's!

**ABSORBENT
ANTISEPTIC
ANALGESIC**

ask for AMMEN'S at your PX.

- * Chafing
- * Insect bites
- * Sunburn
- * Nettle rash
- * Prickly heat
- * All minor skin and foot irritations

AMMEN'S
"Puts Your Skin at Ease"

CHAS. AMMEN CO., LTD. • ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Feast in a Fist-full!

There's always room for Baby Ruth!

CURTISS CANDY
Baby Ruth
RICH IN DEXTROSE

THERE'S always room for Baby Ruth! That's because a fist-full is such a feast... a pack of goodness which satisfies that craving, and helps "perk" you up in a jiffy.

When there's ground to be covered under your own steam—from Army Infantry to Navy Shore Patrol... ask for mouth-waterin' Baby Ruth—rich in dextrose, an energy sugar—at your nearest Army PX or Ship's Canteen. Fits in a fightin' fist as neat as you please! Enjoy Baby Ruth often.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS
Producers of Fine Foods

COLGATE CLOSE-UPS



THE GUYS IN THE SCRAMBLED EGGS
LOOKED LIKE **YEGGS!**

SO I TOLD 'EM,
"NO MORE BUM SHAVES—USE
COLGATE BRUSHLESS IT'S
ONE "NO-BRUSH" CREAM
THAT'LL REALLY TAME TOUGH
WHISKERS" SO NOW THE
SCRAMBLED EGGS ARE
SUNNYSIDE UP!

GET



IN TUBE OR JAR

at your P. X. or SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

WACKY ABOUT
WACS!

HER BROTHER TOLD ME ABOUT
COLGATE BRUSHLESS..
THAT IT STAYS MOIST,
KEEPS YOUR WIRY
WHISKERS SOFT TIL
YOU'RE SHAVED!
NOW MY CHEEKS
SMOOTH
AS HERS...
AN' GEE, I
LOVE MY
G.I. DOVE!

I WAS A
Walkie-Squawkie

MY FACE WAS SO SORE FROM
RAZOR NICKS I WAS
SNAPPING AT COLONELS...
'TIL I DISCOVERED
COLGATE BRUSHLESS
COULD SHAVE ME FAST AND
CLOSE WITHOUT SNAGGING
NOW I'VE GOT THAT
"VOICE WITH A SMILE!"

Sound Off



VERNETTA PRILL
"Best looking girl"

Contest Girl

Sirs:
I have a request to make. Recently I was entered in a contest and got chosen "Best Looking Girl". My brother, Pvt. Earl Prosser, now somewhere in the Pacific, told his buddies about it and they want proof. Would you, therefore, mind publishing the picture which won me the title, so my brother can prove his point?

Vernetta Prill.

8021 Gartner
Detroit 9, Mich.

• In your case, we're delighted.—Eds.

Sgts. Major

Sirs:
Concerning the senior sergeant major of the Corps, I would like to offer the name of SgtMaj. Chester O. Hanford for consideration. He has held his present rank since 30 July 1926. There is also SgtMaj. J. A. Plumadore who holds his rank since 7 January 1929. Both men are at present on active duty. According to our lists, SgtMaj. Siegenthaler, mentioned in your September issue, is number four.

Corp. W. J. Adams.
MB, Great Lakes, Ill.

Call of Honor

Sirs:
Here is something which I have called "A U. S. Marine's Call of Honor". I think it will have a tendency to promote pride in the Marine Corps:

"I am a United States Marine, a soldier of this great nation. To me is entrusted the honor of the Corps. I must serve honestly, faithfully, and, if need be, lay down my life as others have done before me, rather than swerve from the path of duty."



"Guess who?"

LIPS HURT?



CHAPPED?

Sore, painful chapping calls for Lypsil. Soothes and helps promote healing.



DRY?

When blazing sun dries, parches and cracks your lips—use Lypsil quick.



WEATHER BEATEN?

Wind and cold roughen lips. Avoid soreness, ease pain with soothing Lypsil.

Get **LYPSYL**
for quick relief

• Lypsil soothes and comforts sore, painful lips—helps heal cracked, broken skin. Colorless—doesn't show. Applies in a jiffy. Take along Lypsil (pronounced "Lip-sil") wherever you go. Costs only 25c at PX and drug stores.



LYPSYL
(PRONOUNCED "LIP-SIL")

When Your Clothes Go

AWOL



You'll get 'em back if they're marked with a Cash's WOVEN Name! Cash's are the favorite of the Services. Mark everything you own for quick, positive, permanent identification. Easy to attach. Ask your store or write us.

CASH'S

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South Norwalk, Conn.
or 6233 So. Gramercy Pl.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Why take a chance?

**PASTEURIZED
MILK
is safe milk**

Delivery in Quantico, Virginia, by

FARMERS CREAMERY CO., Inc.
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

NAUSEA



If you suffer discomfort from morning nausea, or when traveling by air, sea or on land—try

Mothersills

Used for over a third of a century as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability. At druggists
MOTHERSILL'S, 430 Lafayette St., New York, N. Y.

Yep...

.. I'VE GOT 'EM AT
MY FEET SINCE
I STARTED USING
ESQUIRE BOOT POLISH!

That's because **ESQUIRE BOOT POLISH** gives such brilliant results . . . whether you're bucking for popularity with the Sarge or with the femmes! So keep it handy for a brighter, longer lasting shine with lots less elbow grease. And remember:

An **ESQUIRE BOOT POLISH**
Custom Stain Shoe Shine
is a Work of Art!

At your PX or

Ships' Service Store

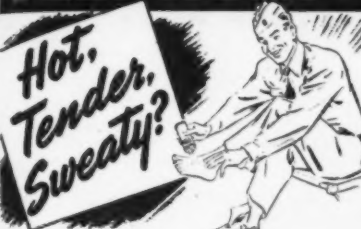


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QUICK RELIEF AT YOUR POST EXCHANGE

If your feet hurt, burn, chafe or sweat, dust them with Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder; sprinkle it in your shoes and socks. Soothing, comforting; eases new or tight shoes.

10c and 35c



Your Guns NEED

HOPPE'S No. 9

because Hoppe's No. 9 gives complete, over-all gun cleaning and protection. It fully removes primer and powder residue—lead and metal fouling—and prevents rust and pitting. At your dealers or send us 10c for sample. Helpful "Gun Cleaning Guide" FREE upon post card request—send for it.



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GOOD FOOD



FOR

PLEASED GUESTS

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CHICAGO—BROOKLYN
DALLAS—ATLANTA—PITTSBURGH

SINCE 1918

A. M. BOLOGNESE
TAILOR and HABERDASHER
QUANTICO, VA.

U. S. MARINES

Protect your Travel Funds
with Travelers Cheques
For Sale at

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

SEND
THE LEATHERNECK
YOUR
NEW ADDRESS

SOUND OFF (continued)

"It is my duty to obey its rules, preserve the peace and protect this great nation against all its enemies whomsoever. It is also my duty to so conduct myself at all times that the honor of the Corps may be upheld."

Pvt. Francis V. Luba.
Recruit Depot, MCB,
San Diego, Cal.

CHAIR BORNE



PROPOSED PATCH
For typewriter commandos

Chair-Borne

Sirs:

The attached shoulder patch, or what have you, was conceived by a member of the public relations staff in Philadelphia and forwarded to me here in the South Pacific for the purpose of creating a little laughter.

We have come to the conclusion that the emblem is a sterling example of what the average clerk is calling himself, while unhappily laboring through a muster roll or similar thoroughly unenjoyable chores.

Give our LEATHERNECK readers a look and see if the gunners on those 20 mm typewriters don't feel the same as we do.

Sgt. P. A. Reynolds.
Pacific

Haven

Sirs:

Do you know a Marine who has been injured and is about to be turned loose in the world, who has no home to go to and who would like to spend a few weeks alone in the country?

Here he could try again to work—to plow, or cut wood, or milk a cow. He could lie under the trees and read, sit by the radio and listen, use a drawing board or a typewriter.

I am only offering temporary shelter, care, understanding, intelligent companionship to a youngster who needs time to find his shattered soul and put it together again.

I am 53, have no children, lost my husband several months ago. I own a little run-down farm seven miles out of



"This is Frankie Sandwich of the Pottsville Bears. He's 4-F"



Boy, what a sock! On the ropes three times—in the second, fourth and fifth—then he comes back in the sixth and lands that hay-maker! Wow—some fight—and Some Thrill!

Say, boys, how's for a real taste-thrill now—a Frosty-Cold Dr. Pepper? It is good—m-m-m! Just hits the spot! That dee-licious Dr. PEPPER really satisfies thirst in a big way. It's a real liquid "Bite to Eat" that gives you a quick energy lift. Try it at 10-2 and 4, or anytime you're Hungry, Thirsty and Tired.

Dr. PEPPER is an original creation (not copied from any other drink) that never tires the taste. The more you drink—the more you'll want. Just ask for a "Cold Doc!"

Drink A BITE TO EAT



AT 10-2 & 4 O'CLOCK

Note to Quartermaster, Post Exchange, Ship Service
Officer: Dr. PEPPER General Offices are at 429 Second Avenue, P. O. Box 5086, Dallas 2, Texas.



LET'S GO FOR
THE KNOCKOUT
BLOW
Buy War Bonds
and Stamps

ENJOY "HI-MAC"
The Satisfying Candy Bar!



"HI-MAC"—Password to Popularity!

Eat "Hi-Mac"—treat with "Hi-Mac"—and real satisfaction is yours! "Hi-Mac" always makes a hit, because under its tempting rich sweet chocolate coating is a filling that's simply superb. A smooth, satisfying, chocolaty center—plus a layer of chewy caramel! Treat yourself and your friends to "Hi-Mac"—today!



Bite view of a "Hi-Mac"



WELL, WELL, IT'S SHOTWELL!

You can count on "Hi-Mac" for top quality at all times. "Hi-Mac" is made by Shotwell Mfg. Co. . . and Shotwell also makes those famous-for-quality Puritan Marshmallows!

SOUND OFF (continued)

this town. A Marine friend has written that if he were wounded and despondent he could ask for no better place to come to in order to find his way back.

Mrs. Madeleine L. Dion, Federalburg, Md.

• Mrs. Dion's letter has been forwarded to the Rehabilitation Division, USMC, and to the Chaplain of the Navy Hospital at Bethesda, Md.—Eds.



OBJECTIVE TAKEN
Where're the Indians?

Beachhead Landing

Sirs:
I suppose you have heard the scuttlebutt about the duty on Indian Island. Well, this is a picture of one of our trying days.

You'll have to admit that my old outfit, the First Division, wouldn't think this beachhead is as hard to take as some of the ones they took in the South Pacific.

PFC Thomas J. McKeown, Indian Island, Hadlock, Wash.

Dates

Sirs:
Three of us Marines were sitting around waiting for something to do when one fellow asked what the date was. We began to think of some easy way of telling the date.

Remember, not too many years ago there was some talk of having 13 months in the year? Well, we went to work on that idea, and this is the way it turned out.

Every month has 28 days except one, which will have 29 days each year. On leap year, when they need that extra day, it will be added to February as always.

By this method all dates of the month for all years will fall on corresponding days.

Pvt. E. N. Cooper.

Also signed by R. L. Christian and D. E. Hursey, Pacific



"May I feel your beer muscles, Gunny?"

Serving the Services



SQUADS RIGHT AND LEFT are turning to Mufti, the multi-use spot remover. Because they have learned how easily Mufti removes many spots from uniforms, gloves, caps, ties, and other articles made of a variety of materials. Get the handy kit-size bottle today. You'll use it often. Ask for Mufti.

YOU CAN GET PROMPT relief with St. Joseph Aspirin, world's largest seller at 10c, when simple headache, neuralgia or other inorganic pain strikes. Also helps relieve achey muscles and other discomforts of head colds. There is none better in the field of aspirin, so always demand St. Joseph Aspirin.

THE PACK-STRAP BLUES won't be your theme song if you sprinkle Mexsana over your irritated skin when shoulders are chafed and sore from rubbing of equipment. This soothing, medicated powder helps protect tender skin from further rubbing and also eases the soreness of chafe and other minor skin irritations. Get Mexsana.

ALL HANDS ALOFT won't keep your hair looking neat but Moroline Hair Tonic will. An aid to good grooming and a favorite with both service men and women, it helps control unruly hair. Adds lustre without stickiness. It's economical too. Insist on Moroline Hair Tonic.

WHEN YOU HIT THE DUSTY TRAIL remember Penetro. This rub-on salve with base containing mutton suet really gets medication on the spot. Stimulates circulation and helps break up local congestion to provide speedy relief for colds' chest muscular tightness. Great for sore muscles and soothing to bruises, scratches, minor burns—cuts, chafing. Today get a supply of Penetro.

Some things haven't changed!

NIAGARA FALLS

The LHS pipe of your day, and of dad's, have this in common—both are made of genuine Mediterranean briar by LHS master craftsmen.

LHS STERNCREST STERLING

LHS Sterncrest Sterling of imported Mediterranean briar. Every pipe a masterpiece of the pipe-maker's art. Banded with Sterling Silver.

Smooth and Antique Finish. Many handsome models.

5

AT ALL GOOD DEALERS

The briar used in these pipes is specially selected for beauty of grain and circled by 14K solid gold band.

\$7.50

This is No. 12

LHS STERNCREST

SORRY—So many LHS pipes are going to the armed services that your dealer may be temporarily out of stock. But keep trying—an LHS is worth it.

L & W STERN, Inc., Stern Bldg., 60 Pearl St., N.Y.
Also makers of **LHS** Ultra Fine Certified Purex \$13.50

Little Miss
GRIFFIN
shows the way



That GRIFFIN shine not only keeps your shoes ship-shape — it also protects and preserves leather.

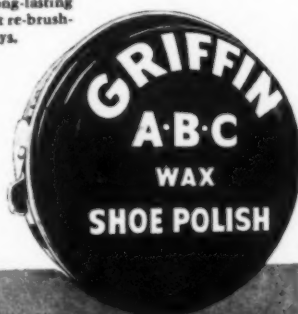


GRIFFIN is the favorite shoe polish of all the services... year after year it outsells all other brands combined.



GRIFFIN ABC PASTE, in the easy-opening can, gives you a bright, long-lasting shine that re-brushes for days.

10¢



SOUND OFF (continued)



FANNIE BRIEDLOW . . . and very lovely

Roses To Joe

Sirs: Roses to the Joe who thought up the idea of using pics of Marines' gals in the Marines' mag.

Here's mine: Fannie Briedlow of Miami, Fla. She's blonde, blue-eyed, 5 feet four, and very lovely.

PFC Jesse Clay.
MBD, NAD
Hawthorne, Nev.

Oppose Pin-Ups

Sirs: We have reached the unanimous conclusion that LEATHERNECK has been slightly cheapened by the entries of various Gyrenes' snapshots and the histories of their favorite girl friends, sisters and casual acquaintances.

We appreciate the fact that most every Pvt. Joe Blow has a beautiful girl friend, but what Marine hasn't? We believe "Sound Off" could be devoted to better and more interesting material.

Sgt. Clayton Crook.

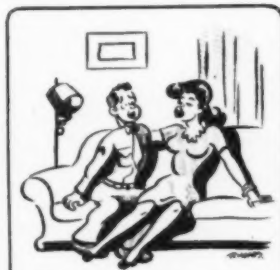
Also signed by Sgts. Elvis Faught, James W. DePontier, Larry Cornelison.
Pacific

• When better letters are written, LEATHERNECK will print them. Give us the word, men.—Eds.

Pin-Up Praise

Sirs: Just got here from six months up north and was I happy when one of the gang brought in the latest LEATHERNECK! Right up-to-date just like Stateside.

Just read Sgt. Amestoy's letter against pin-ups in our magazine. I've been in active service 19 years: out here, 15 months; Haiti, 24 months; Guam, 33 months, etc. I've known men all over in this man's Corps, both married and single, and I've yet to see a



"But this isn't being fair to your boy friend"



"That reminds me . . . I gotta get some Swan . . . it's 4 Swell Soaps in One!"

Swan's a handy pal to have around, in camp or in the field. Here's why:

1. It's great for bath or shower — lathers up fast even in hard water, leaves you clean and refreshed.
2. It's perfect for hands and face — Swan gets you clean no matter what you've been doing!
3. It's swell for laundry — rich, thick suds wash the dirt right out of your duds.
4. It's a whiz for shaving — honest, Swan's lather is so mild and creamy, it's perfect for shaving.



SWAN
FLOATING SOAP

Tune in to GEORGE BURNS & GRACIE ALLEN
CBS, Tuesday Nights

MADE BY LEVER BROS. COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



"I don't use a Moose call. I just smoke fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh."

**Smokes as sweet
as it smells**

"... the quality pipe
tobacco of America"



FREE! 24 page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky

ADVERTISEMENT



"Okay on th' Pepsi, Sarge, not a bottle busted!"

SOUND OFF (continued)

man (I said MAN) among them who doesn't enjoy the sight of a beautiful woman, in real life or in a picture.

I vote you give us more and more pictures of lovelies. We put them up around our tents, huts, locker boxes and any other place we can find to pin or paste 'em!

TSgt. J. C. W. Pearson.



SHOULDER PATCH
For Fourth Division

Fourth Insignia

Sirs:

The question has arisen as to whether the authorized shoulder patch of the Fourth Marine Division is that horrible diamond shaped affair with the indistinguishable numeral 4 so beautifully sewed in the middle.

At any rate we don't like it and we have reason to believe the majority of the Fourth don't like it either. We don't want hearts and flowers, but that thing . . . !

PFC. K. E. Grifine.

Also signed by PFCs T. E. Seitz and E. Scios, Jr., Pacific



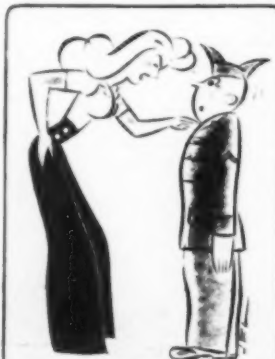
SUGGESTED INSIGNIA
Indicates operations

Sirs:

Why doesn't the Fourth have a shoulder patch like this instead of just the plain numeral 4?

PFC Kye Harris.

Pacific



"If you think I've been dating since you've been away, you can pack your seabag and shove off, Boot!"

**Weather-beaten
lips**



"Frozen arctics or sizzling tropics . . .

wherever I go, CHAP STICK goes with me." So says the soldier who looks to CHAP STICK to keep lips fit in all weather.

Let CHAP STICK be your friend in need. Specially medicated, specially soothing —for parched, sore, chapped lips.



On sale at drug counters only 25c

KEEPS LIPS FIT



INVISIBLE
UNDER COLLAR



The Stay with the Self-Adjusting Spring

EASY ON
EASY OFF

Prevents Collar Curl

★ Neatness counts in military as well as in civilian life. That's why millions of men in service are also wearing SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS.



COSTS BUT A FEW CENTS
AT ARMY AND PX STORES



HERE'S

A-PLenty — FOR NOTHING

Oh, no, you've been a Leatherneck too long to believe that you can get something very valuable without paying for it.

Nevertheless, Mr. Marine, what we say is true. It's education you can get. Your own Marine Corps Institute, located in Washington, D. C., offers you a large number of educational courses without your spending a cent.

You study by the correspondence method. You proceed with your course as fast as you wish. You study during your spare time wherever you are stationed.

Here are a few of the courses you may study

Aviation Mechanics	Good English
General Radio	Machine Shop
Radio Operating	Reading Shop
Short Mechanical	Blueprints
Drawing	Gas and Electric
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Surveying and Mapping	Diesel Engines
Refrigeration	Internal Combustion
Bookkeeping and	Engines
Business Forms	Automobile
Stenographic —	Technician
Secretarial	Special Automobile
Post Exchange	Engines
Bookkeeping	High School Subjects

For enrolment application blanks and full information, write now to —

U. S. MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and service. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I. C. S. dedicates the above message.

MARINE CORPS

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

You'll be proud to give

to your loved ones this Christmas, and they'll be glad to wear this fine authentic Marine Corps emblematic jewelry for you. Here is the popular matched gift set, shown half actual size, featuring

LAVALIERE, BRACELET and EARRINGS



with Marine Corps gold filled crest mounted on white pearl medallion—solid sterling silver chain—set complete, only \$19.50, or priced separately as follows:

Lavalier	\$6.00
Bracelet	\$6.00
Earrings	\$7.50

MAN'S RING

Sterling silver—large, massive looking. \$11.00

LADY'S RING

Delicately fashioned—really a sweetheart ring

In solid 10K gold... \$11.00

In solid sterling silver... \$7.00

MARINE INSIGNIA PIN

This lovely gold Marine Insignia Pin—for dresses or suit lapels—dainty and attractive

In solid gold... \$5.50

In gold filled... \$2.75

Prices shown include 20% Federal Tax. See this attractive jewelry at your Post Exchange. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HERFF-JONES-CHICAGO, INC.

Manufacturing Jewelers
Dept. L11 32 W. Randolph Street Chicago 1, Ill.

SOUND OFF (continued)



MRS. & JUNIOR
Back home

Son to See

Sirs:

My husband, PFC Robert Lee Moats, now "Somewhere in the Pacific", never has seen his son, Bobby Lee, Jr., who is now seven months old. Bobby's uncle, PFC Eugene Moats, also is in the Pacific. I wonder if you would publish this to remind them they have something to come back to?

Mrs. Robert Lee Moats.
Washington, C. H., Ohio

No Authorization

Sirs:

One of our men, noted for his chop-beating, read in your May issue an article on SCAT, "Fast Freight to Hell". He immediately wrote you protesting that the officers received all the credit and glory and that the ground crew and enlisted men received no praise.

My name was typed and signed to his letter, not by me, without my permission, and after my refusal to sign. As this "chop beating" does not express my sentiments, will you please publish this.

TSgt. J. M. Davis.

Pacific

Letter From George

Sirs:

I was deeply interested in the article in the September issue entitled, "Letter to Andy" since I am one of those 15-year-old Andys who want to join the Corps, only my name is George.

I received a letter from my brother, PFC W. R. Forbes, advising me what subjects to take in high school. "Don't be a sucker and take cooking like I did," he says, "take algebra, geometry, physics and some sort of science and chemistry."

He says by all means get good grades as no one ever regretted it.

George Forbes.

Greeley, Colo.



"Every day the same damn thing!"



Shaving daily irritate your face?

HOW THIS SHAVE CREAM—

SPECIALLY MADE FOR DAILY SHAVING—

PROTECTS YOUR SKIN

Needs no brush—Not sticky or greasy

TWO SPECIAL PROBLEMS of men in service are the irritation that frequent shaving may have for a tender skin . . . and the nuisance of a wet shaving brush.

Glider, a rich, soothing cream, was developed especially to help solve these problems. Not sticky or greasy, it needs no brush.

Smooth, clean shaves in comfort

To use Glider, just wet your face, if conditions permit. Then smooth on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers—never a brush.

At once, Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin, softens toughest whiskers *completely*. Your razor's sharp edge glides over your face . . . removes each whisker closely and cleanly at the skin line *without scraping or irritation*.

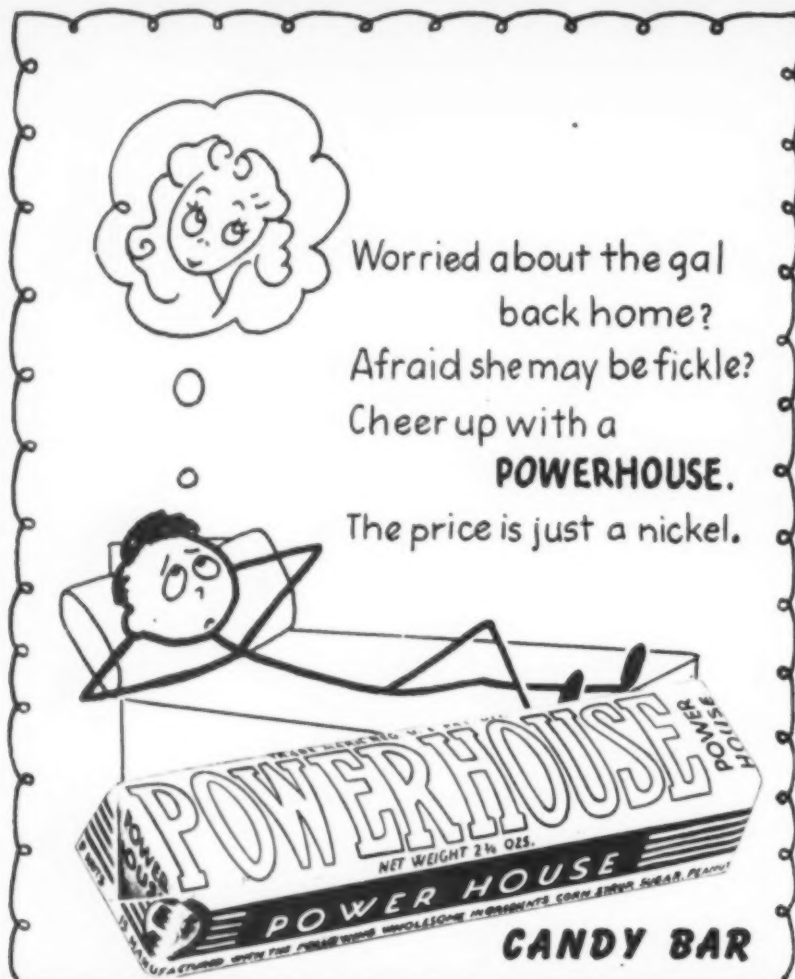
Your face feels smoother

Get Glider today. It saves time and fuss . . . and helps prevent the irritation that often comes from daily shaving. It leaves your face feeling smoother, looking cleaner.

Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Company, makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. See if it doesn't give you the smoothest shaves you've ever had.

In tubes
or jars





Worried about the gal
back home?
Afraid she may be fickle?
Cheer up with a
POWERHOUSE.
The price is just a nickel.

POWERHOUSE
NET WEIGHT 2 1/4 OZS.
CANDY BAR

WALTER H. JOHNSON CANDY CO., CHICAGO



*GOOD MONEY CAN BE EARNED IN LIFE INSURANCE SELLING. SO AFTER THE WAR TALK TO OUR MANAGER IN YOUR STATE ABOUT BECOMING A MUTUAL LIFE FIELD REPRESENTATIVE. IT'S A LIFETIME BUSINESS . . . DEPRESSION-PROOF . . . WITH A LIBERAL RETIREMENT PLAN. FEW OCCUPATIONS AFFORD AS MANY PERSONAL AND FINANCIAL SATISFACTIONS AS BEING A "MERCHANT OF SECURITY". WE GIVE THE BEST OF TRAINING.

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

"First in America"



Lewis W. Douglas, President

34 NASSAU STREET

NEW YORK CITY 5, N.Y.

SOUND OFF (continued) Dallas Canteen

Sirs:
U. S. Marine personnel, either men or women, visiting or travelling through Dallas, Tex., are invited to avail themselves of the facilities of the newly opened Marine Canteen operated by the Marine Mothers Club of Dallas at 506 Young St., opposite the Union Terminal station.

Mrs. L. L. Danner, Pres.
Dallas, Tex.



PATRICIA WORNES
He went with her

Aussie

Sirs:
Here is a picture of the girl I went with while in Australia. Her name is Patricia Wornes and she lives in West Albury, N.S.W.

PFC Benj. F. Cron.
Pacific

Missing Watch

Sirs:
In October, 1943, my husband who was then a naval officer, but has since been retired on a medical discharge, lost his watch in Jacksonville, Fla. He was ill then but remembers associating with some Marines at that time.

I am writing in the hope that one of them may see this and be able to give me some information about the watch, or return it, as it was my wedding anniversary present to my husband and has great sentimental value for us. I will gladly pay a sizable reward for its return and no questions asked.

The watch is a very distinctive pocket model with a very thin, turned-steel (silver colored) case. It has a modern face instead of the usual numbers. It is a Tauannes, 17-jewel. Movement No. 20789; case No. 508-19.

"Distracted".
* The watch, or information about it, if sent to Sound Off, will be forwarded to the writer of the above letter who prefers to remain anonymous.—Eds.



Advertisement

WALL STREET

For Servicemen:

Investment "Orientation"

Many a man at war finds his thoughts turning to his place in the world at peace. To ease the eventual transition from the military to civilian life, the Army has instituted "orientation" courses designed to acquaint servicemen with the changes they can expect to find back home, helping to fit them as far as is possible to resume their peacetime activities.

As a part of an "orientation" policy, the nationwide investment firm of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane extends its service to men in the Armed Forces, offers to assist them to "orient" themselves in the field of investments. Just as in other aspects of civilian life, changes have taken place and will continue to do so in the nation's investment structure. Economic adjustments will be widespread in the postwar world which will materially affect investment practice in all its phases.



A MANUAL FOR SERVICEMEN

. . . Answers Questions Often Asked

Aimed at keeping servicemen informed of investment trends as they develop, the investment "orientation" service of M. L. P. F. & B. will supply Enlisted Men and Officers with the firm's current literature as well as specific information when requested. Answers to requests for advice will be sent by airmail. For this service, no charge or obligation.

For those servicemen who wish to acquaint themselves with the basic procedure for opening and maintaining a securities account and for those who wish to refresh themselves on this subject, M. L. P. F. & B. offers its booklet, "Service For Servicemen".* It describes in detail the facilities which the firm provides for Officers and Enlisted Men Overseas as well as in the Interior Zone.

*Address investment inquiries and requests for the Servicemen's Booklet to the Servicemen's Department, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, 70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y., U. S. A.



One leave-taking
that won't be sad



...when you say,
"GOOD-BYE, G.I."
and step into
**FLORSHEIM
SHOES**

Let no one discredit the loyal
G.I. shoes... but when their job
is over, their day will be done!
You'll want to slip into a pair of
new FLORSHEIM SHOES, the
kind we're just dreaming up now
—because we're too busy doing
our share to help the war effort.

Most Styles \$10.50 and \$11

**THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
CHICAGO**

Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

SOUND OFF (continued)



AWARD TO THE WINNER
Better than K rations

Chow Medal

Sirs:
This emblem was made by the
writer from Japanese airplane
metal and was copied from one
seen in THE LEATHER-
NECK, although the qualify-
ing bars are thought to be
original.

After many weeks of K ra-
tions in the Central Pacific
theatre, it was presented to
Captain Luther A. Nelson,
after he unquestionably qual-
ified for each item mentioned.

Lieut. John A. Haugen.
Pacific



CATHERINE HLAVSA
Candidate

"Loveliest Girl"

Sirs:
I wish to submit my candidate
for the loveliest Marine's girl.
She is Miss Catherine Frances
Hlavsa of Edwardsville, Ill.
Sgt. Edward J. Evans.
Pacific



"Let's go find some more
officers to salute"



Beauty contest winner LUCKY
SAUNDERS is just 22 and has mod-
eled for 6 years. Lucky is also a
champion ice skater. She enjoys
dancing—ballroom, tap and acro-
batic. Vital statistics: Height 5 ft.
9 in. Weight 120 lbs.



FIRST CHOICE WITH MEN IN THE SERVICE

BY ACTUAL vote Lifebuoy came
in first over other soaps in poll
of service men! And it's not hard
to see why. Lifebuoy lathers fast
and easy—in hard or soft water.
It gets the dirt and grime. And
that rich, abundant lather is a real
pepper-upper when you're worn
and tired after a grinding day.
Best of all, Lifebuoy in your daily
bath or shower stops "B.O." Pick
up a big cake of he-man Lifebuoy
at your PX or ship store.

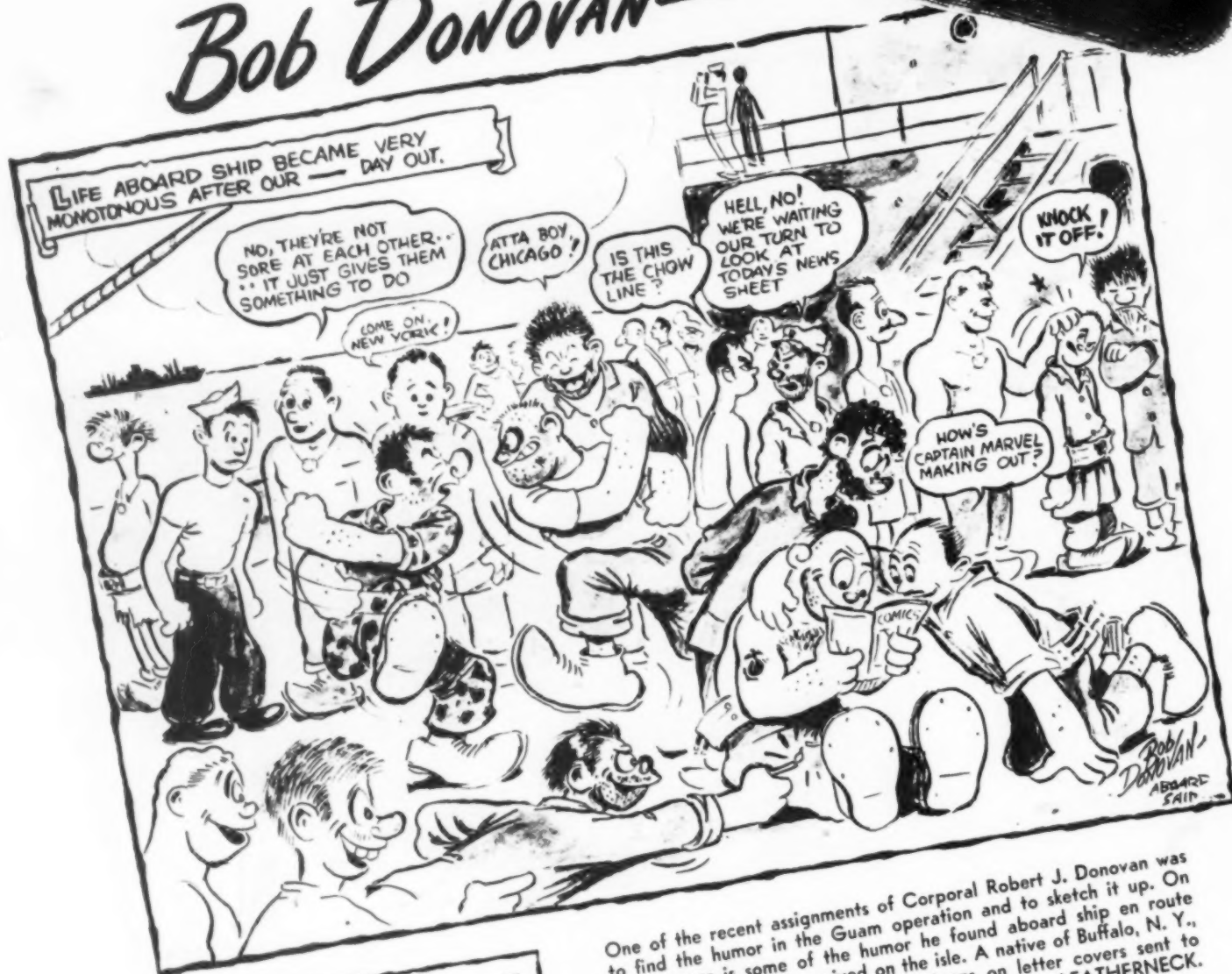


USE
IT
DAILY

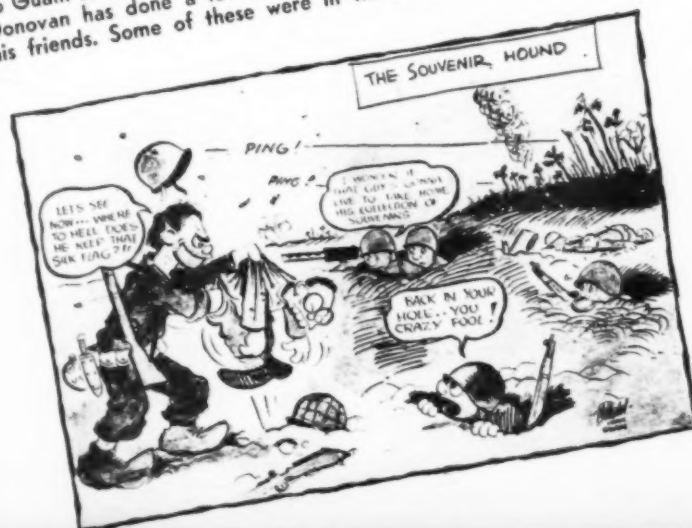
**LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP**

Marianas Merrymaker

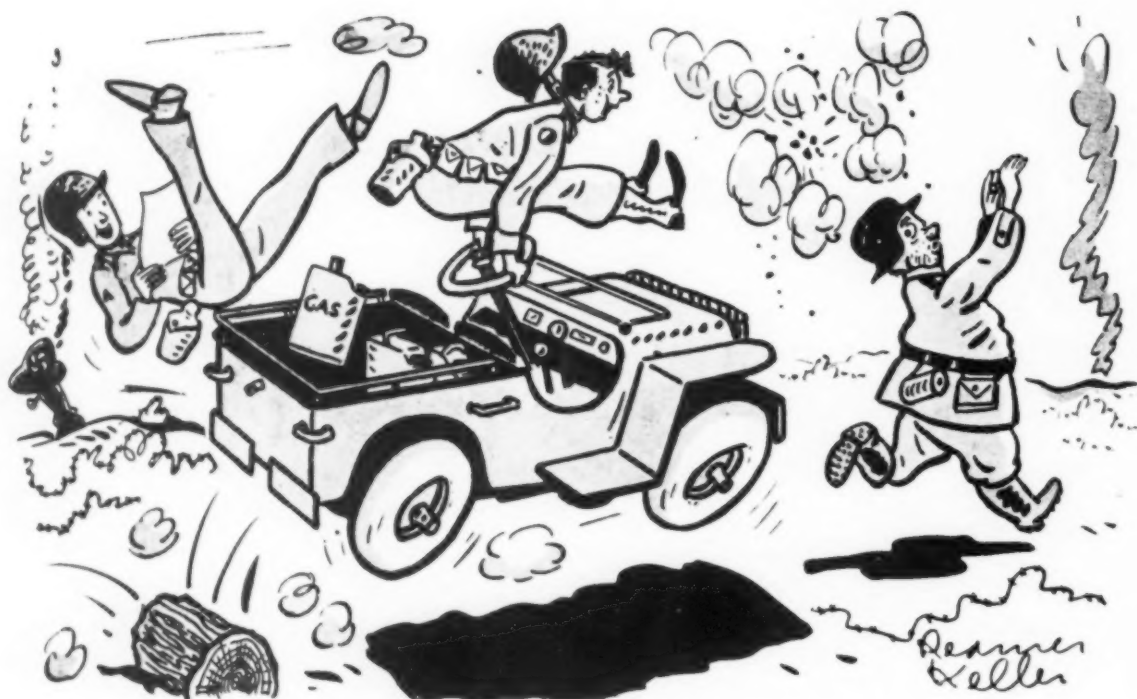
Bob Donovan—



One of the recent assignments of Corporal Robert J. Donovan was to find the humor in the Guam operation and to sketch it up. On these pages is some of the humor he found aboard ship en route to Guam and after he arrived on the isle. A native of Buffalo, N. Y., Donovan has done a lot of his cartoons on letter covers sent to his friends. Some of these were in the February LEATHERNECK.







*"Joe claims I enlisted just to be sure
of getting Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish"*

47

THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION OF DYANSHINE LIQUID SHOE
POLISH IS NOW BEING SHIPPED TO OUR ARMED FORCES

What Servicemen Talk About

Winning the war? Not so much. The best way to pass inspection? More than you might think! That's why Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is so much discussed—so eagerly sought after.

These men know the wisdom of using the best materials where service is hard and preservation of equipment

is vital. They know that Dyanshine is worth the price because it is easy to put on, easy to polish, and easy on the leather.

Many of these men know this because their dads, veterans of the last war, used Dyanshine from 1918 until last year. Since then, of course, Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is available only to you men in the service.

DYANSHINE *Liquid* **SHOE POLISH**
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Service Record

FIRST WORLD WAR

SECOND WORLD WAR



To Those Who Prefer Paste Shoe Polish
Dyanshine Paste is available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood, and Black. Packed in convenient wide-mouthed, 4-oz. jars.

BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
4157 N. KINGSHIGHWAY
ST. LOUIS, MO.

the Straight Dope



Urging GI's in France to be gallant toward the women, a booklet adds, "French women still talk about what your fathers' did." Better not let mom hear.

Cops in Chicago raided a burlesque house and arrested a strip-tease queen, but had to turn her loose. Probably found they didn't have a thing on her.

Terpsichorean Note: "Katherine Dunham Will Dance In Bowl." Fish, oatmeal or——?

In Pasadena, Cal., a woman was warned for violating the dog leash ordinance. That was the leash they could do to her.

"Then," blares a radio plug, "you stop, pour yourself a cup of coffee, and then get going with Gus." Don't Gus get any coffee?

Quote from Ex-Diplomat Sumner Welles: "We should carve Germany into three states." And Hitler into one state—of de cease.

Birthday greeting reads, "Long stemmed roses for my long stemmed gal from the longhorn state." Pretty long on affection, eh?

Movie producer David O. Selznick complained because theater seats squeaked. Sure it wasn't the movie plot?

Divorce testimony said a wife "... named instances and dates of her husband being discovered en deshabille with another woman." Come now, quit beating around the bush.

"Browns Win." But the Yanks are still leading the league in the Pacific.



Hitler's pants, said a Stockholm report, were blown off in the assassination attempt. Well, he's losing his shirt, so the pants might as well go, too.

Los Angeles headline: "At 71, He Runs From City To Santa Monica." We think he waited too long—things are just as bad out there as in LA.

Movement launched at Salida, Colorado, to name a mountain after Frank Sinatra. That, as Columnist Erskine Johnson remarks, is truly making a mountain out of a molehill.

Jap spokesman warns that Nips now are fighting with their backs to the wall. No wonder they can't read the handwriting on it.

Mussolini, at 61, got a birthday greeting from Adolph. Undoubtedly a kiss—of death.

Irate housewife in Los Angeles is sore because her husband not only ran off with another woman, but took a freshly roasted duck, too. Well, perhaps that is carrying things too far.

England announces that the manufacture of Scotch whiskey will be resumed soon. Now we really are getting somewhere in this war.



"—SO THEY OFFERED ME FOUR
JEEPS IF I COULD CONJURE UP A
COLD BOTTLE OF BLUE RIBBON"



**33 FINE BREWS
BLENDED INTO
ONE GREAT BEER**



Copyright 1944, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Nothing too good for the boys!

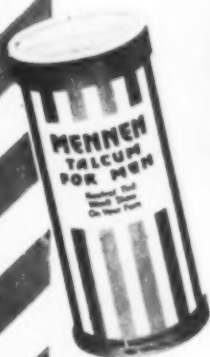
Plain or
Menthol-iced

It's a Cream
not a Grease!



Photo by Wm. Ritter

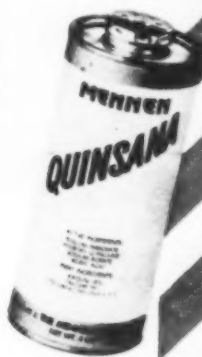
"He says you should hurry back—the Ship
Service Store just got some Mennen Skin Bracer."



Largest Selling
Man's Talc



For After Shaving
Chapped Skin
Sunburn, Windburn
Hot, Tired Feet



Use on Feet
In Shoes

MENNEN

The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco

HOW'S YOUR

IQ



Score five points for each question you answer correctly. 60 is passing, 70 is better, 80 is much better and 90 to 100 should bring you a spot commission, only don't count on it. Answers will be found on page 40

1. An "albino" is (a) a person born bald; (b) a person born with white hair; (c) a person born in Albany, N. Y.; (d) a native of Borneo.

2. The "Golden Gate" is (a) bridge across the Hudson River; (b) entrance to the Panama Canal; (c) entrance to San Francisco Harbor; (d) 52nd street night club.

3. "Gunga Din" was written by (a) Rudyard Kipling; (b) H. G. Wells; (c) Eddie Cantor; (d) John Masfield.

4. Jess Willard was succeeded as heavyweight champ by (a) Maxie Rosenbloom; (b) Jack Johnson; (c) John L. Sullivan; (d) Jack Dempsey.

5. The State in the U. S. with the longest coastline is (a) California; (b) Florida; (c) Maine; (d) Wyoming.

6. Robert Frost is (a) mid-west painter; (b) New England poet; (c) southern novelist; (d) inventor of the ice box.

7. The famous character of fiction who lived on Baker Street was (a) Ichabod Crane; (b) Nero Wolfe; (c) Flatop; (d) Sherlock Holmes.

8. "Anchovies" are (a) tiny fish; (b) Russian mushrooms; (c) Jewish pickles; (d) broiled goldfish.

9. The Latin expression "in toto" means (a) not in agreement with; (b) as a whole; (c) in regard to; (d) another beer, please.

10. An "alloy" is (a) a mixture of metals; (b) a mixture of chemicals; (c) a combination of paints; (d) a team of nations.

11. A famous city built on seven hills is (a) Los Angeles; (b) Calcutta; (c) Rome; (d) Radio City.

12. The "Blue Grass State" is (a) West Virginia; (b) Alabama; (c) Rhode Island; (d) Kentucky.

13. The "pygmies" are (a) race of one-eyed people; (b) race of dwarfs; (c) race of cave-dwellers; (d) chain of self-service grocery stores.

14. The principal source of ivory is (a) whalebones; (b) ivory mines; (c) elephant tusks; (d) shark teeth.

15. The ball club which has participated in the greatest number of World Series contests is (a) Philadelphia Athletics; (b) New York Giants; (c) New York Yankees; (d) St. Louis Browns.

16. The man whose office is located at No. 10 Downing Street is (a) Cordell Hull; (b) Winston Churchill; (c) William Randolph Hearst; (d) Mayor LaGuardia.

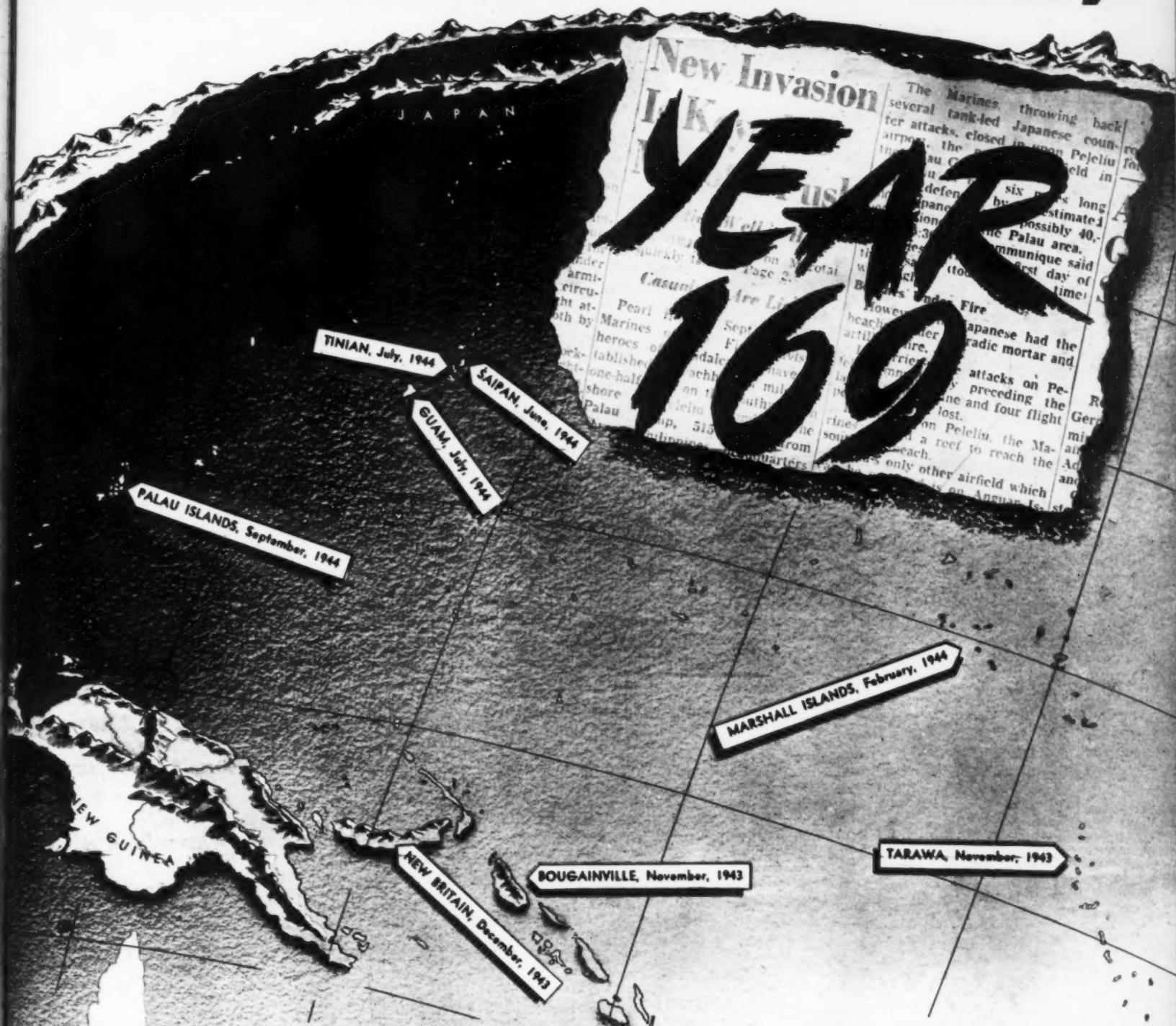
17. A "calory" is (a) a unit of heat; (b) a unit of electricity; (c) a unit of sound; (d) the gizmo at the end of a circus parade that gives off music.

18. Columbus sailed to America from (a) France; (b) Italy; (c) Spain; (d) Cape Cod.

19. Sponges are (a) plants; (b) animals; (c) roots; (d) tree bark.

20. Whose productions were known as "The greatest show on earth: (a) Florenz Ziegfeld; (b) D. W. Griffith; (c) Tex Rickard; (d) P. T. Barnum.

Twelve months of Marine history



THE VOICE came over the ship's loud-speaker. It wasn't loud. But everyone heard it because there wasn't any noise going on. It said:

"Now, on the first of November, about 0730, we're going to land on an island. We're going to seize a beachhead on that island and enlarge it and hold it, come hell and high water. Now don't get trigger-happy. When you let one go, be sure a Jap stops it."

The voice was that of Lieutenant Colonel Alan Shapley, USMC. The audience was a Marine landing team, moving to spearhead an Allied attack on Bougainville.

This was the curtain going up on the 169th year of Marine Corps history. This was a year in which the Marines, using island footholds, won with last year's sweat and blood, went all out on the attack. Beginning with Bougainville, they blasted Japs from foxholes and pillboxes as they

swarmed across the Pacific, island by island. They moved so fast and so relentlessly that the Pacific began to resemble a race track—with the finish tape at Tokyo.

By mid-November complete domination of the northern Solomons was a certainty. On November 20, the Gilbert landings were made. Cape Gloucester, the Marshalls, the Marianas, and the Palaus followed.

Names that few Americans—except maybe a few professional map-makers—had ever heard of, suddenly popped into the newspaper headlines and the pages of American history, put there to stick by Marines who were able to do it only because, as Lt. General Holland Smith, USMC, explained to inquiring correspondents after Tarawa: "Gentlemen, it was our will to die. That will was stronger than steel or flame."

That was the straight dope. Take Bougainville. They went ashore there on a

strip of beach on Empress Augusta Bay—the west coast. 20,000 to 25,000 Shampos made up the defending force. There were five Jap landing fields in use and eight small harbors at Jap disposal. Plenty more troops could funnel in nicely.

On the other side of the picture, the Marines had no harbors at all for deep-water shipping. Furthermore, many Jap positions which had not been target assignments of Allied sea and air power presented tough opposition. Among other things, the Japs still had a 77 mm gun which blew three Marine barges to pieces. So, instead of a battalion landing, only 75 men got there.

The Japs—as who wouldn't, under these circumstances—started an attack. And here's the eye-witness account of a newspaper correspondent as to how the Marines handled the situation:

"Under a hail of machinegun fire," he wrote, "these 75 Marines charged into the

Blows struck during the last twelve months of the all out war against Japan. The year

brush to attack three times their number of Japs, in strong positions. In bitter hand-to-hand fighting, one party of Marines blew up the 77 mm while other Leathernecks attacked pillboxes and slit trenches with three-pound demolitions, grenades and knives. No prisoners were taken. Less than half of the Jap garrison escaped.

The Marines moved on. By mid-November the Shambos were all washed up in the Northern Solomons. Buin and the Shortlands were outflanked. The Marines (and the Army, by this time) were established on Bougainville and moving toward Rabaul.

November 20: the Gilbert landings.

This string of coral atolls, over 2000 miles from Pearl Harbor, stood squarely in the middle of the fast track to Tokyo. They didn't amount to much by physical standards—you could practically check their area with a tape measure. Just 165 square miles of sand and rock, a hunk of land less than half the size of New York City. But it cost 1092 American lives and left 2680 wounded—all in 76 hours.

The conquest of Tarawa, Makin and Abemama has been called the bloodiest and bitterest struggle in the long history of the Marine Corps by some observers. What the men who actually took Tarawa thought of it was expressed in a line by a certain grimy, red-eyed Marine who'd dug him-

self in on the Betio beach and suddenly found Major General Julian Smith, in charge of the 2nd Division, lying beside him. Red-eye turned his head. He looked at the General a minute.

"The 'Canal,' Red-Eye said grimly, "was a picnic."

But nothing tells the bitter story of Tarawa as trenchantly as the bare statistics which showed a cost of one American life for every four minutes of action. It surely was, as General Smith had said, "the will to die" that had taken Tarawa.

THAT will never was more clearly demonstrated than by the late Lieutenant William Deane Hawkins, USMCR, who, wounded slightly during the landing and with a bullet through his shoulder added on the second morning, said when they tried to evacuate him: "I came here to kill Japs. I didn't come here to be evacuated."

The Marines kept moving. December 26th saw them open the Cape Gloucester campaign. They made two landings, with the principal operation on the western shore of Borgen Bay and a subsidiary one west of the Cape. Simultaneously they occupied Long Island, dominating Vitiaz Strait. This campaign, too, was key stuff.

For, with this second foothold on New Britain (the first was in the Arawe area) they threatened the enemy supply lines from Rabaul to New Guinea, put Kavieng in reach of our land-based air power and led to capture of the Admiralty Islands.

The seizure of the Marshall Islands followed swiftly. On February 1, the Fourth Marine Division seized 10 Marshalls beachheads and secured the strategic Roi air base on Kwajalein atoll. In an eight-day campaign, 32-island objectives were taken.

On February 17, Marines and soldiers annihilated a garrison of 2000 Japs on Eniwetok in ten and one-half hours of vicious fighting. Next came the attack on Engebi, February 18—completed in six hours. Parry Island, the third and last of the Eniwetok atoll, fell on February 22.

This action secured one of the most strategic positions in the Central Pacific. It gave the Allies air and sea bases which fitted into the sea pattern, and a flank to the Japanese positions in the Carolines.

Marine action in March included a landing at Talasea on New Britain. This took place on the sixth. On the twentieth, Marine assault forces seized Emirau and El Musao Islands, which completed the encirclement of 90,000 Japs trapped in the Bismarck Archipelago area.

On February 15, Marines accompanied



The first wave of Marines to hit the beach at Saipan move up the shore, inch by inch, despite heavy fire from Jap machine guns. In the background, one of the amphibious tractors which brought our men ashore is burning fiercely from a direct hit by Japanese coastal artillery

ve months have laid the way for ne year ahead promises tougher action

Army and New Zealand troops in the seizure of Green Island, where Jap forces were wiped out. Green was the farthest advance to date into Jap-held territory in the South Pacific and brought US forces near both Buka and Rabaul bases.

THE morning of April 22, a Marine tank unit landed with Army troops at the airbase center of Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea. This, incidentally, was one of the finest tank crews in the Marine Corps, veterans of Guadalcanal and New Britain.

Action was piling on top of action in this incredibly swift 169th year. But the heaviest of all had not yet occurred. This opened up on June 14, when Marines hit the rocky shores of the 20-by-5-mile island of Saipan, key to the Marianas.

Here, two divisions of Marines (plus Army infantry) tore into the most brutal Pacific fighting since Tarawa. Under cover of terrific air and naval bombardment, they slashed open a beachhead and faced a Jap force estimated at 20,000.

The Jap naval rescue force had been thoroughly shellacked, which left these Jap troops to face a completely hopeless fight to the death. It was this fact which made the fighting so bloody.

On their left, the Marines pushed to Garapan and on the right, they skirted the

shores of Magicienne Bay. In the center, the struggle moved yard by yard.

The Marines pushed on only by blasting and burning Japs out of caves and crannies. Finally, in the ugliest of the Saipan battles, the Marines took Mount Tapotchau, a 1554 foot peak in the center of the island. It was a commanding position and from it the sweep moved swiftly to cover the island.

It was on July 9, after 25 days of fighting, that Saipan officially was conquered. The final count for US forces showed 3049 killed, 365 missing and 12,049 wounded. The battle had cost the Shambos 21,036 dead and 1000 soldier-prisoners.

Said Robert Sherrod, *Time* Magazine correspondent: "Not even on Tarawa were the Japs piled so densely. In one area no more than 100 yards square, I counted more than 200 of them. In a zig-zag ditch about 25 feet long there were 56 Jap bodies. They were stacked four deep at some points. Among the dead there was a surprisingly high percentage of officers."

It had been the costliest invasion of the entire Pacific campaign but the military justification had been high. Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal said: "The final occupation of Saipan will enable us to project surface and air operations that will include the mainland of Japan, the Philippines and a part of the Dutch East Indies.

Meanwhile the astounding pace of the Pacific offensive continued through the summer, reaching out to the next big squeeze—Guam and Tinian.

For 17 days, US aircraft, battleships, cruisers and destroyers poured explosives on this first slice of US territory taken by the Japs after Pearl Harbor.

ON the morning of the Guam assault—July 20—the first wave of the Third Marine Division (part of the Third Amphibious Corps under Major General Roy Stanley Geiger, USMC) hit the beach between Adelup Point and Asan, north of Orote. The First Provisional Brigade landed between Point Bangi and Agat.

This time, the Japs had somewhere between 10,000 and 20,000 troops and three times the area (225 square miles) that they'd had on Saipan. But at noon, the Marines had tanks on shore, they'd fought their way inland and were pushing through ahead of schedule.

The Army's 77th Division landed to support the Marines. The Japs counter-attacked, usually at night, but were always beaten back. After four days, Orote and its airstrip was cut off, a number of villages had been occupied and the capital, Agana, had been blasted by shellfire.

From Saipan, the battle-worn Second and Fourth Marine Divisions, under their new corps commander, Major General Harry Schmidt, USMC, struck again. This time they made the first shore-to-shore amphibious movement of the Central Pacific action. Saipan Channel, two and one-half miles wide, separated them from Tinian. On July 23, covered by shellfire, they pushed across the channel in landing craft and dug in on two beachheads. Tinian had no harbor but it could provide more airstrips.

Then, after a record nine-day air and sea bombardment, the invasion of the formidable Palau Islands, flanking the southeastern Philippines, started on September 15.

Marines and soldiers, commanded by Maj. Gen. Julian Smith, rolled ashore on Peleliu almost simultaneously with an invasion by Army forces of Morotai Island, 300 miles south of the Philippines.

After five days of very stiff fighting, the First Marine Division completed the conquest of the bare, coral-edged cliffs of "Bloody Nose", which silenced most of the enemy fire directed against the Peleliu airdrome—by this time in US hands. Seabees were already at work preparing for the arrival of combat aircraft to neutralize uninvaded islands of the Palau group.

The Marines then swept up the inside of the Peleliu "fishhook" to capture virtually the entire east end of the island flanking the ridge. This left the principal job of Peleliu that of digging out Japs on successive ridges stretching toward the causeway to Ngesebus Island. In this campaign, the Japs—for a change—fought smartly, instead of expending men futilely.

This successful seizure of Palau gave the US a prime air and fleet base—much better than either Guam or Saipan—within 600 miles of the Philippines and squarely across the last Jap supply lines to Yap, Truk, Ponape and other by-passed island bases of the Carolines and Marshalls. In two years, Marines had driven a long, long way.

OUTSIDE of the sensational combat news, the 169th year produced noteworthy developments. Biggest of all was the appointment of Lt. General A. A. Vandegrift as Marine Corps Commandant, to succeed Lt. General Thomas Holcomb who, in retiring, was made the first full general in Corps history and later appointed U. S. Minister to the Union of South Africa.

Other high honors fell to the Marines this past year. The Congressional Medal of Honor was awarded, posthumously, to Lieutenant Colonel Aquilla J. Dyess, First Lieutenants John V. Power and Lieutenant William Deane Hawkins, Sergeant Herbert J. Thomas and PFC Richard B. Anderson.

This same award also was made to Major Gregory Boyington. Other Marines who received the same award were First Lieutenant Robert M. Hanson, Staff Sergeant William J. Bordelon, PFCs Henry Gurke and Richard K. Sorenson.

During the same outstanding year, the Women's Reserve completed the first year of service. In that time they had created a full division of fighting Marines by replacing men in noncombatant jobs.

In March, the Marine Corps suffered a real loss in the death of Colonel John W. Thomason, the outstanding author of stories about Marines. In June, Camp Elliott, California—chief training center on the West Coast until the establishment of Camp Pendleton—was turned over to the Navy.

All in all, the 169th year has been action-packed for the Corps. The Tokyo goal still lies ahead and as Gen. Vandegrift said in September: "The hardest fighting of the Pacific war is before, not behind, us." **END**



AVIATION YEAR

by SSgt. Douglas Q. White
USMC Combat Correspondent



Marine fighter plane pilots ranged from New Britain to the Marianas Islands during the year of intense aerial combat. Hundreds of Japanese planes and cargo ships were blasted into wreckage

WHEN a plane of the Fourth Marine Air Wing touched its wheel on Betio Airfield a few days after D-Day, air war on the Marshalls was begun.

Opening phases were carried out by long range Navy search planes and Army heavy bombers to choke off the Japs' supply routes and pattern bomb his major bases. Marine pilots, anxious for action, contented themselves with patrol duty in their shorter-range planes. They fought in darkness, too, hampering the efforts of Jap bombers that swept in retaliatory raids over Makin and Tarawa.

Back on Bougainville (which Marine airmen had softened up prior to the landings) under the command of Brigadier General Field Harris, the forward echelon of the First Marine Air Wing was doing its share in getting the Torokina strip ready for action. It was to serve not only as a refueling base for fighters on escort to Rabaul, but for bombers supporting infantry advances close at hand.

Along the nearby foothills of Crown Prince Range, wherever Jap lines held too tightly, his strong positions were marked, and ground forces sat tight. Marine dive bombers and torpedo planes took over. Their accuracy permitted bombing when targets were no more than 75 yards from infantry outposts. Experts on the scene termed this precision integration of the air-ground team, particularly at Hellzapoppin Ridge and Hill 600A, some of the finest examples of tactical close air support for infantry ever seen.

"Close" was the word for it. So a story goes, a pilot completing his mission radiced to his ground observer, a scant 80 yards from the rocking bursts: "How was that?" He had to wait a moment for the answer, slightly garbled: "Wait till I get my teeth in and I'll tell you."

WHILE the rattle of machine guns still sounded on the beachhead perimeter, and frequent bombing squelched Jap efforts to repair the Bougainville air bases, operations began on the Torokina strip. The all-out Allied advance, gaining momentum, was shifting across the Coral Sea. Rabaul was the new objective—the enemy's central supply base, the anchor of his hopes in the South and Southwest Pacific. Here were the Zeros, and the bombers that fled the Solomons in late October. Here were five air bases ringed with enough anti-aircraft batteries, some pilots felt, to put Kahili in the garden party class.

One week later a solid aerial punch was being wound up on Torokina. Waiting for the starter's signal 100 Allied fighter planes were wedged together in two solid lines down the narrow taxiways. In the cockpit of the lead plane sat the logical man to lead the first fighter sweep over Rabaul—"Pappy" Boyington.

He had developed his squadron, the scrapings of a replacement pool barrel, into the hottest in the South Pacific.

They drew almost a blank on that sweep when Jap fighters failed to appear in strength.

On December 23 they tried again. This time "Pappy" scored, and heavily. The last to leave the arena over Rabaul, he ran his total to 24. Three days later he bagged his twenty-fifth.

Bad weather prevented air operations for a restless week. On January 3 the weather lifted; the Black Sheep went sweeping off for Rabaul once more.

Again it was the same story. The enemy came up to meet them in force. Boyington's division split up when they ran pell mell into 12 Zeros. The Black Sheep leader and his wingman, First Lieutenant George Ashmun, took on one bunch; First Lieutenants Bruce Matheson and Rufus Chatham, another.

"Pappy" got quickly on the tail of one Zero and opened fire. Ashmun was behind him. The other two Black Sheep made their runs, pulled up, and turned just in time to see Boyington's kill—his record tying twenty-sixth—drop in flames. They saw "Pappy" and his wingman dive down through a heavy cloud bank on the tail of another flock of Zeros. They were never seen again.

Search missions that continued till the last moments of dusk and for days thereafter, failed to turn up a trace of the two. The disconsolate Black Sheep, their combat tour ended, went south. They had hoped to bring their score to 100—for "Pappy"—but the final count for their two tours in action was a total of 94 Jap planes in the air, 20 more on the ground, and 15 barges sunk. Of even greater value was the aerial beachhead they and other

Marine Corps aviation rolled up a lopsided score on the Japs during the 169th year

fighter squadrons, like the Bulldogs and the Hell's Angels, had established over Rabaul. The way was paved for destructive efforts of the dive bomber and torpedo planes.

On January 7 those workhorses of Marine aviation made their first runs over Rabaul's targets. A storm front was closing in over their objectives as they approached. The skies were black with ack ack bursts. They dodged white hot aerial phosphorus bombs, beat off attacks of 70 intercepting Zeros. Their targets disappeared in enveloping storm clouds and they turned back.

A week later when they tried again, it was for big stakes. As they neared their target, Rabaul Harbor, 20 large cargo ships were caught at anchor. Ack ack spouted, droves of Zeros harried them. But when they headed for home, they had scored 16 hits on 10 ships. Seven were seen to sink; three were left so badly damaged they were listed as probably sunk. It was a forerunner of the steady pounding Rabaul could expect for months to come.

It was a prosperous day for Marine fighter pilots, too. The Fighting Corsairs, flying escort, got 17 confirmed kills. Their top man, First Lieutenant Robert Hanson, shot down five. It was the beginning of an amazing string of air victories, both for Hanson and his wing mates.

From two new air strips near the Piva Forks on Bougainville, the all-out pressure was continued on Rabaul and a New Ireland target, Kavieng. Marine Dauntlesses and Avengers alternated with heavy Army bombers in a constant drum of death over these strongholds.

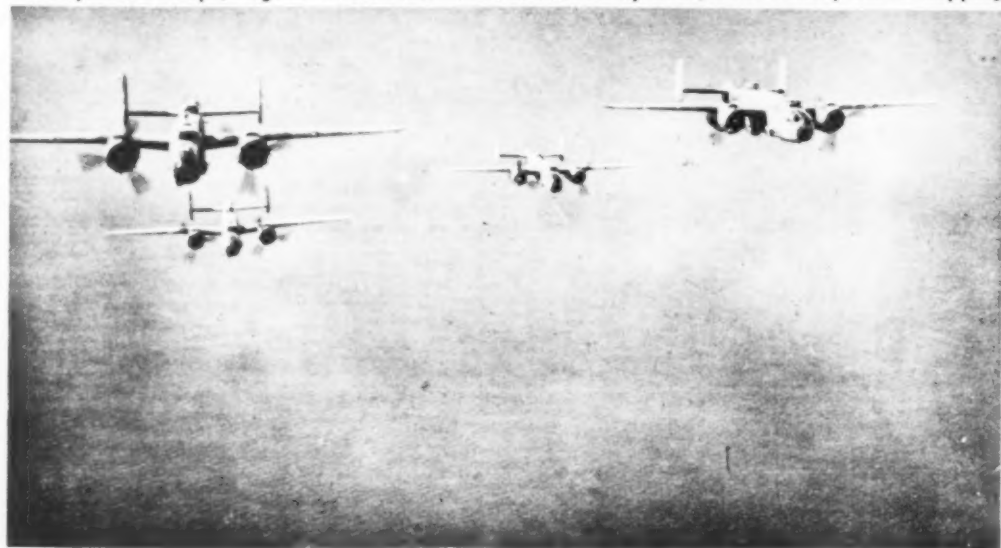
MORE fighter plane records fell in late January. Major Hugh Elwood's Hellhounds had a field day over Rabaul on the twenty-third, when they blasted down 21 Jap fighters, among them the new Jap supplement to the Zero, the Tojo. Sixteen of the Hellhounds scored. The Wake Avengers were getting their share during the months as well—71 planes over Rabaul with the loss of but one pilot in combat.

But the all-time record for Marine fighter squadrons in the South Pacific was set up by the Fighting Corsairs, who had gotten off to a slow start several months previously. During their third combat tour at Bougainville, under the command of Major R. Gordon Owens, they went on a wild shooting spree. Their total for three tours jumped almost overnight to an astounding 135½. They were particularly proud of one fact in that record; every one of their victories had been scored escorting bombers. And they never lost a bomber under their protection.

When they headed homeward they had set not only the top total, but these records as well: most planes in one six week's tour, 104½; most in one month, 85½; most aces, 10. Among those aces who went home were Captain Harold Spears, with 15 and Captain Donald Aldrich with 20 planes, sharing honors as fourth ranking Marine ace with Captain Ken Walsh. One man did not go home with them. He was impetuous, straight-shooting "Butcher" Bob Hanson.

Meanwhile a new aerial battleground was open-

PBJ bombers dropped their cargoes of high explosives in countless sorties over enemy-held territory. These ships, together with other medium and heavy craft, took a heavy toll of shipping





Major "Pappy" Boyington led his famed Black Sheep squadron off this tightly packed air strip for the first fighter sweep over Rabaul. These Corsairs made up part of his hard-hitting outfit

ing. As January ended, strong Jap concentrations in the Marshalls, at Mille, Wotje, Maloelap, Jaluit and Kwajalein islands, felt the night-and-day, pre-invasion battering of heavy Army bombers. When the assault came, February 1, it was directed not at the strong outer rim of defense, but against tender hub, on lightly held Majuro, in the immediate Kwajalein group; on the twin islands of Roi and Namur, and beyond, northward and westward to Eniwetok.

Their role completed, the heavies turned to other tasks. Jap air forces had been withdrawn a few days before the Allied assault. What remained was an attritional job against the installations still standing on the four surrounding Jap bastions. Behind thick walls of concrete and coconut logs, they were protected from anything but a direct hit. Pattern bombing was never expected to root them out. It was a job for precision bombing. On March 4, Marine dive bombers moved forward from their Gilbert bases.

Among them was the Ace of Spades, commanded by Major Elmer G. Glidden. The squadron history dates back to World War I. Famous names in Marine aviation have been listed on its roles, names like Major Lofton Henderson and Captain Dick Fleming. Others, still living, are Generals Rowell, Mulcahy, Wallace, Cushman; Colonels Weir, Lamson-Scribner, Binney, Chappel, Wodarczyk, Munsch, Schilt. The Ace of Spades was cited for its role in the Midway battle, again for gallantry at Guadalcanal. The squadron got to work, unleashing its bomb cargoes on already battered targets once a day, sometimes twice.

ON the same day, February 4, two Marine photo planes, battling freak tropic storms most of the way, were flying from the Solomons to carry out a daring 2000 mile reconnaissance mission. When they returned they had on film the innermost secrets of Truk, the Japanese Pearl Harbor. Theirs were the first foreign eyes to spy on the concentration of airfields, forts, drydocks and warship anchorages that had been 20 years a building. United States naval experts found a prize package under the lid they pried from Truk: evidence that portions of the evasive Jap Navy were at anchor there. One result of that reconnaissance hop was the February 16-17 attack on Truk by powerful naval task forces, when 201 enemy aircraft were destroyed, 19 ships were sunk, seven others probably sunk. Two of the sure sinkings and two of the probables were capital warships.

At Bougainville, flights of Rabaul-bound planes continued to roar daily off the matting. But a few thousand yards away in the jungle, battalions of Japs were preparing to die for their Emperor. Their primary objectives were the fighter and bomber strips at Piva within 1500 yards of the beachhead perimeter; their primary weapons, cannon brought piecemeal from Kahili and Buka. On March 8 the first Jap shells battered at runways, revetments, and pilots' camp areas. On the fighter strip in particular shells rained so heavily that Navy Seabees could not make repairs fast enough. Fighter planes moved to the new Green Island strip. Dive and torpedo bomber pilots turned to knocking out the enemy batteries and support action with Army troops holding the front lines. Ground

crews worked on despite the hazard of shell fire.

Without aerial support, the Jap push only once forced a slight dent in the perimeter. Their over-all losses for the counter-attack were an estimated 9000 casualties. If the Jap had hoped to ease the squeeze on Rabaul, it was too late.

Came March 15 and an epochal date for Marine aviation. On that day Major General Ralph J. Mitchell turned over his three and one-half month-old command of Allied aircraft in the Solomons to an Army general. In little more than two months of his command tour, Allied planes, with almost hourly bombing and strafing attacks, had first destroyed Rabaul's air defenses, then methodically knocked out its five air strips, shipping, ground defenses, and material and personnel concentrations.

Totals figured from December showed 816 Jap combat planes destroyed in the air, plus 198 probables; three by anti-aircraft fire; and 72 on the ground. Jap airfields on Bougainville were kept neutralized. Five new Allied airstrips had been put in operation.

FOR his all-out aerial thrust against Rabaul, General Mitchell was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.

On the same date, the last Jap fighter plane was seen in the area. Zeros and Tojos had tucked up their wheels and fled from Rabaul and Kavieng. The day of the fighter sweeps was at an end.

Also on March 15 a new type of Marine air enterprise got under way. Over Rabaul appeared a squadron of Marine-manned PBJ's, twin engine bombers, the first Leatherneck squadron of its type to see action. For many months these Flying Nightmares, as they called themselves, flew through all kinds of weather in all-night long heckling raids on Rabaul and Kavieng Japs.

In both the South and Central Pacific the backbone of enemy air strength definitely was broken. There still remained the attrition of his ack ack batteries, his supply dumps and bivouac areas. A new role had to be found for the Marine Corsair in this forthcoming grinding away of enemy installations. It became a fighter-bomber. The Corsair's speed in arriving over a target had surprise value; it's getaway time, bomb weight away, was short. On final strafings, the blast from its six wing-mounted .50's was devastating.

In late April, the Death Dealers, a Marine Corsair squadron, made one of the first tries at fighter precision bombing when they went into action over New Ireland. A 450-foot bridge was destroyed. Corsairs also were adapted rapidly to this new role in the Marshalls area. During seven weeks one fighter squadron there dumped more than 200,000 pounds of bombs. One major strike on a small target realized better than 90 per cent accuracy.

Marine fighter pilots at Marshalls bases finally found the opposition they had been waiting for. For most of them it was a first time in combat. The Whistling Devils caught 12 Zeros leaving Ponape airstrip one afternoon. Sweeping out of a cloud bank, they whistled down eight in three quick passes, shot down another for a probable, destroyed three on the field. Their skipper, Major Loren D. "Doc" Everton raised his total kills to 12.

The first Jap raiders to attack American Marshalls bases in two months ran into trouble when they were intercepted by Marine night fighters

which destroyed two, possibly a third, and disrupted the bombing attack.

In the Solomons more Marine fighter and bomber pilots were beginning to trickle homeward. One fighter squadron, the Hellhounds, left with a record of 67 Jap planes shot down, 16 damaged; 21 barges destroyed; three cargo ships sunk; five damaged; two gunboats sunk; and a Jap destroyer set afire and left sinking. The Red Devils, a torpedo plane outfit, calculated their total of Jap ships sunk, found it reached 24. Over a period of many months, they had aided in knocking out 12 Jap airfields.

Another Allied airstrip was put into operation at Emirau in the St. Matthias island group, seized without opposition a few months before. On May 15 the first blow was launched, when a Marine dive bomber unit carried out a moonlight attack on the trapped Japs at Kavieng, 75 miles away. The noose had been drawn tight around the Bismarck-Solomons; a new base was provided for heavy bombers attacking Truk, now brought to 600-miles distance.

A one-month resume of Corsair fighter-bomber activity in the Marshalls, showed an average of seven missions per day over the nearby Jap atolls. These planes of Brigadier General Lewie Merritt's Fourth Marine Air Wing carried out 218 missions; 1498 sorties; dropped 645,325 pounds of explosives. They lost but five airmen in ack ack fire.

Meanwhile a new war theatre was opening at Saipan. On July 4 a Marine Combat Transport plane landed to evacuate wounded. Heavy sniper fire cracked across the field. But landing their flying box cars under difficulties was nothing new to these mercy plane pilots. They had been carrying out similar assignments since the earliest days on Guadalcanal. They had moved personnel, brought in badly needed supplies, handled postal runs, and evacuated thousands of sick and wounded men. Their schedules kept step with every Allied advance.

In the same area, Major Everette H. Vaughan realized a long-awaited opportunity. One of the pioneers (at 32) of Marine night fighters, he led his own squadron against 12 Jap bombers attacking our positions. Two were shot down. It was his first air combat. Since early 1942, Major Vaughan, a



Ground crew members worked day and night to enable our fliers to maintain their hectic pace

former radio ham, had devoted himself to developing night fighter apparatus and technique. Marine Ventura night fighter pilots were the first to see action in the South Pacific. They flew thousands of night-time miles protecting Allied beachheads. Foremost among them were Lieutenant Colonel Frank G. Schwable and John D. Harshberger, the latter flying 98 night fighter missions.

On July 31, Marine engineers finished the task of clearing away the rubble and scraping the scarred surface of Orote airfield at Guam. Next day, a Stinson "grasshopper" observation squadron, first of its type in the Corps, also became the first aviation unit to operate from Guam.

Another epoch in Marine Aviation came to a close. Leatherneck pilots had participated in every major advance in the South Pacific, had contributed much to those in other theatres.

END

MARINES IN COLD STORAGE

Men who made up the Iceland detail were glad to get back to the States and thaw out

by Sgt. John Conner



PFC SPERO PAPPAS, the Memphis wit, blew on his scorched hands and hauled a girl's picture from his dungaree pocket.

"Yeah," he said, introducing the topic of the evening. "When I first got up to Iceland the boys told me these Ickies were dumb and that they couldn't speak English. One night at the White Rose hall in Reykjavik a swabbie introduced me to a babe whose first name was Lena. Her last name was hard to get, so I just called her Fry. You know, Lena Fry, the hillbilly comic strip beatup. So I says:

"Whatabouta dansa, Miss Fry?"

"Dansa means dance in Icelandic. I figured to do a snow job, with a little kidding on the side. But it was a bum steer those guys gave me. The stulka—stulka means girl—bent a cold stare over my blues and made like she was going to slug me. In a cross between Swedish and English accent she tells me off.

"Where d'you get that Fry stuff," she yells. 'I'm no comic strip, mushmouth. Run along and take it easy, greasy, you gotta long way to slide.'

No one there laughed louder than Pappas, himself a husky young Greek who would rather wear an old campaign hat than a helmet on any three-day war. Three-day wars take place regularly between men of the Training Battalion and OCS classes at Quantico as part of the candidates' training. It was the end of the first day in one of these boondocks battles and a group was gathered around a fire. The candidates' "enemies" were taking it easy and as usual the stulka-starved Ickie Marines carried the conversational field.

When Great Britain went to war with Germany the sub-Arctic island became important. If the Nazis got it they could out-flank the U. S.-Britain convoy route, and later, perhaps, use it to invade America. After 14 months of British occupation Icelanders were treated to their first view of a Marine landing—the First Provisional Brigade's arrival to begin the relief of the Limies on July 7, 1941. The Army came the following September, and in March, 1942, the First left. It later took part in the Solomons invasion. Only guard detachments of Marines stationed at naval establishments remained. The Training Battalion tacticians had been with the latter group.

THE breeze-shooting always got started on the Icelandic stulka and her merits. She was hard to know; she wasn't hard to know—so the argument went. A firesider over here claimed he didn't pitch a liberty in the 18 months he was in Iceland; another over across the flames beat himself on the back about how many times he had been to a rock-ribbed Icelandic home for dinner. Some said the place was gloomy.

"I tell you," Platoon Sergeant Dave Crew opined, "the people of Iceland love the rugged beauty of their country, and so do I. It's like certain powerful symphonies. If you have the capacity for them, you get to like them. If you don't . . ."

He shrugged. Crew is a well set-up amateur boxer who at the moment was serving as an OCS weapons instructor.

By geological standards Iceland, lying just under the Arctic Circle, is a new land built almost entirely of windswept volcanic rock. About the size of Ohio, it looks like

an inverted soup plate—a high plateau fringed by lowlands which are broad enough on the west and south sides to be habitable. No one lives in the highlands where there are 120 glaciers and 107 volcanoes.

For Marines used to foreign service in warmer climes, this tour of duty in a land of vast red lava fields, snow peaks and gigantic crevasses was like a trip to the moon. The people were unfriendly. Peace-loving—they have no armed forces—and worried by the intrusion of so many uniformed men, they hung onto their daughters with Lutheran tenacity.

"I don't know how they learned it so fast, but those stulkas could go like hell," PFC John Stott said. He obviously didn't approve. "They learned everything fast. You would say a lot of things you thought they didn't understand and then suddenly, if they got to like you for some reason, they would break out into English and stick to you like flypaper."

Pappas put away the photo of the girl.

"They knew everything," he agreed. "They could tell you when the mail was coming. One day my girl said I'd be leaving in a month. I thought she was nuts, but I left in a month."

Guard detachments served at Naval Operating Base in Reykjavik, the Fleet Air Base two miles outside the city, and at two outposts. The Navy held dances at the White Rose hall in Reykjavik and at Akranes, a nearby town, and conducted tours into the interior. Marines lived in Quonset or Nissen huts banked high with dirt for warmth and for protection against winds that at times would reach velocities of more than 130 miles an hour.

"When you first get to Iceland the wind scares you. Rocks the size of eggs will crack you on the head if you aren't on the ball, ready to duck," PFC Robert McVickers said. "I had my M-1 torn from my hands and carried 100 feet while walking a mountainside post."

Lanky Corporal Clair Stratton sat up and wound his long arms around his knees.

"Remember those big sheets of steel that used to go soaring in the wind like pieces of cardboard kids spin through the air?" he drawled. "They'd come from some Seabee construction job whisking along like flying guillotines. One of them, probably eight feet long and three wide, sliced between a Doggie sentry and me one day last Fall as we stood talking on a mountain road. It



The Prime Minister of Great Britain, Winston Churchill, headed a party of dignitaries that inspected that Marine outfit stationed in Iceland during the early days of the present war

zoomed into a nearby valley and sawed its way into the rocky ground so far they never could get it out."

But the sudden winter storms that quickly freeze up the otherwise temperate Reykjavik area were the worst. Men in outlying sentry booths would nearly freeze to death. Last January, just before his contingent shoved off for the States, Private James Richardson took part in the rescue of a sentry, PFC Eugene Silcox.

"We were on the 12 to 4 watch," Richardson said. "I was going to No. 6 post. It took four jeeps and an hour and a half to cover the three-fourths of a mile between No. 6 and the sergeant of the guard. One jeep after another froze up. They decided to leave Silcox at my post, where there was a steam box, to warm up and continue on by himself to No. 9 post. The steam box was part of the heating system for an oil pipe line.

"When Silcox went on it was too windy to walk upright. He had to crawl the 500 yards to his booth on the other side of a small valley. One hour later I saw his light blink on and off, letting me know he had made it. I picked up my phone and called him. He told me he was pretty cold and that his gloves were frozen to his hands.

"I FIGURED he was in no condition to stay on duty so I called the sergeant of the guard. Two hours later the acting Officer of the Day, who was a platoon sergeant, and a private reached my post in a jeep. The three of us drove to No. 9. We found Silcox standing up, almost rigid and out of his head. His rifle was at sling arms. The inside of the booth was caked with three inches of frosty ice like a refrigerator that needed defrosting.

"On the way back our jeep froze up solid three blocks from sick bay and we had to carry Silcox the rest of the way. The dispensary door was frozen to the door frame so I kicked it until the brittle hinges gave way. We found Silcox had his legs frozen to the knees, arms to the elbows."

A pudgy Marine by the name of PFC Fred Rosenthal shook his shoulders visibly in a shudder, and moved closer to the fire. "'Sa matter, Rosie?" Pappas asked.

"I was thinking about the people up there. They can be just as cold as the weather," Rosie said with heat. "About 15 miles from Reykjavik, on our way to do some skiing, we stopped to help a fleet of eight or nine busses that were stuck in a snow drift. We had a weapons carrier, a truck and a jeep with us, so we got them out. I was in the jeep. A few miles later the jeep broke down. We had become separated from the others, so we shoved off to

hike the rest of the way on skis.

"But this is what burned me up. The busses overtook us and wouldn't stop, although we tried to wave them down. They weren't helping out foreigners no matter what we had done for them. Next time they'll get the same."

"They probably didn't see you, just like they appear not to understand you," Corporal Wilbur Wright said. "Of course we never let them on a naval reservation without a guard to convoy them, whether they had business like chasing their sheep, or were just passing through.

"I GOT this story from a gate guard. An 18-year-old kid carrying a gun for hunting refused to sign the register. Three times the Marine ordered him to but each time the Ickie would give the old Icelandic stare and mumble 'nay skilja', which means 'I don't understand'. The guard got sick of that and hauled out his .45.

"'You sign that register or I'll shoot you. I'll shoot you right now,' the Marine said. 'Okay, okay bud. Don't shoot. I'll sign,' the kid said. Then again, some of them really couldn't speak English. Which never stopped them from getting what they wanted anyway."

"But if you got to know them they were swell people," PFC Tom Johnson broke in, taking the Ickies' side. "You always got coffee and cake when they invited you to their homes. They were insulted if you refused to accept it.

"One summer Sunday afternoon I had just finished my coffee when the son of this farm family I was visiting started making hand signals. He whipped an imaginary fishing pole about the room and went to a window to point in the direction of a lake. He wanted to go fishing. He went to a calendar, pointed to the twelfth of that month and turned his clock back to 10 a. m. Then he started making like a jeep, brrring his lips to make the sound of a motor and jiggling his hands as if he were shifting gears and steering. He wanted me to get a jeep for the trip."

The Icelanders are very conservative. Theirs is the oldest parliamentary tradition in the world, dating back to the Ninth Century when Ingolf Arnarson and 400 followers sought refuge there from tyranny in Norway. Their national dress, favored by the older people for dress occasions, is just as old, although the younger people are sharp dressers by American standards. The language is similar to Norwegian and Icelandic literature, specializing in lyrical poetry, is highly thought of everywhere. Quite a bit of English is spoken by the 40,000 people in Reykjavik.

The chief industries are sheep-raising and fishing. Marines did a lot toward improving the comparatively crude highway system, but there are no railroads and the natives use the tough Icelandic pony and coastwise boats, called "drifters", for travel.

"The Icelanders have one weakness—candy," PFC John Mistretta said. "And if you couldn't get to the adults directly that way you could by befriending their children. I had duty on the main gate at NOB in Reykjavik. A gang of kids hung around there regularly. We gave them candy and their parents invited us to dinner."

A month later the base gave a Christmas party for 200 Reykjavik children. More Marines went to more home-cooked Icelandic dinners after that.

Farm people were more friendly than their more sophisticated compatriots. Some of the farm homes are as primitive as the houses in Reykjavik and other towns are modern. Some farmers practically live with their sheep and cows. Barns adjoin kitchens and cows and sheep wander in during meals in a completely informal setup.

PFC Curtis Roberts got a laugh out of the boondockers, who had begun to nod over the talk on Christmas.

"I was pitching a little afternoon woo with a farmer's daughter, using an English-Icelandic dictionary for basic conversation. We were on the window seat. Suddenly there was a commotion underneath and I wondering who the hell could be hiding there when a sheep pushed out between my feet and shoved off on the double, the family dog after it."

THERE are no fences in Iceland and sheep roam at large during the summer. When they are ready for shearing in July, and for the foals in the fall, they are rounded up. This means farmers have to go into U. S. military territory and when they do a guard must go with them.

Farmers use the grassy lands chiefly for raising hay to feed their stock. There is only a short time each summer when the harvest can be taken in without danger of spoilage, so people from the cities, particularly girls, come out to help. Much of the male population is constantly occupied with fishing.

Every member of a farm family owns a pony to get around on. During the summer of 1942, before there was enough motorized equipment, Marines used them to patrol posts covering a large area. The ponies were capable but stubborn.

Marine ire was terrific when Leatherneck, a particularly rugged steed, tossed Private Berkeley Wheeler, a good horse-

TURN PAGE



The Chief's and NCO's club was housed in a hut, well banked with protection against cold



Funeral details were part of the duties of the Iceland detachment. Burial customs were among the many things that Marines found strange in this frozen northern land during their stay there



Many of the Icelandic settlements are built on small promontories jutting out into the harbors

man from Kentucky. The wicked critter kicked out a few of Wheeler's teeth and broke his hand before the Marine could get up.

Sergeant Archie Francis removed the cigar stub from his teeth, blew a shred of tobacco at a tree trunk, and said:

"I guess you know that pony got the word in the only language he understood. With his good hand Wheeler picked up a piece of four-by-four and beat it to a splinter on Leatherneck's rocky head. It didn't hurt the pony as much as it did Wheeler's good hand."

Iceland's national sport is pony racing. The jockeys ride in an offhand manner much like cowpony racers in the American rodeo circuits.

Tours into the plateau country brought Marines to the hot springs where the Great Geyser spouts. They threw soap powder into bubbling pools to produce small geysers, and gaped like any tourist at interesting spots in the great, mountain-bound Plain of Thingvellir where the ancient Icelandic parliament—the Althing—first met a thousand years before.

The Wishing Well, a big water-filled crevasse in Thingvellir's floor, extorted a kronur—worth 15 cents—from each. The "well" is supposed to have magic powers. Believers toss in a coin and make a wish that's supposed to come true.

For hundreds of years Icelanders and gullible tourists have been contributing valuable copper to the clear waters until a huge, golden hued fortune covers the bottom. Many have tried, but none have yet been able to stand the iciness of the water to gather in the minted sugar.

"Well, what did you-all wish?" asked an unbeliever, expectorating into the dying embers of the fire.

"Everyone," said Mistretta in measured tones, "wished he would go home soon. Most of us made it."

END

ONE evening in a Pacific port we climbed to a roost in the superstructure of a battleship, on which we were stationed temporarily, and saw not one but four movies. The main deck aft of the battlewagon had been rigged with a screen in the red evening twilight and a picture called "Lady, Let's Dance" was being shown. The star of this picture was a shapely Dutch girl named Belita. It seemed that Belita was the ice-skating champion of Europe and a good ballroom dancer, besides, before the war, and then had to catch a boat to the States and wound up taking a job as a waitress in Palm Springs, Cal.

We'd got this far in the Belita picture when



our attention was distracted to the deck of a heavy cruiser which was docked near the battleship. The cruiser was rigged for movies, too, and was showing "Two Girls and a Sailor", starring Jimmy Durante and two fetching blondes.

It seems that Jimmy Durante was a leading vaudeville comic and the proud father of a bugle-nosed infant. But Jimmy's wife runs off with another man, taking the bugle-nosed baby with her, and Durante goes to the dogs.

About this time, a destroyer eased up beside the cruiser so that its crew could see "Two Girls and a Sailor". But the the skipper of the cruiser, or some officer aboard, didn't seem to like this and he told the destroyer's skipper not to get so chummy and to take his tin can and shove off. So, the destroyer moved to a spot forward of the battleship.

Despite all of this byplay, we were getting pretty interested in "Two Girls and a Sailor", particularly since there was a good-looking blonde in this picture named Gloria DeHaven, and we had not seen any blondes for several months.

However, a nearby LST was showing a picture which had such wild and woolly sound effects as to almost drown out the dialogue in "Two Girls and a Sailor" and "Lady, Let's Dance". The LST was showing a western starring Tex Ritter. It seems that Tex had been off fighting in the Spanish-American war, and when he got back home in Wyoming he found that his father was laid up with the rheumatism and a bunch of 4-F cattle rustlers were stealing everything loose on the ranch. Things were really in a hell of a shape on the Ritter Rancho.

Meanwhile, the destroyer which had been chased off from the heavy cruiser, had snuggled up beside another destroyer and a movie screen had been stretched between the bows of the two vessels. They started showing "Jane Eyre".

This "Jane Eyre" begins with Joan Fontaine as a child of about nine and attending one of these 19th century English schools which was a sort of boot camp for kiddies.

The hoofbeats and the gunfire from the cowboy picture on the LST died down enough so that we could turn around and see how Belita was making out. Evidently, she'd quit her job as a waitress in Palm Springs, Cal., for she was skating in a big amphitheater, and we decided that Belita could skate as well as Sonja Henie and could look considerably more beautiful doing it. Anyway, she looked beautiful from where we were roosting.

During the lull on the LST, we also got a chance to check up on "Two Girls and a Sailor", and Miss DeHaven looked so good we could scarcely bear to watch. Jimmy Durante had not, as yet, located his long-lost son.

A night at the movies

When we pivoted again in the direction of the two companionable destroyers we saw that Miss Fontaine was now more mature and was working as a governess for Orson Welles' daughter. It seems that Orson's wife was crazy and had to be locked up in the attic.

Up to this time, we'd kept up pretty well with all four pictures.

Then Tex Ritter started firing one of these movie revolvers which, apparently, contain 500 rounds of ammunition.

And some bandleader with a duckbill hair-do was playing a hot trumpet in "Lady, Let's Dance".

And, over on the heavy cruiser, Jimmy Durante had found his bugle-nosed son and he was singing a song in a rasping voice.

And Orson Welles' crazy wife was trying to break out of the attic and she was screaming like a gooney bird.

It was all very confusing. So we decided to climb down from the superstructure of the battleship before we fell down. And we went below to the Marines' berthing and hit the sack.

FXT



a a n.

Strictly a Snow Job

"Furthermore, I'm engaged," she added, and held up her left hand

by PFC Duane Decker

AS Sergeant Pete Reynolds, USMC, walked into the Marine Corps Public Relations office in Washington, Corporal Harry Mullins took a long breath and held it. Pete was the best friend he had in the Corps. But right now he wished Pete were still somewhere in the Pacific.

Pete came over to his desk, on the double. "You got any liberty left, Harry?"

"Five days," Harry said.

"Fine," Pete said. "We leave for Connecticut to night. You're going to be best man at a wedding."

"Whose wedding?"

"Mine."

"Kitty?"

"Who else?"

"Listen, Pete," Harry said. "Does Kitty know about this wedding?"

"I haven't had time to give her the scoop yet."

Harry rubbed his chin a minute. "Then why the big rush? You've got 30 days."

"Look," Pete said. "Today is November 7th. Three days from now is November 10th. Does that mean anything to you, Harry?"

"It's the Marine Corps anniversary."

"Right. And that's the day, two years ago, when I met Kitty. It's the day one year ago that we got engaged."

"So this year on that date you plan to marry the girl, is that it?"

"Harry," Pete said, "consider you have just called a six o'clock bull."

Harry blinked and looked worried. Pete wished he would stop acting like a thoughtful owl. Then Harry swung around in his swivel chair and reached inside a desk drawer. He brought out a letter in a lavender envelope—and a tiny box big enough to hold practically nothing but a ring.

"I hated to see you show up," Harry said. "And this is why." He held both items out. Pete grabbed them. He ripped open the envelope.

It was from Kitty. Among other things she said that she was through with Pete for the duration—plus about a hundred years. She said it would save embarrassment if he'd stay away. There was nothing to talk over. He'd shown himself to be an unbelievably irresponsible person, incapable of real love. Furthermore, she was now

TURN PAGE

When a determined Marine sets out to "beat the time" of a rival, trouble is not far off

SNOW JOB (continued)

definitely engaged to marry Roger Crane. Pete remembered Roger Crane: a terribly wet character who made a lot of dough running a war plant.

Harry said, "What'd you do to the girl, Pete?"

Pete shrugged. Then he told Harry the story. How, just before he'd shipped out, he'd asked her to meet him in New York and marry him. She'd agreed. But on the train going up, he'd bumped into a bunch of very lively lads from New River.

Things, after that, were kind of hazy in his mind. Somehow, when he'd finally met the bride at City Hall, he was three hours late. He was wearing beat-up greens. He had a terrible head and no money for the ceremony. He didn't even have the ring.

"She got a little doped-off," Pete recalled. "I guess that's why she acted so sort of impetuously. She called off the wedding and grabbed the first train out of town—to visit an aunt. I didn't have an idea in the world where she'd gone. I didn't even know she had an aunt."

"And that's the last you saw of her?" Harry asked.

Pete nodded. "I never thought she'd stay doped-off. She never did before."

Harry shook his head, sadly. "I don't think I'll go with you, Pete. Because I don't think you're going to pull off any wedding. Or if you do, it'll have to be strictly a snow job."

"Just stand by," Pete said, cheerfully. "until you get the word."

AS SOON as he got off the train in New York, Pete headed for a telephone booth. When he reached his party, he said: "This is Pete Reynolds, Bert. Do you know where Kitty is?"

"At her father's place in Connecticut."

"Anybody with her? A Joe, I mean?"

"Roger Crane's there."

"I was afraid of that," Pete said. "Listen, Bert, does this Roger Crane still work for the R. J. Barnum Brass Company?"

"He's practically Barnum's head man."

"Where's their main plant?"

"Buffalo."

"Thanks. One more thing—can I borrow one of your cars a couple days? I've got gas coupons. . . ."

. . . After that, in a Western Union office, he wrote a telegram, addressed to Roger Crane, care of Kitty's father at the Connecticut place. It was signed R. J. Barnum and said:

Imperative you go to Buffalo plant at once. Critical shop slowdown. Meet me there tomorrow.

Then he stopped in a jewelry store and picked out a wedding ring. This seemed to dispose of the major problems of the moment. So he grabbed a cab to Harlem. He had a little time to kill—while Roger Crane got squared away and shoved off for Buffalo.

He reached Kitty's house about nine the next morning with the heavy taste of Harlem still in his mouth. When he pulled the borrowed car to a halt in the driveway, he saw Kitty and her father on the sunporch. He crossed the lawn and walked inside.

They were eating breakfast at a little nook in the corner. Kitty looked wonderful. Her father got up and held out his hand. Pete kept his eyes on Kitty. But—no buzz. She just sipped her coffee and gave him a deadpan glance.

"Glad to see you back, Pete," Mr. Spence said.

"And I'm glad to be back, sir," Pete said. "I've missed everything. But mostly, of

course, the good times with Kitty." He bent down, quickly, and kissed Kitty. She took it the way a child takes a pill. He fondly patted the top of her head and said: "But we'll make up for all we've missed, won't we darling?"

"I hardly think so," Kitty said, with a tremendous lack of enthusiasm. Then she turned and stared moodily out the window.

MR. SPENCE was feeling the chill in the atmosphere. Hurriedly he cleared his throat and said: "Ah-h-h—how was the Pacific, Pete?"

"In a word, sir," Pete said, "it wasn't the Stork Club."

"No indeed. I guess it wasn't," Mr. Spence said. He began the throat-clearing business again. "Can you stay a while, my boy?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," Pete said, quickly, "by a strange coincidence I happen to have a couple spare shirts in the car and I'd be delighted, sir —"

Kitty cut in, fast. "I'm frightfully sorry, Pete, but that happens to be utterly impossible. I'm expecting guests—Father didn't know."

By this time, Mr. Spence had edged hopefully toward the door and now he ducked out. Kitty looked at Pete with narrowed eyes and said: "I suppose Harry Mullins didn't give you the letter I sent for him to hold until you reported back?"

"Why no," Pete said. "I didn't happen to report at Headquarters."

"Oh!" Kitty said, gloomily. "Well then, I'll tell it to you."

"Save it, baby," Pete said.

She shook her head. "This won't save. In that letter I told you —"

"I'll read it later. I'll —"

"No! I told you we were through. Washed up. And I guess you know why."

"Kitty —"

"Furthermore, I'm engaged. Definitely." She held up her left hand. The ring was a very gaudy chunk of ice.

"You can't do it," Pete said. "You can't marry a jerk like Roger Crane."

He knew the instant he said it that he'd fouled himself up. Her eyebrows lifted, her chin set. She said, coldly: "And how did you know it was Roger Crane if you never got the letter?"

"Huh?" Pete said. "I — well — sort of guessed it."

"You lie. You got it. But you came anyway. You big, bold Marine!"

The telephone rang in the next room. She walked angrily toward it.

Pete stared blankly at the wall. This was not so good. He felt trapped. She had plenty to beat her gums about but — Suddenly he became aware of what she was saying on the telephone and he froze.

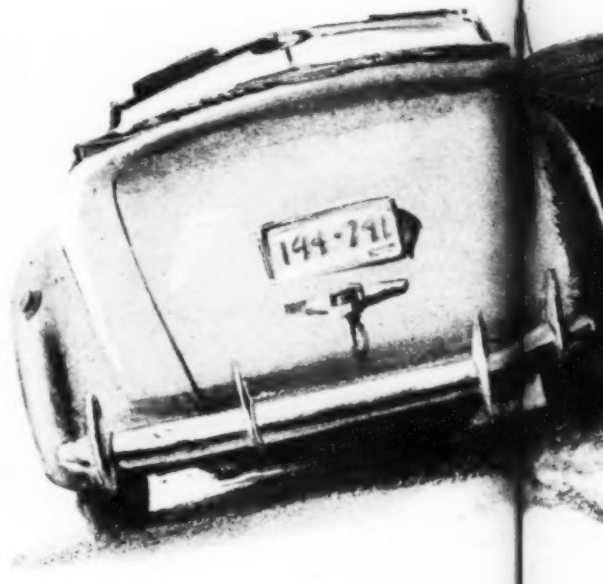
Her voice floated in: ". . . all a joke? But you can't mean the trip to Buffalo was a wild goose chase! Who would do such a thing, Roger? Who —"

Her eyes came to rest on Pete. He sank deeper in the chair. He squirmed. A warm glow crept up his neck. He wished he were back somewhere in the Pacific. He wished he were boondocking it. He wished he were anywhere but here—just now.

She raised her voice, with one eye still fixed on Pete. "Take a plane back, Roger. I—I've changed my mind about postponing the wedding. I've decided you're right—the sooner the better." She paused, then said in an even louder voice: "In fact, let's go over to that justice of the peace in Northport as you've wanted to. We'll get married this afternoon."

Pete was studying his left foot when

**Pete proves that brains
are all that is necessary
when it comes to brides**



she walked back. She did a column-half-right and stopped squarely in front of him. She said, in a deadly even voice: "You sent Roger the fake telegram."

He looked up, slowly. "Okay. I sent it. But before you read me off, remember I was away a long time. I wanted to see you."

"It was a dirty trick," she said.

HE STOOD up. He put his hands on her shoulders. "Listen, Kitty," he said earnestly, "just don't go over to that j.p. in Northport with this guy—not today. Hold off until you cool down."

She shook her head. "I had some doubts about marrying Roger before. But you've made up my mind for me."

"I think you're ring-happy," he said. "You don't love the guy. You're marrying him to spite me because you're doped-off at me. It'll be the biggest mistake of your life."

She walked over to the door. "Don't try to be Mr. Anthony. You're not the type. I'm marrying Roger this afternoon. Shove off, please."

"I'll shove off," Pete said. "But if you marry this yardbird, you'll have to do it over my dead body, baby."

He strode stiffly outside and climbed in the car. He drove. The first place he passed with a telephone was, by a convenient piece of strategy, a beer tavern. Inside, he put a call through to New York, to Bert again.

"You've got to come up to Northport this afternoon, Bert. It's only 40 miles."

"What's up now, Pete?"

"I'll tell you when you get here. And bring another guy along. A middle-aged guy with a sense of humor."

He rushed up the path, with the Justice of the Peace steaming along in his wake



He told Bert how to get to the tavern. Then he hung up and started to sip slow beers. . . .

It was shortly after noon when Bert showed up—with a middle-aged friend named George Poat. Pete told them what the situation was with Kitty. Then he said: "The scoop is, we'll go over to this j.p.'s in Northport. You, Bert, will go in while we wait outside. You will pose as a bridegroom who needs the j.p. to do a job—miles away somewhere."

They nodded.

"You drive him off, after first unlocking a window in the house. Then we go in through the window. When Kitty and Roger Crane show up, George here will meet them at the door. They will accept George as the j.p. and —"

"Hold on!" George Poat said. "You mean you want a phoney wedding?"

"Not phoney. It won't be legal, that's all. Nobody will be married."

"I can't do that!" George said.

Pete turned angrily to Bert. "I thought you said this guy had a sense of humor?"

"He'll be okay," Bert said.

It took an hour and many beers to convince George Poat. Finally they drove to the j.p.'s house.

Bert went inside. Pete and George waited across the street. Almost a half hour went by before Bert emerged with the j.p. and drove off. Then Pete and George crossed the street and the lawn, and located the unlocked window. . . .

They rummaged through the house until they found a book that explained how to perform the marriage ceremony. Pete

snapped George in on it, over and over, over, until the front doorbell rang.

Pete hid in the kitchen. He left the door open a crack so that he wouldn't miss everything. He peered through. Kitty looked like somebody who'd just hit the wrong beachhead. She kept staring around nervously as though the place were full of snipers.

But Roger Crane was neither nervous nor doubtful. He was just in a big hurry to get it done. A few times during the course of the ceremony they both swayed away from George—Pete figured George's beer breath had them on the ropes.

BUT George waded through the ceremony all right. He even kissed the bride. When they had gone, he walked into the kitchen, waving the bill Crane paid him.

"This is a very soft racket," he said. He began to describe everything that had happened, panicking himself and Pete too. Then they locked the place up and went outside to wait for Bert and the j.p.

Just as Bert's car rolled up, George said: "Well, by this time maybe the bride and groom are ready to take off on the honeymoon. What do you do now, Marine?"

Pete let out a choking sound. "I forgot that angle!" he said. If Kitty and Roger Crane left before he caught up.

He grabbed the j.p. coming up the sidewalk. The j.p. was muttering: "Your poor friend found that his bride had run off with his brother. A most unfortunate —"

"Knock it off, sir," Pete said. "Follow me. I've got another job for you to perform."

He grabbed the j.p. by the arm and shouted back: "See you guys at that same bar in a while."

. . . When he slammed the brakes on outside Kitty's house, he heaved a terrific sigh of relief: she was on the porch. He walked up, with the j.p. jogging behind.

On the porch he looked around for Roger Crane. Roger wasn't there. Pete thought: "He's on the bag-packing detail."

He looked at Kitty, in amazement. Her eyes were wet. She'd been crying. She gazed at him sadly and said, "Pete, you were right."

"Huh?" Pete said.

"I *did* marry Roger out of spite. It was an awful mistake. I realized it the minute I was his wife."

"Kitty, wait a minute —"

"I told him the truth, of course. He's gone. But I've done a terrible thing."

The j.p. coughed. "Ah-h-h, young man. I came over here to perform a civil — ah-h-h — ceremony —"

"Hold your fire, Reverend," Pete said. "One thing at a time." He looked at Kitty. "Who married you?"

"A justice of the peace in Northport. Phineas Brine."

The j.p. said: "Young lady, there's some mistake. I am Phineas Brine, the justice of the peace from Northport."

Kitty said: "Somebody's nuts here."

Pete said: "Here's the scoop . . ."

. . . In a half hour he'd driven the j.p. back to his post. In another 15 minutes he'd sent a telegram to Corporal Harry Mullins at Headquarters. The telegram said:

Marine anniversary to be properly celebrated. Be here tomorrow for best-man detail. Your prediction true. Strictly a snow job.

END



Rolled streets, drives marked with sawed off logs and neat troop areas have replaced shell-blasted and dynamited sand stretches

TARAWA



Wreckage of the grim battle that raged over the isle a year ago is stressed by this sign erected on what is known as Green Beach

FROM 5000 feet in the air, Tarawa atoll looks like a baseball diamond. The narrow, timbered islets make a dark line, like basepaths, around the jade green lagoon. The blazing white coral airstrips, set among the coconut groves, are the bases. Betio, the denuded battlefield at the southern end of the atoll, is home base.

When you land on Betio and get out of the plane, the glare of sun against coral and snow-white sand almost knocks you over. You rest your eyes on the curling, white and slate-



A tank once manned by a hard-fighting Marine crew is examined by more recent arrivals on the island. Valuable equipment long has been salvaged



Mute evidence that one of the Corp's toughest fights took place on this island is revealed in this picture of a debris-strewn shore-line on Betio

Still bearing the scars of battle, Betio affords evidence of the epic



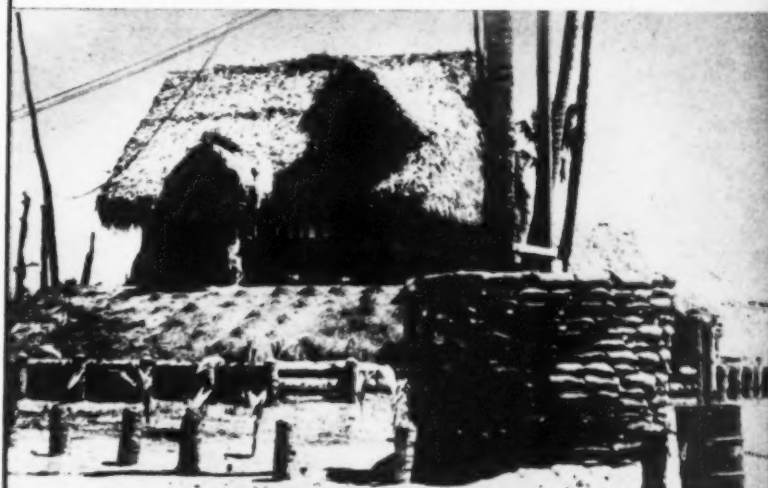
a year later

by Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert

blue surf that seems to tower over the islet and you look at the peaceful, wreckage-littered lagoon.

Right around the airstrip, Betio is like any other efficiently-operated station in the lonely Central Pacific. Getting away from the airstrip, passing by Marines and sailors playing softball beside the cemeteries, you'll find that Betio is something else. It is a shrine in a chaotic setting. The war has moved so swiftly there has been no time to clean up the place. Today, a year after the battle, Tarawa looks like the

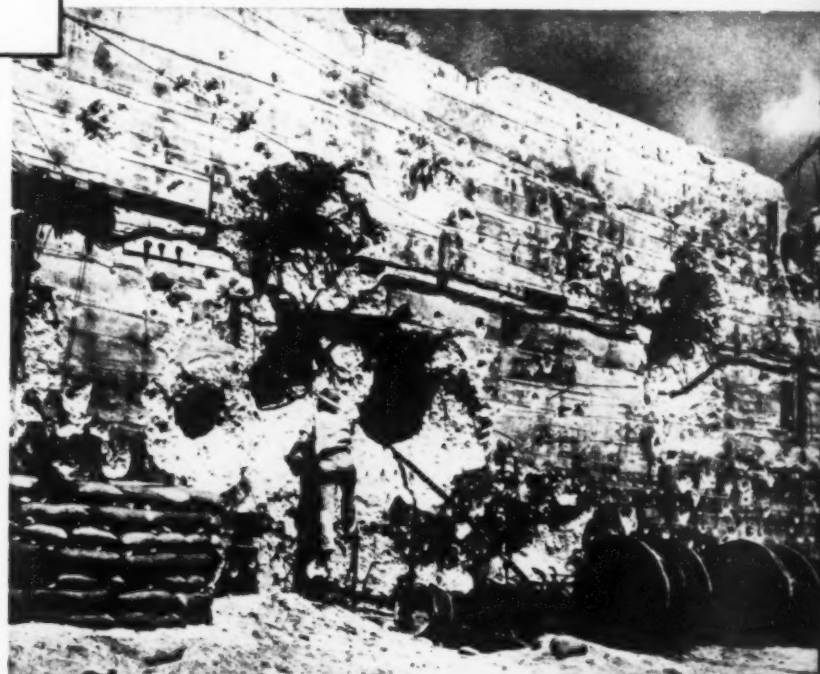
Sports play an important part in the life on the base. A ball field has been laid out close to one of the island's many cemeteries



Base headquarters is in one of the native buildings. The grounds have been landscaped to lend a neat and trim appearance to area



this Jap coastal defense guns blasted loose from their heavy concrete bases still point out to sea; boxes, sand bags and splintered logs litter the beach



This Jap blockhouse is the largest structure on the island and shows evidence of the terrific battering it took during the naval bombardment

c chapter in Corps history the men of the Second Division wrote there

TURN PA

TARAWA (continued)

Battered palms, wrecked equipment, and graveyards, are grim reminders of the battle which gave us our first hold on Japan's inner defenses.



Large-size tents, Quonset huts and native fales serve as homes for the men stationed on the once battle-swept island. Besides living quarters, the island has repair shops and service buildings



The metal battered and slashed by the intense shell and rifle fire that blazed for hours over the entire island area, this is all that remains of a once high-powered Nipponese searchlight



Hawkins Field airstrip seen from the control tower. The island airport was named in commemoration of Lieut. Hawkins who died in the invasion

The field, hammered out of coral and sand by the Japs long before our Marines swept ashore, offers a fine base for most types of planes

scene of a crime which has been left just as it was until the detectives from Centre Street arrive.

The few remaining palm trees wave their dried fronds, like witches' hair, in the trade winds. The beaches are covered with debris—helmets half-eaten by rust, rotting web belts, tank and amphibious tractor parts, beer and saki bottles.

The old British hulk, from which Japanese snipers operated at the start of the American assault, still rides uneasily in the lagoon. A Liberator bomber lies, half-covered by water, on the coral shelf where it crashed a year ago. There are twisted, battered American tanks with gay, brave signs and pictures on their sides. A Japanese tank, crushed and sway-backed, is parked in shallow water of the lagoon.

The Japanese coastal batteries, most of them eight-inchers of British make which were moved from Singapore, still point their rusty, salt-crusted muzzles at the sea and the lagoon.

In the blasted pillboxes and blockhouses there is still the sour odor of death. This smell is strongest in the biggest blockhouse on the island, the so-called "air raid defense center" and in the former headquarters of the Japanese admiral, Shubasakis, who commanded the Tarawa garrison.

Speaking of Shubasakis, one of the natives recently complained that he has been seeing the Japanese admiral's ghost walking about the islet and inspecting the defenses. According to the native, who was on the island during the Japanese occupation, the admiral's ghost was dressed in a blue blouse and a red lava-lava, or loin cloth. This was said to be Shubasakis' usual costume when he was relaxing back in the months before the entrance of the Americans into the Gilberts.

There are several stories about the end of Shubasakis. One of them has him killing himself on D-Day plus four. Another story says the admiral escaped in a submarine, and still another has him fleeing to join the Nipponese troops remaining at the upper end of the atoll in the first days of the battle.

Signs, most of them telling the authorship of naval gunfire hits, are all over the island. If Tarawa is to become the shrine that it should be, these signs should contain



Various repair shops have been set up in the revetments which once offered protection to Jap war planes. Constructed of heavy cocoanut logs, they were built to stand up under enemy fire

more information on the infantry action on the island.

The best way to look over the island and get some idea of how the battle progressed is to start at Red Beach No. 2, where the first landings were made near the pier on the lagoon side, and then move counter-clockwise around the island.

The Seabees have manifested their sincere friendship for the Marine Corps by their work on the cemeteries where lie more than 900 officers and men of the Second Marine Division. Officers and men have been buried, indiscriminately, with lieutenant colonels next to privates first class, most of them near where they fell. A Virginia Marine, PFC Ernest E. Cromer, was killed near the end of the airstrip. He is buried there, by himself, and planes taxiing up to take off pass by his grave. A frame of coconut logs encloses the grave and Cromer's helmet lies beneath the white cross.

First Lieutenant Williams D. Hawkins of El Paso, Texas, the hero for whom the airfield was named, is buried in one of the small cemeteries on Red Beach No. 2. On one side of Hawkins, lies a battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel Herbert R. Amey, Jr., of San Diego, and on the other side is a cross marked "Unknown".

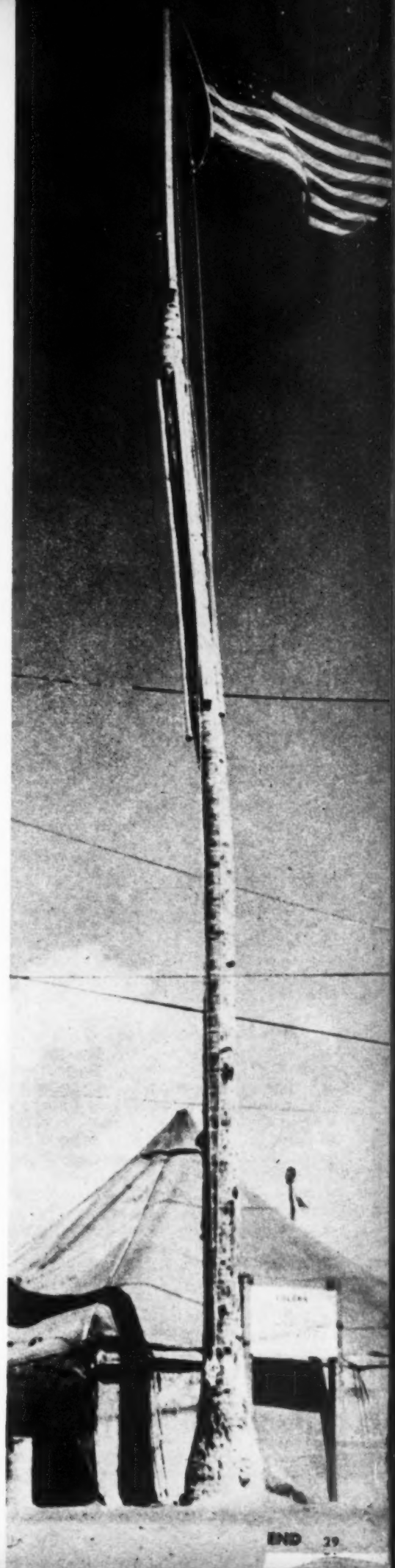
For each of the cemeteries, the Seabees made wooden markers decorated with copper Marine Corps emblems. On one of the emblems, at the island's biggest cemetery, some thoughtful Seabee etched a poem:

"So let them rest
On their sun-scoured atoll.
The wind for their watcher,
The waves for their shroud.
Where palm and pandanus
Shall whisper forever
A requiem fitting for
Names so proud."

From this improvised flag pole near headquarters Stars and Stripes first were raised over Betio ➔



Natives bring their supplies from islands about Betio through the lagoon where the first landings were made. The Gilbert Islander walking on the beach is a local gendarme or home guardsman



Combat Cash



Pay call is always popular. It's the paymaster's job to see that it goes on time promptly to the fighting fronts frequently requires considerable ingenuity, but it

ON SAIPAN there was one foxhole that was different from all the others. It had three medium-sized rectangular iron boxes close by it.

No, they did not contain secret weapons. In one of the boxes there were cash books and ledgers and other bookkeeping paraphernalia. In the other two there was money.

Yes, money. The real, honest-to-goodness green spending stuff. Thousands upon thousands of dollars of it.

Major Charles T. Langan landed behind assault troops to bring the cash there. One Jap shell landed 18 feet from him, killing an officer and laying low a number of men.

Why was the money lugged ashore? The answer is very simple: To pay the men.

For a long time now, the Marines have had the reputation of landing first. Well, the Marine Corps' Paymaster's Department also has the reputation of landing first—with the cash. Probably no other branch of the service gets paid as promptly and as consistently as do the leathernecks.

Whether it's a bleak outpost in the Aleu-

tians or a lonely spot in the South Pacific the Paymaster's Department sees to it that the Marines get their pay.

Why go to a lot of bother to pay off men at places where they can do hardly any spending?

The Paymaster's Department says there are a number of reasons.

First of all, if the Marine wishes—and most of them do—he can send his money home. It means a lot to a man to know that he is contributing to his folks back home.

Also, it is a tangible way of letting the man know that his country, no matter where he may be, is aware of his service and is appreciative.

Then, too, many outposts have PX's and a man needs some change to keep himself in shaving equipment, stationery, smokes and the always desired candy bars.

THERE is still another reason. A man just naturally likes to have some money in his pocket, even if there is no place to spend it. You might say that it is a good old American custom.

One day Lieut. E. E. Greening flew from Gloucester to Ora Bay on New Guinea, a distance of some 200 miles, to pay off 50 Marines. They were so scattered that it took him 10 days to complete his mission.

He was almost through when he learned that three Marines were at an Army sick bay a good distance away. It meant crossing some muddy and possibly Jap-infested territory but he jumped in his jeep and away he went. In his haste to get there he almost had a collision with a wallaby, a jungle animal akin to a kangaroo, and although it took him almost a day to get there, get there he did.

He considered the trip worthwhile, even though the sum total of his disbursement amounted to a few less than \$50.

Afterwards a Red Cross nurse told him: "You know, the money certainly perked up those boys!"

It wasn't the amount, of course—pay day just naturally makes a man feel better.

As a matter of fact, few of the men in the field are ever paid the full amount due them—unless they wish to send the money

ash



Getting the long green
always reaches there

back home to their wives and families.

The commanding officer decides when the men are to be paid and how much and he seldom will allow his men to draw more than \$15 for personal use on any one pay day. He figures that that's a large enough amount to keep a man PX happy and small enough to discourage overt gambling.

Most commanding officers like their men paid off twice a month; some only once. In addition, a pay day is nearly always held on the day before men shove off from an advanced base to a combat area. Most CO's, you see, were young once themselves and know that the men probably would like to indulge in one last fling before departing.

And there's usually a pay day just before men leave a combat area, on the theory that flings are long overdue them.

A man may send as much of his money home as he likes. He may do this by postal money order, if there is such a service available, or by check, provided by the paymaster.

Of course, eventually the men are paid all the money coming in. One old salt

recently withdrew \$20,000 that he had on the books. He invested it, incidentally, in some of the government's war bonds.

IF A man has an exceptionally good reason for wanting the cash due him, the CO can, of course, authorize a payment to him at any time.

If a Marine so desires, he may deposit his money. The money so designated then accumulates 4 per cent interest per annum, which is about twice the amount banks will pay. He cannot withdraw this money, however, until he is discharged from the service. This may sound harsh, but what the Marine Corps is trying to do, of course, is to give the ex-Marine something to fall back on when he re-enters civilian life.

Each Marine regiment generally has 15 men from the Paymaster's Department assigned to it—a captain or a major, two subordinate officers, usually second lieutenants or warrant officers, and 12 enlisted men.

Each of these paymaster's units generally carries three of the rectangular metal field safes with them, two full of money and one full of bookkeeping paraphernalia. The safes—they look more like boxes or chests—have handles on each of their ends. It requires four men to carry them when they are full of money. They will hold as much as \$175,000 in small denomination bills.

The paymaster's unit probably never worked any harder than on Guadalcanal. The family allowance law had been passed after the men had left the States, and they had not had a chance to apply for the allowances.

So, on September 7, a month to the day that the leathernecks invaded the Solomons, a paymaster's unit came ashore lugging several hundred thousands of dollars in cash and hundreds of allowance application forms. And on the eve of the Battle of Bloody Ridge, perhaps the most sanguinary of all the fighting on Guadalcanal, the Marines were not only receiving cash (\$15 apiece) in their foxholes, but were being told about the family allowance law and how to fill out the application forms.

DID THIS flurry of monetary activity bolster the morale of the men and help them overcome the Japs a few hours later in that bitter life-and-death struggle? Apparently there were a great many who thought so.

For the trend from then on was to bring the money in more quickly to the fighting men. On Cape Gloucester, the paymaster's unit was there in three or four weeks after the invasion. Two representatives of the paymaster landed on Tarawa some 72 hours after the first landing. On Saipan, a pay unit actually went in just behind the assault waves.

The money is usually kept at the regimental headquarters' post. At least \$300,000 is generally kept on hand, and a constant guard is kept over it.

Actually, there is little fear that anything will happen to the money. It just happens to be regulations.

Recently, in one of the combat areas, a paymaster's officer, who was inclined to be a good sport, brought along with him some cigars, cigarettes, and candy bars which he dispensed to his personal friends along with the cash.

That night, the smokes and goodies disappeared from his tent, but not a single cent was taken.

The paymaster's unit rarely pays the men individually, but turns the money over to

the commanding officer of each company who in turn pays the men. But, it is the responsibility of the paymaster's unit to see that the commanding officer gets the money, regardless of the terrain or situation. Many a paymaster's representative has ridden down many a lonely and dangerous jungle path carrying a suitcase, leather bag, or perhaps just a plain old seabag full of money.

The first time the paymaster's unit, represented by Capt. J. H. Madey, was presenting a group of company officers with money for their men on Guadalcanal, the Japs interrupted the proceedings with a bombing raid. The field officers, used to such goings on, promptly scampered for the nearest shelter.

It was all new to Capt. Madey. He hesitated. He hated to leave his suitcase loaded with \$30,000 just lying there in the field.

But an officer with higher rank hollered for him to take cover and he left his small fortune and made for shelter.

This sort of thing has happened so often to Capt. Madey since that he says he now could leave a million dollars behind and dive down a foxhole without batting an eyelash.

Once on Guadalcanal, Sgt. Walter Towers, a member of the paymaster's unit, woke up to find his tent in direct line of Jap shelling. He scooped up all the money in the field safe, which happened to be \$45,000, put it in his dungaree pocket and scooted for the nearest foxhole.

This was probably the only time in history that a pair of dungarees was worth \$45,000.

Marines are not always paid in American money out in the South Pacific. Sometimes it's Australian currency and sometimes it's Hawaiian, depending on the prevalence of currency in the area, and, therefore, what is apt to be most convenient to the men.

Riding jeeps down dangerous trails and dodging bombs are not the only things with which the Marine paymaster's unit has to contend. Getting the money in the first place is sometimes a problem.

The Navy conducts a regular banking service at certain points in the South Pacific, but the Marine paymaster's unit may not be near any of these points. Then it is up to the unit, if it is running low on cash, to scull up the money the best way it can.

WHAT usually happens is that the unit contacts the nearest fleet paymaster. Capt. S. F. B. Wood, a Marine paymaster officer, several times flew a distance of 600 miles to pick up money from ships afloat to pay the men in the Tarawa area.

Nearly all the money is now flown to the various Marine-held islands. Unless an island is large or strategic enough to have a defense battalion stationed there permanently, it is unlikely that any of the paymaster's representatives will be stationed there.

Poets may not write stirring poems about the paymaster's unit but, nevertheless, it is mighty popular with the Marines. In the list of a leatherneck's favorites, it probably ranks right next to his pin-up girl.

Capt. Wood sums it up this way: "There are three things a Marine has to have. The first is liberty—it doesn't matter whether he has any place to go. The second is dessert; no matter how good the chow might be, if he doesn't have a piece of pie or cake to wind it up, he becomes downright irreconcilable. The third is his pay—it doesn't matter whether there is any place to spend it or not, he has to have it." **END**

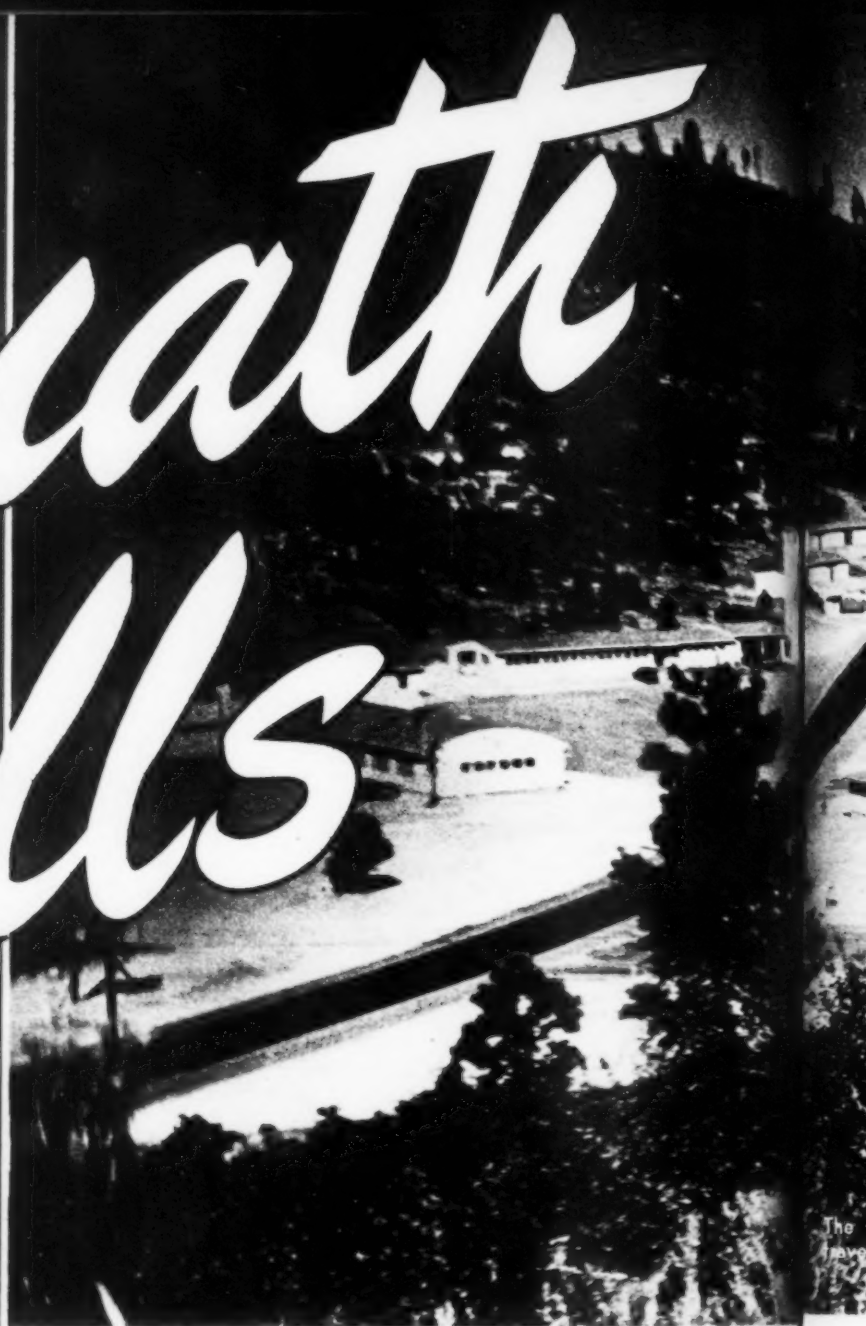
Klamath Falls

A Marine Base in the Mountains

EIGHT hundred and thirty-one miles north of San Diego, as the highway winds, the U. S. Marine Corps has established its newest continental base in the foothills of the beautiful but rugged Cascade Range. Here, within sight of Mt. Shasta's snow-capped peak, in a rich agricultural and timber region where no Marines had ever been stationed before, the first contingent of Marines and a Navy medical unit moved into a Marine Barracks, Klamath Falls, Ore., last May.

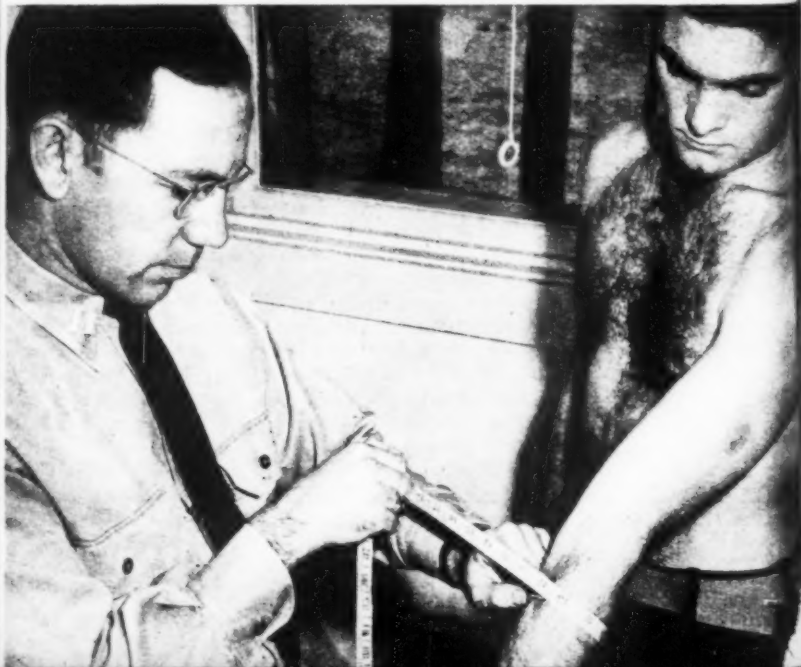
With facilities for, from 3000 to 5000 personnel, MB, Klamath Falls was established primarily as a training base for reconditioning for further combat duty veterans who had contracted filariasis in the Pacific. Drilling, work detail, recreation and social life, all under the best of medical supervision, are a part of the daily routine here as they are at most Corps bases. From the first day a man arrives at this base, he goes through a regular processing program designed to refit him both mentally and physically for further usefulness in the Corps and for a normal life thereafter.

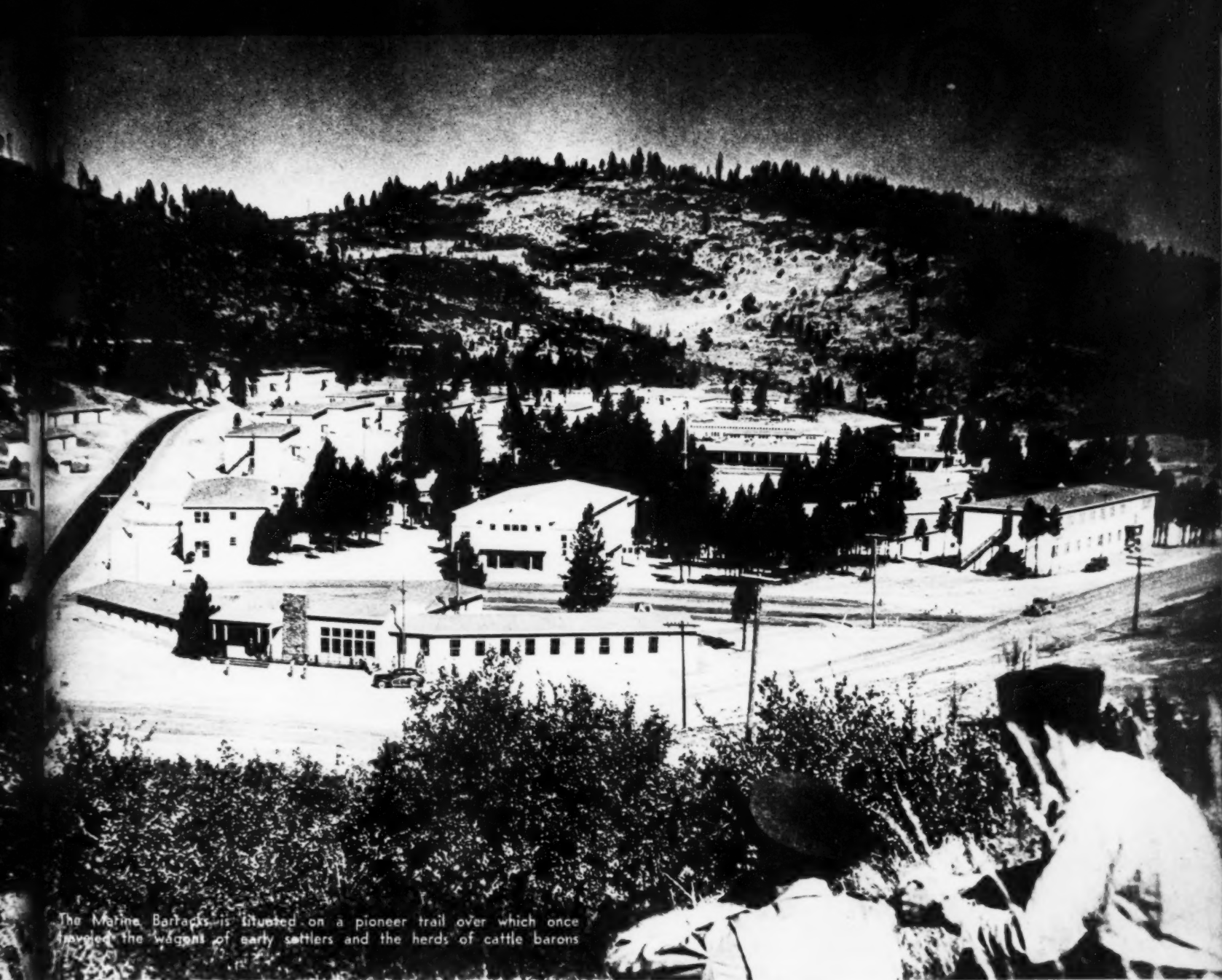
The wives of many of the married men here have moved into the thriving little city of Klamath Falls (Pop. 30,000), approximately four miles from the barracks. This has helped to strengthen the growing ties between the citizens of the community and the men of the barracks. Marines are encouraged to register for vocational training courses at the local high school, to visit the young women's Commando Club and to participate in mountain hikes, picnics and trips to the world famed Crater Lake with local young people.



Worn after months spent in the Pacific

Thorough physical examinations are given to the men shortly after their arrival. Later a program is drafted leading to speedy recovery





The Marine Barracks is situated on a pioneer trail over which once traveled the wagon of early settlers and the herds of cattle barons

war zones, Marines find "good duty" at new base carved out of the Oregon hills

Ample medical facilities are available for the treatment and care of men requiring hospitalization. Fine dental clinics also have been provided

Reconditioning of the men is a prime function and military drill is part of the post's program. Crack companies develop after a few sessions



KLAMATH FALLS (continued)



Sports also rate high on the reconditioning program and range from softball on the parade ground in the summer to football in the autumn and skiing in the winter



Making fire breaks in the forests gives the men a chance to get a little exercise, permits them to stay outdoors



People of Klamath Falls cooperate to make a Marine's visit a pleasant one. Several clubs have been opened for enlisted men where one may find fun. The city also offers theaters with first run films, amusement centers, the usual number of bowling alleys, ice cream stores and candy shops



Men are encouraged to enter into an activity that interests them such as the fire patrol. This group of men is seen running through a little realistic hose drill



Close harmony comes to the "Commando Club" where a pretty girl usually holds forth at the piano when music is the order



Where to go when one has a little liberty is solved easily on this signboard where all close points of interest are revealed

Marines back from war zones find "good duty" at a new base built in hills near Klamath Falls, Oregon



COMMDR. COGGESHALL
Medical Officer



COLONEL DUBEL
Commanding Officer



Informal hikes up into the nearby scenic mountains do much to recondition war-worn leg, stomach and other body muscles



For those who like to fish there is Crater Lake, one of the most beautiful spots in the Northwest. Other lakes offer boating, bathing for those who favor these sports



Comfortable lodges back in the woods are available to those who are able to obtain liberty for three days. These are generally within travel distance of sports spots

KLAMATH FALLS (continued)



Another favorite fishing place for many members of the Klamath Falls detachment is Diamond Lake where catches may be taken off the pier



Brides of but a short time also find things to their liking through being able to locate near their husbands and thereby enjoy new associations



Friendly talk about an open fireplace is a pleasure universally enjoyed and Marines at the Klamath Falls barracks are no exception to the rule.

The locale in this case is a cabin at "Lake 'O the Woods" with a group of girls from nearby Medford, Ore., being the welcome addition to the party



Patricia Barnum and her folks of Medford, Ore., vacationed at a cottage at "Lake 'O the Woods" and as is usually the case, a Marine met Patty



While there is more than the average amount of fun doing duty at this post, the military side is not neglected and Colors finds all standing by

END

It takes all kinds to make the Corps

**He looked mighty incompetent
With that big cigar in his face**



**George figured he still owed
the Marine Corps something**

BEN RIDGE is typically American in many respects. Aboard our LST he was among the most talkative. He wisecracked a lot and grumbled just as frequently. He loved to indulge in exaggeration and expressions such as "I'll stomp the hell out of you if you spill that coffee on me" and "I've been to six fish fries, a county fair and a hog callin' and never seen the beat of this." He had been a horse wrangler for his uncle back in his home town of Phoenix, Ariz., and he wondered how come he never realized how well off he was in those days.

He flashed a heavy growth of black whiskers on his swarthy face. He was as profane as they come. He never attended nightly prayer meetings, yet he admitted he would lie awake hours at a time in his stuffy hold, "tuning in on the Lord's frequency" as he termed it. He had been wounded in the invasion of Eniwetok and he knew that assault landings are romantic only in the movies.

His tractor ran into a storm of Jap artillery on the way ashore the morning of Guam's D day. A piece of shrapnel splintered the stock of his Tommy gun. He took a deep breath, tightened his belt and continued ashore to help establish the beachhead and begin the advance from Apra harbor to Sumay. His first sergeant was injured and Platoon Sergeant Ridge took over his duties. He underwent a punishing mortar barrage one afternoon and came back with wide eyes and pale face. That night he was in a front-line foxhole as usual. It was Ben Ridge who first recognized the danger when a star shell ignited the grass near our lines and it was he who led a party outlined in full silhouette against the blaze to extinguish it. The next morning he joked about the sound of his voice as he pleaded with his men: "Don't shoot, it's only me!"

"Only two of them shot at us," he said. "I guess the rest were asleep." Then he began kidding his stoutish executive officer about digging a foxhole entirely too small to cover the subject. The next night after a long day of patrolling a hilly, brush-ridden sector it was Ridge who maintained a one-man watch until dawn so that his equally exhausted companions could get some sleep. His eyes had become glassy and blood-shot by then, but the Japs were unsympathetic. About 11 the following night they opened up with artillery and felt out our lines with light, probing thrusts. At 1 the big Banzai began. Several hundred shambos came tearing out of their holes toward the Marine positions. The front lines held but a machine gun was knocked out in the foremost defenses and the Japs closed in toward it. It was Ridge who directed moving up a machine gun crew from another company to fill the gap and who helped carry out a plan of bringing up our mortars and shelling the enemy from shorter range to cover

Outlined in silhouette against the blazing fire, he pleaded with his men: "Don't shoot, it's only me."

the advancing machine gunners. Ridge fired few shots himself, but he was out of his hole and exposed through all the fury of the Jap drive which ended in the attackers being killed almost to a man.

Just after daylight there was another blast of artillery. Again Ridge was on his feet, urging the men to get back out of range. A piece of shrapnel caught up with him and his fighting days on Guam were over. On his way to the field hospital he was the same old Ridge. He complained in his best "beefing" tone that a fellow passenger and casualty had had himself wounded on purpose so that he could get back to the States as soon as Ridge. "And you haven't half the time out here I have," yelled Ben Ridge.

JELLY-FACED, chunky Merlin Honeycutt is lackadaisical in appearance. He is a corpsman but medicine and medical treatment seemed the least of his concerns in his poker-playing period on the LST. He won, lost, borrowed, won and paid his debts. He listened to Ben Ridge and laughed at him. He didn't talk about his job or the operation at all. Unless you made careful inquiries you would never learn he was a hospital orderly in Dry Prong, La., before enlisting in the Navy. He went in with the second wave D day and that afternoon still seemed to be walking in something of a fog. Then another corpsman was injured and responsibilities for Third Class Pharmacist Mate Honeycutt increased. You noticed him tying on the splint for the fellow with the broken leg, making arrangements to get casualties to the beach.

Perhaps anyone could have done that, but anyone couldn't have run from one wounded man to the next during the hot spot his company hit a couple of days afterward. He didn't crawl; he stood up and went from one to another, administering first aid. The next morning, a big cigar in his mouth, he looked carefree and incompetent once more and that night he was all over the battlefield bringing in casualties and administering vitally needed blood plasma in the flare-lighted blackness.

He never left his assault company during his eight days up front. He looked tired but he never complained. The eleventh day he was helping give plasma to a sergeant who had been hit by a Jap grenade while on patrol. He worked for ten minutes

over the patient. Then they carried him away on a poncho-made litter.

"Hey," yelled an officer, "there are plenty of regular stretchers around here."

"It doesn't make any difference," someone answered. "He's dead."

Only then did Merlin Honeycutt close up his first aid kit and head toward the hospital. He was turning in with a fever of 103. He never told anyone how long he had been ill. Honeycutt was that kind of a guy.

PPRIVATE First Class George Weber is a youngster of 23. His friends remember him as a quiet fellow who might be a tough man with whom to tangle. He was an easy-going sort and no one ever really found out about Weber until the Japs came along. Young George did not toe the mark too strictly during training and his record book showed his failings. En route to the Marshalls for his first taste of combat he confided to intimates he was intent on making up for past mistakes. His platoon leader remained skeptical; the kid from Schaghticoke, N. Y., certainly hadn't proved himself as yet.

At Eniwetok a Jap set up a machine gun in a sunken barge just off shore and raked it back and forth along the crowded beach. Weber ducked low while the gun was turned in his direction. As it swung back the opposite way he charged forward, brandishing a pistol and hand grenade. A Marine tank came up to finish the job but by then Weber had things well in hand.

For that he was commended and all agreed he'd paid his debts in full. But George Weber wasn't satisfied. He still figured he owed the Marine Corps something.

At 0715 the morning of July 21, Weber and his platoon climbed into their LVT which rolled off the LST ramp and by 0830 was a few yards off the beach at Apra harbor. A Jap 77 millimeter shore gun on Gaan point leveled its muzzle at Weber's wave. The tractor on his right was hit. The one behind him was knocked out. Shells were falling in the water all around. Finally Weber's tractor succumbed to even hits and stalled 15 yards from the Jap 77. Weber was cut by flying shrapnel but his heart was stouter than the tractor's.

He climbed out into knee-deep water, crouched behind a rock while he prepared to fire an anti-tank grenade. The small rifle seemed no match for the big Jap gun. But the man behind it is what counts. George's aim was true and the 77 was silenced. At the beach he employed hand grenades to knock out a machine gun nest in an enemy blockhouse. He was in such bad shape from the shrapnel by then his commanding officer had to order him back to the ship.

by SSGT. DICK GORDON
USMC Combat Correspondent



Bob HOPE

Visits the Marshalls

BOB HOPE and his super-delooper morale troupe have come and gone, but they'll long be remembered by the hundreds of Marines who made up the audience at this base.

Here's why:

In that audience were hundreds who have been out of the United States for from one to three years, many of whom had not seen a white woman, except a flying nurse or two, in two years. They had been on tiny islands manning guns and planes protecting the outer defenses of Pearl Harbor before taking over this place.

So, when Frances Langford and Patsie Thomas stepped out on the platform, they were something out of another world. Comic Jerry Colonna and Guitarist Tony Romano also went over big on the program.

Hope and Colonna "clown" for an audience that had waited hours in the sun to see the show

Four Hollywood entertainers bring fun to the troops manning an island outpost

Marines, Sailors and Sea Bees in the crowd tried all kinds of tricks to beat the heat while waiting for the visitors, as these bonnets reveal



Sight of Frances Langford and Pat Thomas standing up in the hatch of the incoming plane, waving to the troops, was a view they'll long recall





Bob takes his first gander at captured atoll, shoots the breeze with crew before alighting



Pat, left, and Frances, right, were first white women civilians to visit the conquered outpost



Frances made her own record of junket. With her here are Tony on left, and Pat, with glasses



Hope turns on his best grin for the crowd of appreciative Marines, other service personnel



Pat provided a big laugh for the boys when she 'cut a rug' with one during a hot jive contest

The service "press" was on the job when Hope and his troupe made their visit to the base. A dozen combat photogs and correspondents pushed to the front to make a record of the trip

Troops also gave a big hand to Tony after he had whipped off several encores on his guitar



FIRE IN THE

It is a highly dangerous job that the Marine demolitionist has. He spearheads the most perilous offensives and he can never let up. He must have a cool head and a steady nerve



F HOLE

PURPOSE of the Marine demolitionist is three-fold: To blast a path to the enemy, to hinder the enemy's movements and to construct. There is probably no more dangerous assignment in the Marine Corps than demolition work. Not only is the material with which the demolitionist works loaded with potential death, but he must necessarily spearhead offensives.

In an amphibious assault the demolitionist goes into action at the water's edge by demolishing the beach obstacles, such as skullies, tetrahedrons, seawalls. He may even have to cut vehicle passageways through hard coral rock.

As the assault moves inland the demolitionist has to tackle such obstacles as pill-boxes, concrete command posts and field fortifications. At the same time, it is up to him to nullify the enemy mines and booby traps encountered along the way.

There is no let up for the demolitionist. When the offensive action diminishes, he turns into a construction engineer, clearing areas for roadways and airfields, blasting gun emplacements, draining ditches.

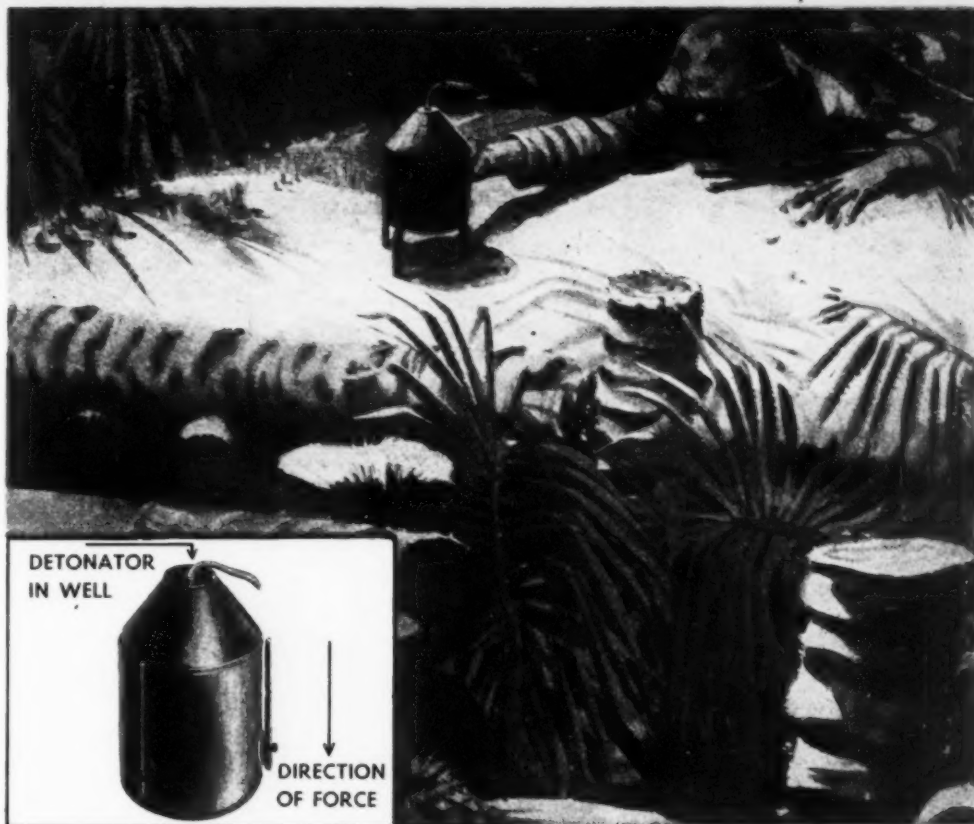
Perhaps the skill of the demolitionist is put to the utmost test when he goes into defensive action. Then he is called upon frequently to destroy with finesse. If a bridge being used by the enemy has to be destroyed, but there is a possibility the Marines soon may want the bridge for their own use, the demolitionist must damage the span in such a manner that it will become useless to foe but easily reconstructed.

It is the demolitionist's job, too, to set the anti-tank mines and booby traps.

The Marine's engineering organization did all the demolition work until recently, but current strategy calls for incorporation

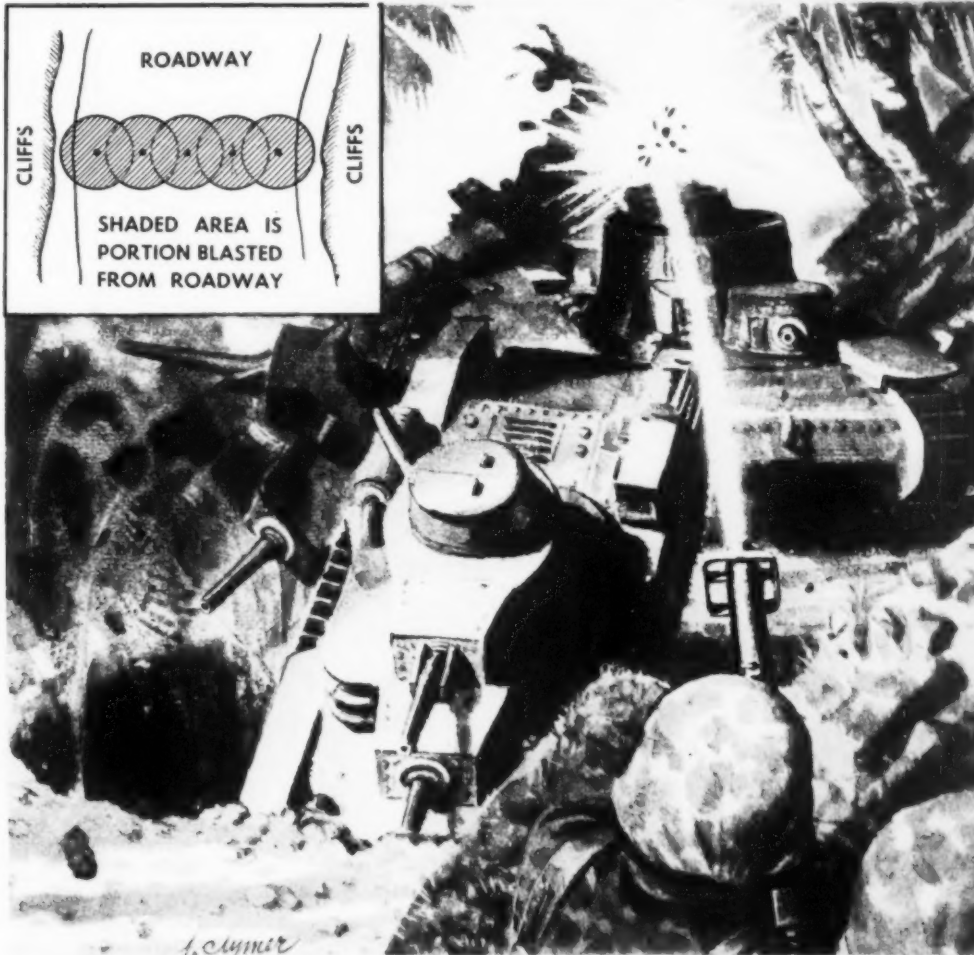
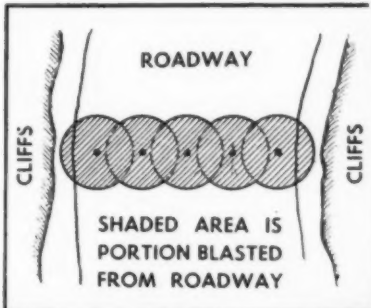
These two Marines must place their bangalore torpedoes underneath the inundated barricade

Like putty, the composition explosive can be stuck on or molded to any part of any object



The "keg" the Marine is setting up on a reinforced enemy bunker is called a shaped charge. It will drill a hole down which grenades may be dropped; or the whole can be used in setting more explosives. The charge has terrific power, most of the blast developing in a downward direction

To make a tank trap, charges are placed in a row across the road. The size of the charges is usually varied, in order that loose dirt will be heaved out and the crater made deeper. Timing is an important thing in setting this trap. The enemy must have no time to avoid them





Another demolitionist job is to nullify enemy mines. Equipped with a mine detector, he sweeps the ground before him. If a mine is buried underneath, the detector will ring a warning. The demolitionist must be thoroughly familiar with enemy mines, since he must de-activate them

of demolitionists in the infantry. The idea behind this is that heavily-equipped engineers cannot always be kept out in front of the infantry and the light explosives have to provide means for moving ahead.

Every member of the engineering organization learns the basic principles of explosives; those who have shown special aptness for the subject are sent to special schools to train as demolition experts.

It is highly important that the man have

"powder sense." Much of his work has to be done in darkness. It is a ticklish business to prepare explosive charges or undo enemy explosives by feel alone.

Every Marine rifle company has at least four demolition experts attached to it; more are added if the job ahead requires.

Bombs dropped from planes and artillery fire may damage enemy obstacles but hand-placed charges are most accurate.

While military explosives must be of a

Setting up boobies, changing a river's course, nullifying mines—They are all part of the job

powerfully destructive nature, they cannot be too sensitive. They must be able to withstand a certain amount of rough handling and take small-arm fire without exploding.

There are three main types of explosives; a putty-like substance known as composition C or C-2; the keg-shaped charge, which has great penetrating power and is used frequently to drill holes through hard surfaces; and the charge which is rectangular in shape, like a block of butter.

As much as a fistful of the composition explosive will do considerable damage. It is not only more powerful and has a higher speed of detonation than TNT, but it is less sensitive. However, if its plasticity is lost by long storage in a high temperature, it may become dangerously sensitive.

The shaped charge is a 10-pound or more explosive in a metal container. Metal legs are attached to hold the base of the charge at a distance, so that the effect will be one of penetration.

Most of the block or stick explosives range in size from a half-pound to two-and-a-half pounds. The "bangalore" torpedo, often used to tear up barbed wire, may be one cylindrical-shaped metal container full of explosive or it may be a series, hooked together.

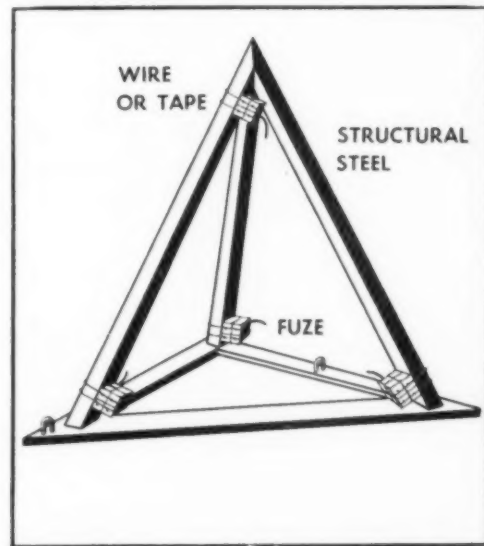
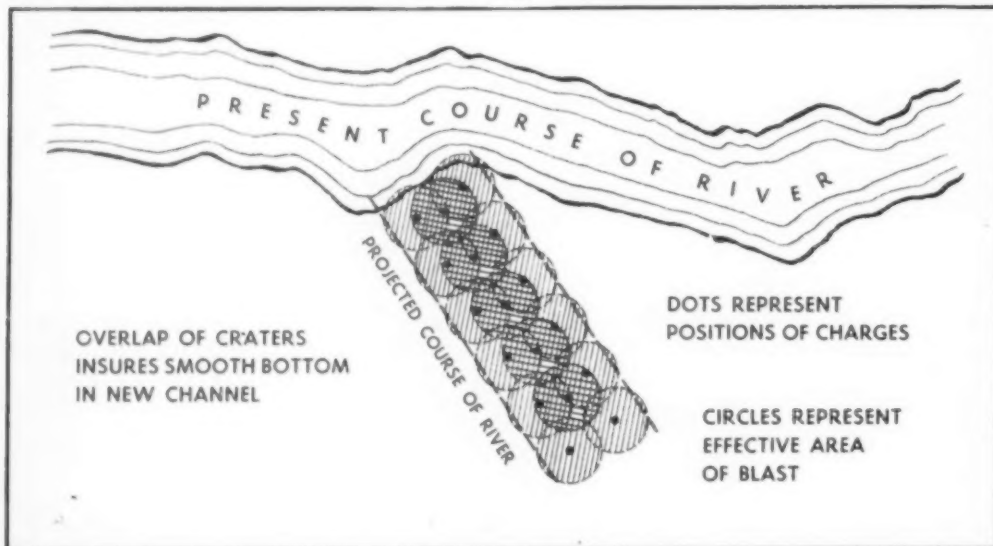
Due to the insensitivity of main military explosives, an explosive chain is created to set off the explosion. A highly sensitive charge, known as the initiator, starts the chain off, sending the ignition to an intermediate charge, less sensitive, which carries the explosion to the main charge.

If the chain is to be set-off non-electrically, a safety fuse, made with a slow-burning powder is used, so that the men will have enough time to leave the area.

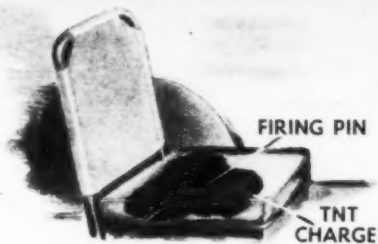
If an electric generator, known as a "hell-box," is used to set the charge off, safety is established by extending the wire between the generator and the explosive.

Timing is always an important element to a demolitionist. It is especially so when he is rushing toward an enemy position to heave a lighted charge at it by hand.

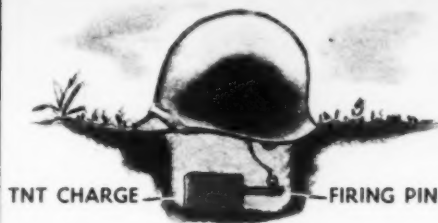
When a river threatens to overflow and ruin important military installations, the course of the water must be changed. The demolitionist does it by placing a series of charges leading away from the bank of the river. The series of overlapping craters are the new channel for the flow



To adequately destroy tetrahedron obstacles, this is the way TNT explosives should be set if the maximum destruction is to be achieved



Booby traps can be placed just about anywhere—even inside the auto seat



If you pick up this helmet—kaplooie! Slightest pressure sets off firing pin



Here's one set under a board. They're even placed right inside desk drawers

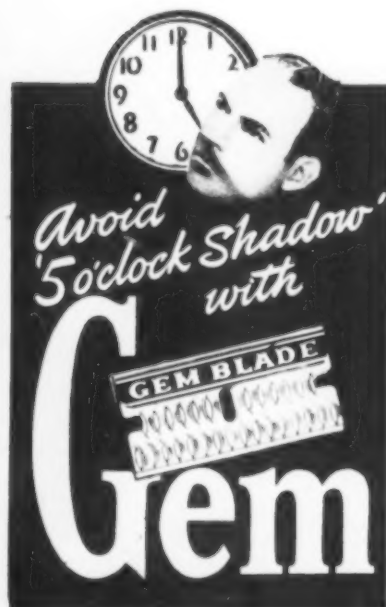
To place a charge on enemy field fortifications, the demolitionist must brave the very teeth of enemy fire. Flame throwers and riflemen aid him. The riflemen take shelter behind any protection afforded them by the terrain and maintain a constant and heavy fire on enemy troops and fortifications in order to permit the demolitionists to do their work





"I just love getting close to nature,
Mr. Parker, now that you avoid
'5 o'clock Shadow'."

Nature looks good with foliage—you don't! So take no chances; switch to genuine Gem Blades and get clean, cool, refreshing shaves which keep you face-neat far longer. Gems are made by the makers of your Gem Razor. They fit precisely!



Gyrene Gyngles

WE "DOOD IT!"

We're the men of the QM Depot,
San Francisco, USA,
We're doing our bit in this fracas,
'Tho far from the heat of the fray.

They call us "QM Commandos"
Or "Re-treads", "Has Beens"
and such
But we're doing our job whole-
hearted
And the nicknames don't bother
us much.

Some are just back from the front
line,
Some are gray vets of '18
And some are "boots" straight
from "Dago"
But every last one's a Gyrene!

Yes, some are just back from the
"hot spots"
And, 'tho wracked with both fever
and pain,
Would go (if Uncle but asked it)
And do it all over again.

There are others here at the
Depot
Who "freed" a fighting Marine
And 'tho they don't hail from
Old Ireland,
They're proud to be WEARING
THE GREEN!!

Our weapons are stencil brushes,
Typewriters, hammer and nails,
Our objective? Filling the hold
Of each mighty ship that sails.

To the aid of our buddy in combat
In jungles of far away lands,
Who gallantly struggles and holds
His life and our fate in his hands.

And so, when this business is
over,
When the Japs say, "So sorry,
enough",
We can proudly say to our
neighbor,
"By G—, sir, we sent 'em the
stuff!!!"

SGT. D. W. COLE
San Francisco, Cal.

TARAWA

Over a tropical island
The cloud-misted moon sheds a
beam,
And there on the spans
Of blood-sodden sands
Is the story of life's saddest
theme.

Tarawa Atoll they call it—
Or Betio; epic its scenes—
Infested with foe,
It must kneel to the blow
Dealt by men known as "fightin'
Marines".

No record in annals of history,
No poem or gore-spattered prose
Can picture the loss
the anguish and cost
Of days that were hell-steeped as
those.

Forward they surged in the
"amph tracs"
As death stared them all in the
face
The whistle and sear
of shot far and near
Did not alter or slacken their
pace.

Mangled men, bleeding men
dying;
No time could be spared for them
now,
For over the side
and fighting the tide
Our men struggled with sweat on
each brow.

ACTION AT BOUGAINVILLE

On a dismal December day
The Nippers crossed the Torokina
And headed our way.
They came sneaking through the
rain;
They didn't make a sound.
They filled the trees with snipers
And the rest prowled on the
ground.

It was just about 1430
When they hit our Company "K".
And there was no break in firing
Until the end of the day.
And down in the valley
When the rain beat like hail,
You could hear the screams of
wounded Japs
Like a frightened child's wail.
But proud I am to say
Not a Marine made a sound—
Even those who lay dying on the
jungle ground.

The Shambos gathered in the
valley.
Their forces really looked large.
They jabbered like so many
monkeys
And they made a Banzai charge.
We saw them among the
banyans,
Dashing up Hellza-poppin' Hill.
And when their charge was over
There were lots of Nips among
us—all dead and still.

Long will we remember
Our days on Bougainville;
And all the fire fight action
On Hellza-poppin' Hill.
The whirling mosquitos,
The slimy, death smell;
Nights as black as coal dust
And days of rain and hell.
Perhaps, when you read this
You'll soon dismiss it from your
mind
But we will not forget—the Ma-
rines we left behind.

PFC ALBERT S. ARMDT
Pacific

Man after man was submerging
And crimson-stained brine cov-
ered all—
Yes, all but the pain
that's long to remain
For the loved ones who learned
of his fall.

God only knows it was costly—
The lives that were plundered
away—
So liberty reigns;
so justice remains,
And the blood of our men bids
them stay.

There are thousands of heros un-
sung;
More thousands of unpublished
scenes,
And there lies a scroll
a triumphant war-rolle
That was written by valiant
Marines.

There is the source of our
freedom—
The fact on which man draws the
screens
For those are the traits
and some of the fates
Of the steadfast, undaunted
Marines.

"Please, then, dear God of us all",
My being cries ever serene,
If I get that call
and perchance I may fall,
Let it be as a gallant Marine".

CORP. E. A. HICKS
Pacific



*"It's the little things
we look forward to!"*

The first Thanksgiving
dinner at the family table...
your plate heaped high with
Mom's golden-brown turkey and
all the "fixin's"... that's one of
those "little things" you're look-
ing forward to.

It will be something you'll
remember with pleasure for a
long while to come... like your
first pair of W. L. Douglas
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INVEST IN VICTORY — BUY BONDS

POST WAR AVIATION OPPORTUNITIES



Bulletin



VOLUME 1

NUMBER 1

Introducing a New Service For Air Force Personnel

So you'd like to stay in aviation after the war but "pilots will be a dime a dozen and there won't be much use for bombardiers and gunners anywar"...

If that's what you've been thinking, when you get time to think, about your chances for hooking up with the aviation field *after* you finish fighting the war, then these Postwar Aviation Opportunities Bulletins may be able to toss a few angles at you. Angles about aviation's future and where your experience will fit in.

NO PIPE DREAMS

These bulletins won't be pipe dreams about gravity-repelling, triple-expansion jet turbine jobs with Betty Grable bodies and Coca-Cola running out the manifold hoses. We're not in the crystal-gazing business and our numerologist was drafted a long time ago.

NEW OPPORTUNITIES

But there *are* many new uses for commercial and private aviation which are developing right now while the war's going on. Anyone in the Air Forces knows that there's a lot more to flying than the pilot and the plane. The organization required to utilize them is the biggest part of the job. Airline companies and aerial "taxis" are only a part of the postwar aviation potential.

The real opportunities lie in correlating civilian experience with aviation experience. Many lines of business will become directly connected with aviation. For instance, the University of Illinois is already building a two and a half million dollar airfield for aerial research in such widely varied fields as agriculture, dentistry, economics, law, social science, business management, etc.

INQUIRIES WELCOMED

... It will be, then, the task of these bulletins to investigate as many branches of business as have already set up shop

in aviation, or are merely waiting for the green light of peace to go into it, and to pass this information on to you pilots, navigators, gunners, ground crew men, etc., with suggestions as to how you may be able to combine prewar experience or study with your wartime aviation training for a postwar job.

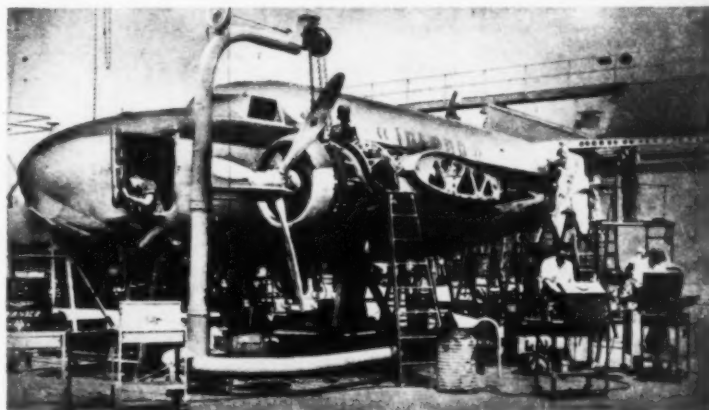
Union Oil Company's Aviation Department welcomes inquiries and will be glad to furnish information or help interested personnel contact those parties or firms about whom inquiry is made.

These bulletins will be published as a series in the various popular magazines. Watch for them. Whether you're in the Army or Navy, in a plane or on the ground, we think they'll give you something new to think about where postwar aviation is concerned...

Finding Fish by Aircraft

No, we don't mean flying fish... We mean sardines, tuna, pilchards, herring and other food fish that are the annual targets for the multimillion dollar fishing industry.

Locating schools of these fish by aircraft is a postwar field that is likely to present profitable job opportunities for many. The idea of aerial scouting for fish is not a new one. Private planes have been used by individual companies for some years in California and Oregon, and in 1941 a Seaplane Fisheries Service, Inc., was formed in Bay City, Oregon, for the purpose of aerial searching. Outbreak of the war put an end to this enterprise but it was so promising that various firms succeeded in securing permission to have coastwise patrolling Navy and Coast Guard planes and blimps report fishery concentrations. These branches of the service have col-



SCENES LIKE THIS will be familiar in almost every postwar community as airlines expand to meet the rising demand for aerial passenger and freight transportation.

laborated, with a marked increase in catches as a result. Similar aerial fishery scouting has also been carried on by at least one Australian firm with good returns.

SCHOOLS REPORTED BY RADIO

From the air, the schools appear as dark patches in the water, resembling cloud shadows. Their coloring, usually a yellow brown or purplish tinge, makes them easy to distinguish after a little training. When the plane or blimp observes such patches they report their size, movement, etc., back to the base and the Navy immediately advises the fishermen, usually by radio so that fishing boats already at sea may lose no time in heading for the spot. (Nearly all modern boats have two-way radios installed.)

PROFITABLE INDUSTRY

The fishing industry is a profitable and very active business. In California alone, the 1943 tuna pack was 2,287,734 cases, paying fishermen as much as \$325.00 a ton. Sardine pack the same year was 3,291,750 cases—and 1943 was a war year with fishing considerably reduced from lack of boats.

Competition is high and it is not at all unlikely that each packing plant or fishing fleet will have its own plane or planes after the war in an effort to beat out rival boats to the choice hauls.

When fishing boats are thus enabled to go directly to school locations with-

out the necessity for cruising about, their range will be greatly increased and will extend into waters of the Pacific heretofore untouched. The same thing is true in the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico.

KEEN EYES—GOOD PAY

Main qualifications for the job are a pair of keen eyes and the patience to sit in a plane or blimp for several hours on end. Those of you who have had previous experience in deep sea fishing, so much the better, though this is by no means a prerequisite.

The pay will probably be good. The aforementioned Seaplane Fisheries Service, Inc., contracted for payments at 20c per ton. A typical school of sardines located by air yielded 6,038 tons—1,053 of which were pured the same day the school was reported. Competition after the war will probably lower this figure, but it looks like a field well worth investigating.

Since its incorporation in 1890, Union Oil Company has remained a leader in the field of petroleum development and product research. Its petroleum fuels and lubricants, sold throughout the five Western States, Alaska and Western Canada, are known for their high standards of quality. Today—as it was over a half century ago—Union Oil Company is still independent, the largest independent oil company in the West.

AVIATION DEPARTMENT

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA



WILL YA JUST GET A LOAD
OF THAT BARITONÉ!
ALTHOUGH IT AIN'T MUSIC
THERE'S JOY IN THAT GROAN
HIS MORALE'S DOIN' FINE
LUX SOAP DID THE TRICK
WITH ITS RICH CREAMY LATHER
SO ACTIVE AND QUICK!



● Could be he ain't right on the key—but believe me, brother, he's right in the groove when it comes to choosing soap! Nothin'—just nothin' in this world—beats that Lux Soap lather! Fast as an F-7-F, thorough as a bulldozer, smooth as a southern gal's line—that's Lux Toilet Soap—at your ship's store.



COME TO BEAUTIFUL



It'll take Dotty and her best sarong, at least, to "sell" the GI's on 'round the world cruises after this war

THERE'S a lot of talk these days about the post-war world, but nobody seems to have mentioned one pertinent fact: Pleasure cruise-operators are going to have a hard time of it.

In the relative isolation of peace-time, these purveyors of nautical bliss could speak as glowingly as they pleased—and few there were to say them nay. Four-color posters, full-page ads, direct-mail advertising—all combined to paint a brilliant, throbbing picture of romantic shipboard nights, romantic shipboard days and, ah, just plain romance.

But a portion of their hitherto unschooled (in ship-living) public has had some sample by now whereof the shipowners spake. And it's going to require a superhuman job of salesmanship to convince these initiated that a cruise can be prefixed by "pleasure."

Soldiers, sailors, Marines, the Coast Guard—90 per cent of them (the figure is my own)—have had a seafaring experience by now reckoned in days, weeks or months. With no discredit to the Navy, the romance has been a bit hard to find. Uncle Sam's vessels don't come equipped with cruise directors. As for girls—but that will come later.

Relaxation used to be a selling point for the voyage purveyors: "Get away from it all." Any bluejacket would have mild hysterics over that. Any serviceman who ever rode a transport would think of those boring, do-nothing days at sea, when a deck of cards was a priceless possession, when he couldn't stretch out full length on deck without touching his neighbor.

And the ever-recurring plank in the cruise platform was: "See mystic foreign lands—the glamorous isles of the Pacific, history-drenched Europe, darkest Africa." Those "glamorous isles" were either thick with malarial jungle or studded with stunted palms. "History-drenched Europe" is drenched now with something far more precious than atmosphere. "Darkest Africa" is more likely to be remembered as a land of money-seeking natives and no liquor.

THAT'S another thing. It'll be hard to convince an ex-soldier or sailor that he'll be able to quaff anything harder than water while afloat. All he'll remember will be the lines running to the drinking fountain and the prescribed times for taking showers.

I'm not mentioning the other things that will probably make the World War II veterans decide in favor of sticking to their own easy chairs: that awful first encounter with seasickness; the five-high bunks in the hot holds; the lack of anything to read after the first couple of days out; the stumbling in the blackness of "darken ship"; the difficulties of washing clothes in a helmet; the monotony of powdered milk, powdered eggs and dehydrated potatoes.

About girls, the only time I ever saw any on shipboard was on a transport bound from a West Coast port for the Southwest Pacific. There were six of them, I think, Navy nurses. Also on board were more than a hundred officers.

My version of the story is only hearsay, but I had it verified on several occasions. A few days out, I asked one of the lieutenants how he was getting along with the nurses.

"Can't tell yet," he confessed. "Still too much of a crowd around them. I'm right in there though."

Several times during the course of the trip, which took over a month, I questioned him. He reported no progress. Finally we reached our destination. I saw the lieutenant a week or so after we arrived.

"Well, what luck?" I inquired. I didn't have to be more specific.

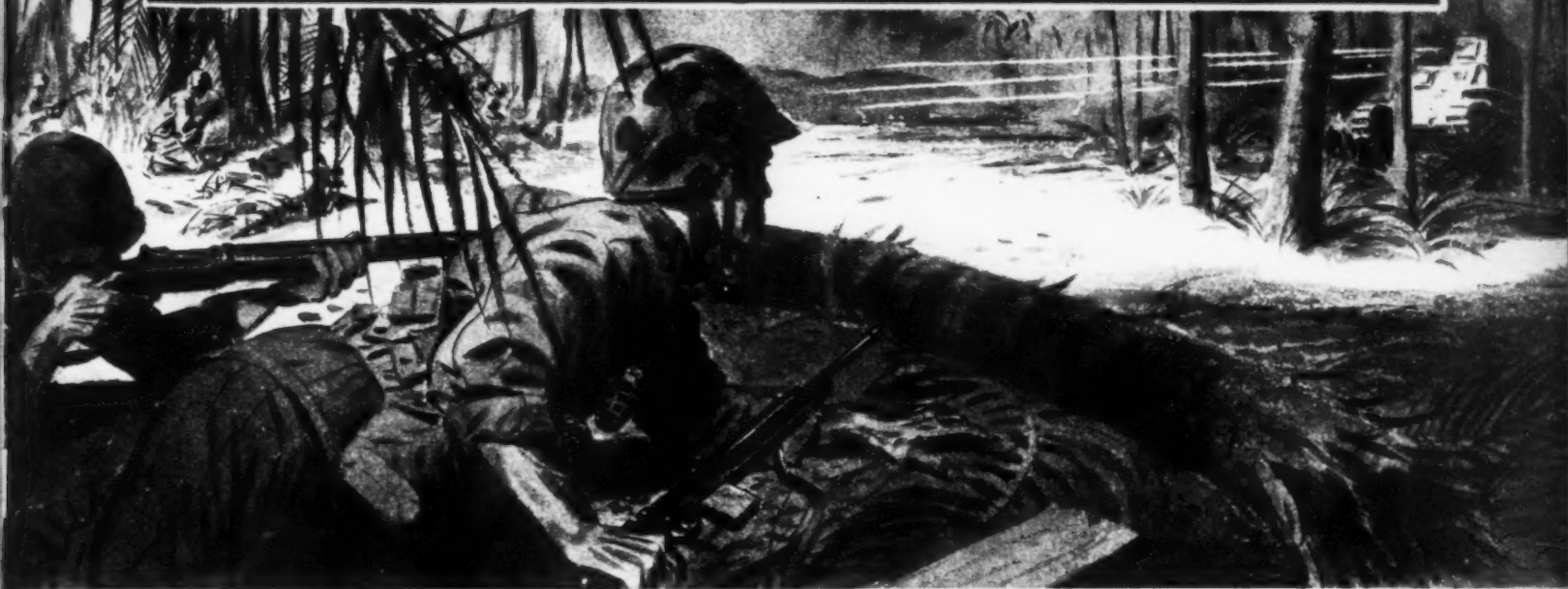
"I never got through the mob," he answered sadly. "All of us were playing 'holdout' and none of us got a minute alone with one of those gals. I'd have spent my time better with a good book if there had been one around."

Shipboard romance, eh?

They won't be able to tell that to the Marines—or the Army or Navy either.

END

Sgt. Johnson: He stopped a tank with a daring act



Sgt. Roy W. Johnson was a squad leader in a rifle company on Tarawa. He was one of those who succeeded in getting a foothold on the island after many Marines had fallen trying to reach the beach in the first

landings. As Sergeant Johnson's men advanced inland, they suffered heavy casualties from a hidden enemy weapon. The sergeant crept on ahead and soon detected that the fire was coming from an imbedded Japanese tank



Despite the heavy fire, Sergeant Johnson inched through the island undergrowth and succeeded in reaching the tank unhurt. He scrambled up its side to the open turret and dropped a grenade inside. Then he slammed

the hatch and sat on it until he heard the grenade explode. The blast effectively put the tank out of action and our forces were able to continue their rapid advance. The Navy Cross was awarded Sergeant Johnson

END
47

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Men of the Corps



BINGNER

PFC John H. Bingner of Ann Arbor, Mich., is another who has had sea duty, having been a member of a gun crew on a heavy cruiser that blasted Jap bases in the Pacific. His hobby during off hours is tinkering with radios. Bingner, 18, went through San Diego boot camp and later attended sea school.

First Sergeant Roper Henry of Hickman, Ky., in the Corps since '38, served on the Canal and later at Cape Gloucester where he was commended for extinguishing a fire that threatened units in his area. His tour of duty also includes two and one-half years of sea duty, serving on the battleship New York.



HENRY



SMITH

Corp. Homer F. Smith of Jacksonville Beach, Fla., holder of the Silver Star, came into the Corps in '40. He was a truck driver on the Canal and, after a bombing raid, fought a fire that menaced many troops, a number of whom he is credited with saving from death. He is 23 years old and went through Parris Island.

Pvt. George F. (Torpedo) Call of Terre Haute, Ind., landed on Tarawa with the first wave and operated as a rifle grenade man against pillboxes and machine guns before being hit in the chest and right leg. Nineteen years old, he entered the Corps on January 8, 1942, and received his training at San Diego boot camp.



CALL

Sketched by Sgt. Pat Denman



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COMMANDER	6. LT. COLONEL
COMMANDER	7. MAJOR
LIEUTENANT	8. CAPTAIN
QUARTERMASTER	9. 1ST LIEUTENANT
ENSIGN	10. 2ND LIEUTENANT
	11. COMM. WARRANT OFFICER
	12. WARRANT OFFICER



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Along Majuro's airstrip Marines haul a load of bombs for waiting SBD's which dropped them on Mille Atoll of the Marshall's Ratak chain

WE-THE MARINES

Edited by Sgt. Hal Bergman

"Last of the First"

Veterans of the First Marine Division which opened American offensive operations by going into Guadalcanal on August 7, 1942, have organized a club they call "The Last of the First" in ATLANTA, GA.

Lieut. Gen. Vandegrift, Commandant, was elected honorary president because he led the Marines in the Guadalcanal landing.

Membership is limited to Marines of the First Division who have made assault landings against the enemy anywhere during this war. At their annual meetings on August 7 there will be no rank distinction—just members.

Lodging For the Night

In Garapan, during the push for Saipan's big town, a Marine rested momentarily amid the tumbled rubble of a roofless, gutted building. Around the corner came another Marine, a rifle in one hand, a suitcase in the other.

"Pardon me, sir," said the new arrival, "Could you let me have a lodging for the night? Your little hostelry was highly recommended."

"You have come to the right place, stranger," replied the first Marine without batting an eyelash. "We have just the room for you. There is a beauti-



ful southern exposure looking out to the sea. Rates are reasonable. Just set your luggage down and bring in your own roof and floor and be comfortable."

"Mine Host" never did find out what the other Marine carried in that suitcase. The conversation was interrupted by increasing distance as they both high-tailed it out of there to the accompaniment of the angry whine of Jap sniper fire.

FYI From BTO

BTOs, otherwise known as Big Time Operators, in business and government frequently send around memos marked FYI, meaning For Your Information. So for your information here's a quote from a column by David Lawrence, nationally known newspaper columnist:

"The Marines are probably the toughest fighting outfit in the world. Others among Allies concede it. This is not because the boys in the Marine Corps are at the start of their training any different from the boys who go into the Army. They are made of the same stuff. But it is because the rigorous training of the Marines over a long period of time is utterly unlike that which can be given to a large Army that has to be trained and expanded quickly.

"The Marines have been an amphibious arm of the American Navy for generations. This war has put an emphasis on the word 'amphibious', but it is nothing new to the Marines. They know what it is to land on a shore in the face of enemy artillery and enemy machine guns. They know what it is, after they get ashore, to storm the enemy's strongholds. As man-to-man fighters the Marines are unexcelled. This has been particularly important in the present war where the Japanese fight to the last man.

"Our Marines have fought on many battlefields in the last century, but they have never encountered an enemy like the Japanese. The amphibious operations in Europe have been very severe, and it is no disparagement of the brave and gallant work done by those who have landed in the Mediterranean area or in France to say that the fighting against the Japanese is something wholly different and calls for a rugged physique and endurance in the jungles which is unquestionably more demanding than any other type of fighting.

"It is regrettable that our armed services did not provide for more American Marines for use in the landings in Europe, but, on the other hand, the Marine Corps has progressed because it has been a relatively small organization with its own artillery, its own communications and its own aviation. Naturally, this special organization, being limited in size, has been reserved for the Pacific war."

Rosie's Reformation



ROSIE & FRIEND
She liked the Captain

One of the first Japanese prisoners taken on Saipan was a female now answering to the name of "Rosie".

Although at first "Rosie", a German Shepherd dog, answered commands in Japanese only and was hostile to Marines, she now has become accustomed to her new owners and has learned to obey commands in English.

Rosie's reformation is due, primarily, to the attentions of Captain Stanley W. Robinson of ALTA-DENA, CAL.

Social Notes

GySgt. John Basilone of RARITAN, N. J., one of two enlisted Marines wearing the Congressional Medal of Honor, is now the husband of Marine Sgt. Lena Riggi of PORTLAND, ORE. The couple was married at St. Mary's Church, OCEANSIDE, CAL.

TSgt. William Frank of WASHINGTON, D. C., veteran of 20 months in the Pacific, was calm under cupid's fire as he was married to 5-foot-2, eyes of blue, Corp. Diana Pearce of the WRs. So calm was he that he was already piling honeymoon luggage into a cab before a relative reminded him it was customary to show the judge a little appreciation. He went back and made things right with Judge Walter J. Casey.

Lieut. Richard M. Hunt, USMC, and Capt. Beth Hunt of the WAC are spending a few days together in Australia. It's all right, though; they're husband and wife. After Lieut. Hunt went overseas, his wife joined the Women's Army Corps, became an officer and arrived "Down Under" with the first contingent of WACs.

Major Joe Foss and Mrs. Foss are the proud parents of a baby girl, Cheryl June.

Wrong Line

The fighting on Saipan was at its worst when a lanky western Marine slouched up to a lieutenant and drawled:

"Where's those oranges, boss?"

The lieutenant, eyes fixed on a Jap sniper, asked sharply, "What oranges?"

"Why a few weeks ago I went down to the post office in Fresno and got in line for a job picking



oranges. Looks like I got in the wrong line. What I want to know is, can I go back now and start picking oranges?"

"Wrong line," snapped the lieutenant as he squeezed one off on the sniper.

Sgt. Elmer—Regular

When the Marines landed on Saipan it was only fitting that Sgt. Elmer should land with them. For Sgt. Elmer is a regular Marine, not a reservist, with 15 years of Corps duty behind him, even if he is a dog.

Born in Shanghai in 1929, he joined the Corps shortly after and has been in ever since, according to Second Lieutenant Wallace J. MacKay who has



done extensive research on this historical subject.

After a period of China duty, Sgt. Elmer landed in Hawaii where he served with a guard detachment at a Marine Corps air station. Later he transferred to a Hawaiian ammunition depot where he carried out daily inspection of the area in the jeep patrol.

Then one fine Hawaiian morning, Sgt. Elmer disappeared—without official leave. A dock sentry, watching an LST push slowly away from its moorings, saw among the mass of men and equipment aboard her, the bulky but proud figure of Sgt. Elmer, standing by the rail. The LST was headed west; its next stop—the Marianas.

Black Market Sleuth

Corp. Edgar W. Lochrie of JOHNSTOWN, PA., is of the opinion there are many fronts to fight on—and it paid off.

On a train from Philly to Johnstown, Lochrie sat next to a smartly-dressed civilian and got into conversation with him. Learning that the Marine was due for an honorable discharge, the stranger offered to get him into a lucrative racket selling counterfeit gas coupons.

Lochrie notified the police who found 15,000 gallons-worth of counterfeit gas coupons on the civilian.

For his patriotic act in exposing the black market racket, Lochrie received a Letter of Commendation and an additional stripe direct from the Commandant, a complimentary letter from the OPA Administrator and a flood of approvals from civic organizations and patriotic individuals.

Marinuptials



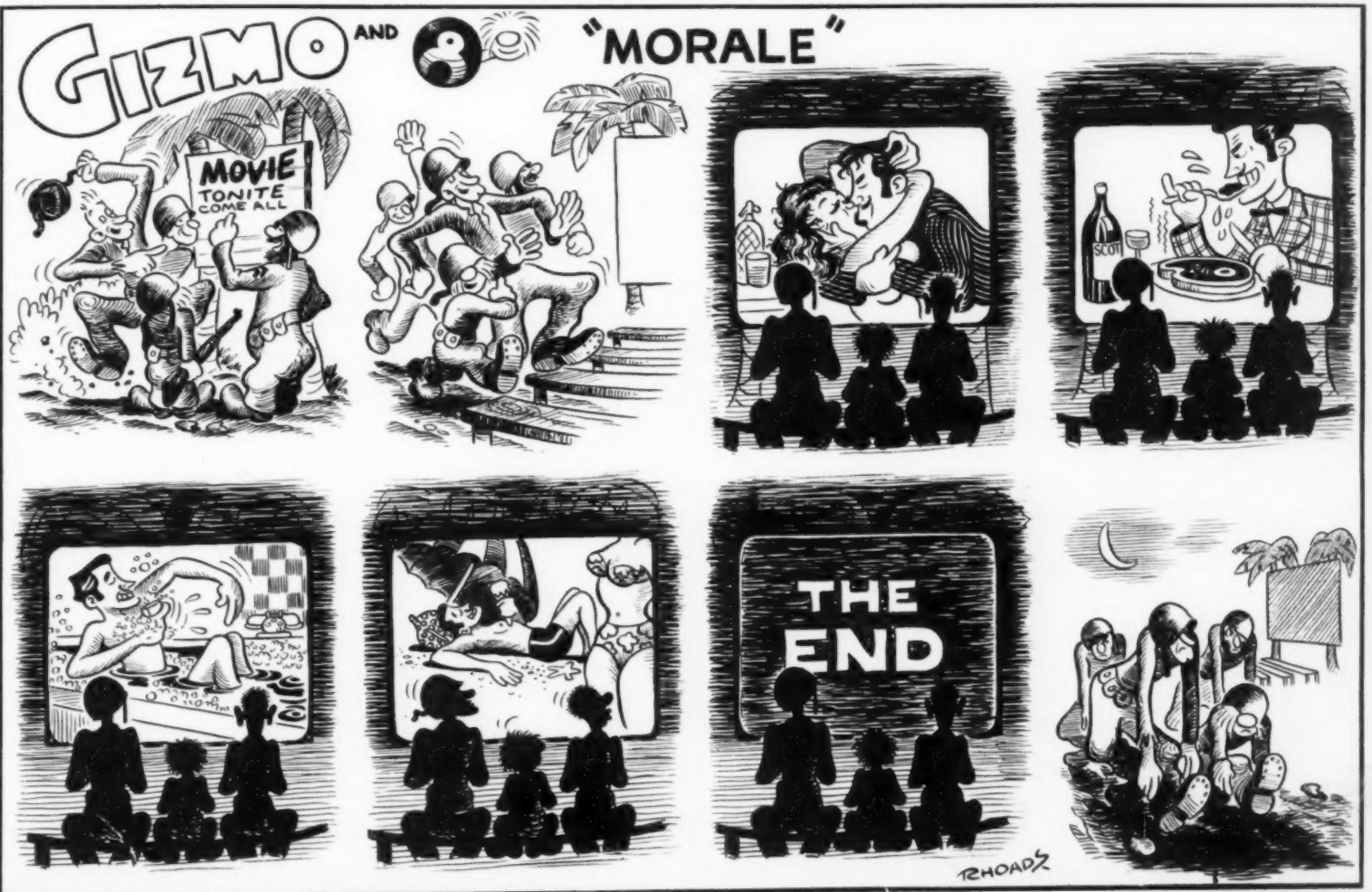
THE DALEYS
Married in Cadence

It was entirely a Marine affair when PFC Ruth Mary O'Connor, USMCWR, became the bride of Sgt. Joseph Francis Daley at BOSTON, MASS. In addition to supplying the bride and groom, the Corps was represented by four male sergeants and four women reserves, acting as honor-guard and ushers.

Even "Here Comes the Bride" sounded like a military march. Following the ceremony the entire audience stood at attention as the organist played the Star-Spangled Banner and the Marine Hymn.

Sgt. Daley, a veteran of the Marshall Islands campaign, served 26 months in the Pacific.

TURN PAGE



WE THE MARINES (continued)



Somewhere in the South Pacific the Jolly Roger flies again as a Coast Guard manned assault transport crosses the equator. The hardy buccaneer is William B. Oderkirk, Slc, of Los Angeles

Song of the Island

Like the famous Calypso singers of Trinidad, the Chamorros of Guam made up a song during the Japanese occupation which reveals their yearning for their Uncle Sam. Shortly after hostilities ceased, it was sung to the Marines by a group of natives:

"Early Monday morning
The action came to Guam,
Eighth of December
Nineteen-forty-one.

"Oh, Mr. Sam, Sam, my dear Uncle Sam,
I want you please come back to Guam.

"Our lives are in danger
You better come,
And kill all the Japanese
Right here on Guam.

"I don't like the saki,
I like Canadian;
I don't like the Japanese
It's better American.

"So long with corned beef,
With bacon and ham,
So long with different sandwiches
With juices and jam.

"Oh, Mr. Sam, Sam, my dear Uncle Sam,
I want you please come back to Guam."

End of the Trail

Sergeant Lee Powell, who became famous as the movie's Lone Ranger before joining the Marine Corps, was killed in action. He'd been in the South Pacific since November, 1942, and had fought at Tarawa and Saipan. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Norma Powell of LONG BEACH, CAL.

Saved by a Hair

MTSgt. John J. Nemeth of LORAIN, OHIO, owes his life to his beard. Nemeth, who is one of only two enlisted pilots in his corner of the Pacific, was pinioned in a swamp under his plane dur-



ing a landing accident. He was well on his way to drowning when somebody managed to get a grip on his beard and pull him to safety.

How to Make a Movie

Marines, like most other GIs, like movies and they know what kind of movies they like.

A poll conducted by TIME found the sentiment general among all fighting men that "without movies we'd go nuts." The men prefer a good old film to a bad new one. They scan war films for technical errors to razz and reserve their most scathing cracks for pseudo-heroics that make the enemy look easy to defeat. Almost without exception they prefer musical comedies, then comedies, then adventure films and melodramas. They prefer Betty Grable to all other film females although in some theaters, where women are available, male stars are as popular as any woman.

A STARS AND STRIPES survey produced the following advice from GI's to movie producers making war pictures:

If there is going to be any heroine, she should be an evacuation hospital nurse, and she should really look "beat up", but still good to a guy who's in pain and far from home.

Don't make the film sentimental, and the GI's patriotism should not be obvious. His words should be tinged with bitter humor. No excess flag-waving. Don't have the hero say, "Let's go, fellows—On to Berlin," or "On to Tokyo". He is more likely to hiss-whisper, "Hey, Joe, let's get that g— d— s— of a b— on that hill up there."

Show as many of the new weapons as possible and stress the fighter's ingenuity in using them and his initiative under unforeseen conditions.

Background action shots should be authentic, even if they are but re-issued combat shots. Make the men look like Bill Mauldin's characters; rough, rugged and real. Make the guy who does his fighting on foot, the real hero; no fighting man of any branch will disagree.

Fouled Up Fliers

The way PFC Stanley B. Dranoff of PHILADELPHIA saw it on Saipan, there were some Jap fliers who were fouled up beyond all recognition.

"One night," he reported, "we heard Jap planes overhead and then loud thuds all around our fox-



holes. Next morning we found they had dropped large packages of rice behind our lines and bombed their own men.

"Another time, after our outfit had helped seize the airfield, a Jap plane landed near a row of 10 captured Zeros. Guess he didn't know we had taken their airfield."

Poison Poetry

C. J. Fox, chief yeoman in the U.S. Navy, has found a way to remember his gas warfare instruction. He's put it into rhyme. Published in The Pelican, his bit of verse is titled, "If You Must Breathe—Remember!" It goes like this:

If you get a choking feeling and a smell of musty hay,

You can bet your bottom dollar it's PHOSGENE on the way;

But the smell of bleaching powder will inevitably mean,

That the enemy you're meeting is a gas we call CHLORINE;

When your eyes begin a twitching; and with tears you cannot see,

It's not your mother peeling onions, but a dose of C.A.P.;

But if you can smell onions, the warning you must heed,

For Tojo's sending MUSTARD, and a bath is what you need;

If the smell resembles tear drops, then you'd better not delay,

It's not father sucking toffey, it's that awful K.S.K.

If you get an awful feeling, as if dead you'd rather be

It's the surest way of telling it's DA DM DC;

If you can catch the pungent odor as you're going home to sea,

You can put your shirt upon it they are using BBC;

And lastly, while gardenias always look well in a bed,

Beware that smell in wartime—if it's LEWISITE, you're dead!

DEEP SIX

Climbing over the ship's sides and down the cargo nets for the invasion of Guam, PFC Michael Kobaka of NORTHAMPTON, PA., took along a pair of brightly colored parakeets in a cage. He had caught and tamed the birds at another island base. . . . Aboard a Navy transport also headed for Guam, Capt. Edwin N. Gorman of CHICAGO, was notified of his promotion to that rank, completing his rise from sergeant major, highest enlisted rank, to captain in less than two and one-half years. . . . Add to strange tricks that of one Marine whose .45 caliber pistol was struck by shell fragment, knocked from its holster into the air and caught by the owner as it was coming down. Neither man nor pistol was put out of service.

A Fifth Division platoon, when in training at Camp Pendleton, had an African lion for a pet. It was acquired by PFC Robert Y. Coster of BALTIMORE, MD., for his three-year-old son, but the Marine on second thought, decided to give it to his platoon, instead. . . . A certain "China Marine" we know, says a story told him by an old Chinese merchant taught him a lesson. The story was about two Chinese who got into an argument which lasted for hours with neither striking a blow. The reason,



explained the merchant, was that the first to resort to his fists was admitting his ideas had given out.

PFC Gladys Shulke of GASTON, ORE., a Camp Pendleton WR, stood formation with Soviet seamen when the latter took over an American Merchant Marine cargo ship at SAN PEDRO, CAL. . . . A survey among fighting men on all fronts made by the Christian Science Monitor, showed GI opinion overwhelmingly in favor of turning the Germans over to the Russians, and the Japanese over to the Chinese.

Then there was the private who saved the unpopular sergeant from drowning and when asked what he wanted for a reward said: "The best thing you can do for me is to say nothing about this. If the other men knew I'd saved you, they'd throw me in." . . . Camp Pendleton's WO Walter F. Durocher, Jr., of DENVER, COLO., built a complete mobile maintenance shop out of some scrap metal, a few man-hours of work and 18 cents' worth of heavy reinforcing bolts for the front bumper of a one-ton truck on which he had set up a pulley frame for towing purposes.

"Tell it to the Marines," said the sailor to the fiftieth who had just assured him he was the nicest boy she'd ever met. "Oh, I already have," was her comeback, "to dozens of them." . . . Sgt. Sammy Fox of the Chinese-American Composite Wing of the 14th AF believes anything is better than an open field when the Zeros come over. Caught in the open when Nip airmen raided, he didn't hesitate a minute



but jumped into the only available shelter. It was a latrine. Fox's only comment: "It hadn't been used much."

The men who made the training film "Military Customs and Courtesies" are said to refer to it jocularly as the "Shoot, Poop and Salute" epic. . . . Servicemen and their families who wish to know what their rights and privileges are may find that information in a new booklet called the "Servicemen's Manual" which may be obtained free of charge from Servicemen's Division, CIO War Relief Committee, 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. . . . Flying over disputed territory, 1st Lieut. Edwin H. McCaleb of NEW ORLEANS heard what he thought was a familiar voice over his radio shouting: "Wait for us." He slowed down and found himself the target of five Zeros. It took all his skill to get out of that one.

PFC John P. Correggio of EVERETT, MASS., recently killed six Japs using only 11 rounds in the skirmish. His sergeant congratulated him on his shooting but told him not to be so sparing of his ammunition. "The more I shoot," said Correggio, "the harder I have to clean my rifle, and I hate cleaning rifles."

Destroyer Named For Marine



MRS. WILLARD W. KEITH, SR.
Dedicates ship to son

The USS Willard Keith, a destroyer, was named recently in honor of Captain Willard Woodworth Keith, Jr., USMCR, who lost his life leading a successful bayonet charge with the First Division at Guadalcanal. The destroyer was christened by Capt. Keith's mother, Mrs. Willard W. Keith, Sr., of Beverly Hills, Cal. It took place at the Bethlehem Steel Company shipyards on Terminal Island.

The maid of honor was Staff Sergeant Virginia M. Waco of Santa Monica of the Women's Reserve. Captain Keith's father and high ranking Army and Navy officers also attended the ceremony.

HASHMARK



FRED KASSWELL

WE THE MARINES (continued)

Mementos of Marines



O'TOOLE & HALL
They counted

When American Marines stormed over Guam to recapture the island seized by the Japs on December 10, 1941, they found several mementos of former Marine occupation.

In the ruins of the barracks formerly occupied by the garrison of 145 enlisted Marines who defended the island, they found an American flag and a cigar box containing cash and bank books belonging to the garrison's recreational fund.

The flag had been made into a cushion by the Japs and showed evidence of hard usage. Said Sgt. William Brown of LOS ANGELES: "I'd like to ram my bayonet into the behind of every Jap who sat on that flag."

The cigar box, according to Major R. M. O'Toole, post exchange officer at MC Headquarters in Washington, contained cash amounting to \$104.33 and deposits in the Bank of Guam at Agana totaling \$650. The funds, he said, would be "frozen" until such time as it properly could be assigned after the war.

Before the cash and bank books were placed away for safe keeping, they were counted and checked by the Major with the assistance of SSgt. Jean L. Hall of DETROIT.

Beautiful Girls Galore

American Marines stationed on white-woman-less islands, will doubtless understand the sentiments of the Army's Sgt. Martin J. Grusse of BALTIMORE.

Said he, upon returning to that city after 12 months duty at a sunless, treeless, girl-less weather station on the shore of a Greenland fjord: "All the girls look beautiful. I haven't seen an ugly one yet!"

Gas Attack

"One night six of us were on a bench built in a grove waiting for shelling or bombing to begin when a plane flew over. We heard a spooky whoosh sound and saw something falling toward our position." That's the way Corp. Arthur H. Herrington of KENMORE, N. Y., relates the incident he considers the funniest thing that happened to him in the Pacific.

"When we saw that thing falling from the plane, there was a wild scramble. One boy hit the deck and five others ran right over him. Someone knocked over a gasoline can. It made a terrible noise.

"The message center nearby called, 'What was that?'

"A gas can," I explained.

"Gas!" the message center yelled back.

"Then everyone in the area started yelling that dreaded word and although we six should have known better, even we tried to get our gas masks on. You never saw such a hectic detail in all your life. When we discovered that all the excitement had been caused by our own plane jettisoning an extra gasoline tank, we had a big laugh. Laugh, I thought I'd die!"

Home on the Range

Less than a week after they had finished shooting up thousands of Japs on Saipan, Leathernecks of the Second Division built themselves a rifle range on the island.

Long famed as the world's best riflemen, the Marines wanted an opportunity to zero new weapons and to qualify as marksmen.

Let 'em Eat Cake

Those rugged Marines who have been chasing Japs from one Pacific island to another for the past two years are, it now turns out, just a bunch of cake-eaters.

A survey of chow preferences made in SoPac mess halls revealed cake as the most popular item of 65 per cent of those polled.

Other choices: Most popular—coffee, 24 per cent; biscuits and jam, 5 per cent. Most unpopular—chicory as coffee, 45 per cent; tea for breakfast, 30 per



cent. Most tiresome—corned willie, 96 per cent. Most likely to succeed—hot cakes, 42 per cent; bacon and powdered eggs, 19 per cent.

Most appreciated—stateside coffee, 74 per cent; an extra cupful, 20 per cent. Most popular meat—roast beef, 42 per cent; steak, 35 per cent; chicken, 10 per cent.

Most unpopular meat—B-E-E-E-F (B-a-a it like a sheep and you get mutton), 100 per cent.

Barefoot Boy



SGT. ULUS LIGHT
Freedom for feet

"Ouch", said the sergeant repeatedly, as he limped along over the first five miles of New Britain's coral and thorn covered mountains.

"What's the matter, Light?" the patrol-leader lieutenant asked.

"Sir," said the sergeant, "it's these damned factory-made, store-boughten, quartermaster-issued shoes. They're killing my feet! If I could only take them off, I'd be all right."

So Sgt. Ulus G. Light of ARAB, ALA., took off his shoes and, breathing a sigh of relief, out-marched his outfit for the rest of that 200-mile patrol. Furthermore, when they got back to camp, the sergeant picked up a football and booted it for a 75 yard punt, just to prove his feet didn't hurt any more.

"It's this way," explained the sergeant, "when I was a kid in Arab, I never wore shoes until I got a store-boughten pair for my twenty-first birthday. Never did get used to them, though. The Good Lord meant for folks to walk on their feet, not imprison them in shoes."

I, Q. Answers

- | | | | |
|--------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. (b) | 6. (b) | 11. (c) | 16. (b) |
| 2. (c) | 7. (d) | 12. (d) | 17. (a) |
| 3. (a) | 8. (a) | 13. (b) | 18. (c) |
| 4. (d) | 9. (b) | 14. (c) | 19. (b) |
| 5. (b) | 10. (a) | 15. (b) | 20. (d) |

When a detachment of Marines reported at Quantico from Londonderry, Ireland, they brought with them their famous bagpipe band, the only organization of its kind in America's armed forces today





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MILENA MILLER

At Ease

News of the
Entertainment
World



BETTY HUTTON

NICE title and three nice eyefuls comprise a forthcoming movie, "Three Little Girls in Blue." The three little eyefuls—Jeanne Crain, June Haver and Vivian Blaine. . . . Marilyn Maxwell, the tasty dish who sings on the Crosby radio show and acts for MGM as the girl on the make for Van (Dr. Gillespie) Johnson, now is gadding about with John Conte, the announcer and ex-boy friend of Fanny Brice. . . . Johnson, incidentally, is getting more attention than Sinatra these days. . . . The reason he isn't in uniform is that an auto accident two years ago almost killed him and left him with a disability classification. . . . Jon Hall isn't in because of gall bladder trouble. . . . Columbia's starlet, Marguerite Chapman, was the main spring in selling \$600,000 worth of bonds in a town of less than 2000 population. People drove for miles around to buy—and look.

SHORT BURSTS: Two scenes from "Laura" were cut out. Seems Gene Tierney's bathing suit distracted from the dramatic plot. Could be. . . . Lloyd Nolan, so good in "Guadalcanal Diary," finally gets the gal in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." It's about time. . . . A hotel bus boy leaped out of a closet and scared hell out of Jeanette MacDonald. Claimed he only wanted her autograph. . . . Jimmy Durante says a "gitten" is a "little gat." . . . Ann Sheridan's next will be "Calamity Jane. Annie's oomph caused plenty of calamity in its day. . . . Sonja Henie returns to frozen films with "It's A Pleasure." 'Twill be. . . . Ida Lupino and Captain Louis Hayward, USMCR, have separated. Caused quite a surprise.

ADD SHORT BURSTS: Recently announced as either divorced, separated or footloose and fancy free—Esther Williams, Judy Garland, Betty Hutton, and for the WRs, Artie Shaw, the clainetootler.

. . . MGM filmed the biggest bath scene in history —\$150,000 for a bubble bath sequence in "Ziegfeld Follies." Director was afraid he'd lose gal dancers in all the foam, so had 'em counted regularly. . . . Out of bounds for military personnel went Hollywood's lush Mocambo and Trocadero, but it shouldn't worry you. It took a general's pay to spend an evening at either joint. . . . Columbia shot two endings for "Tonight and Every Night," saga of London music halls. One shows London blacked out, the other with lights on, if and when the Nazis give up. . . . Lois Andrews, one-time child bride of Georgie (Loose Plates) Jessell, married wealthy Jack Topping, brother of Capt. Dan Topping, USMCR, the guy who popped Errol Flynn in a "friendly" bout. . . . John Hodiak switched affections from Lana Turner to Anne Baxter.

Phil Harris tells about a cousin who was bragging about the way he climbed to success. Seems a big manufacturer turned him down for a job, but on the way out the door he saw a pin on the deck and reached to pick it up.

"Yeah, I know," Phil interrupted, "you picked up the pin and, impressed with your thrift, the guy gave you a job and made you vice president and . . .

"Naw," said the cousin, "I picked up the pin and sold it. It was a diamond pin."

Charles Bickford, who is big and has red hair, doesn't fool around when he goes into action. Once, refusing to use a double, he got into a lion's cage and came out with great claw wounds on his chest. Latest episode came when three gents loudly began damning the American government. Bickford stretched 'em out in one-two-three order. Again he didn't use a double.



Perfection in a swim
suit—Esther Williams

LES BROWN WAS BORN IN REINERTOWN, PENNA. SOME 30 YEARS AGO. HIS DAD PLAYED SAX AND AT THE AGE OF 8, LES PICKED IT UP AND STARTED TOOTIN'.

Les Brown

HIS FIRST BAND AT DUKE UNIVERSITY WAS "THE BLUE DEVILS." THEY FLOPPED-BUT FLAT-LES THEN TOOK UP ARRANGING AND IN 1938 FORMED A NEW BAND-THEY CLICKED!! UP, UP, UP TO THE "BIGNAME" BANDS

EASY ON THE EYES, DORIS DAY DOES THE SMOOTHIE NUMBERS

OUT IN THE BOONDOCKS, YOU'LL FIND THE BAND ENTERTAINING. HE GOT INTO A LION'S CAGE AND CAME OUT WITH GREAT CLAW WOUNDS ON HIS CHEST. LATEST EPISODE CAME WHEN THREE GENTS LOUDLY BEGAN DAMNING THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. BICKFORD STRETCHED 'EM OUT IN ONE-TWO-THREE ORDER. AGAIN HE DIDN'T USE A DOUBLE.

"JOLTIN' JOE DIMAGGIO" A SURE FIRE HIT- OVER 50,000 PLATTERS HAVE HIT THE JUKE BOXES

LATE HOURS IN DADS BAKESHOP-SNAPPED LES IN FOR THE GRIND, SAYS MR. B. "THIS NITE LIFE IS JUST KID STUFF"

DICK SHANAHAN, THE HIDE POUNDER, SHOULD BE NICKNAMED "THE BLURR"

Gloria De Haven—Opposite page

Sweet and lovely is just another name
for MGM's blonde and blue-eyed starlet

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THIS IS NOT A MIRACLE-PERFORMING PIPE... Royalton Crown has no mystic gadgets—no secret elements to make a poor tobacco taste wondrously fragrant... But it *does* have SIX PATENTED FEATURES that make it the only pipe of its kind—a pipe that STAYS EVERLASTINGLY DRY... Condensing well traps bitter slugs and impurities, assuring an ever-dry bowl and an ever-dry mouthpiece. Special construction permits easy, thorough and speedy cleaning.

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Dean of

Marine Artillery



MGY. SGT. BELL

ONE reason the Marines are doing such a bang-up job of throwing artillery shells at the Jap is Master Gunnery Sergeant Edward R. Bell, dean of Marine artillerymen.

Sergeant Bell, affectionately called "Beachhead" by his buddies, has taught hundreds of Marines and sailors gunnery tricks he has learned in his more than 26 years' experience with Marine and Army artillery.

These men today are showing the Japs how well they learned the lessons "Beachhead" taught them. And the old master of artillery isn't sitting back in the States. He's right out here pitching with the artillery.

Since July 5, 1942, he has been the senior gunnery sergeant of a howitzer battalion. His regiment captured Eniwetok Atoll in the Marshalls from 3500 Japs in five days of bitter fighting.

During the campaign, the battalion set what is thought to be a new world's record, by firing more than 27,000 shells at the Japs in 72 hours. "Beachhead" was right in there, seeing that everything went smoothly with all the firing batteries.

He's still "somewhere in the Pacific," waiting for another crack at the Japs.

He says he enjoyed the naval bombardment and aerial bombing of Kwajalein Atoll more than any other campaign in his variegated service career.

"Beachhead" wanted to get in the Army at 15, when he was working in coal mines around Horatio, Pa. His father wouldn't consent to his enlistment.

"But it was just five months after I passed my twenty-first birthday that I enlisted in the Army, on March 8, 1916, at the old Columbus, O., barracks. It's known as Fort Hayes now," he said.

He soon found himself in "E" Battery, 66th Artillery Regiment, 35th Artillery Brigade. He was overseas 18 months and saw action "all over France."

"We caught hell right away on a troop train near Rhone, France," he related. He is reticent to talk about his other experiences in World War I outside of saying that, as a corporal, he was a gunner on an eight-inch howitzer.

"Beachhead" was discharged from the Army in 1921. He was a civilian for a few days—"not enough to really learn what it was like"—and then he enlisted in the Marines.

He was placed in the 4th Battery, 10th Marine Artillery Regiment.

THE NEXT year found him in Haiti in Central America, after serving as a corporal aboard the battleship FLORIDA a few months. He was in Haiti for several years, part of the time on patrol duty after the revolution. He returned to Quantico, Va., as a buck sergeant in an artillery outfit, in 1924. Two years later found him back in the Caribbean Sea on duty in Cuba, Santo Domingo, the Virgin Islands, and Nicaragua.

"We hiked all around Nicaragua from April, 1927, until October, 1928, chasing bandits," he related. "Then I went back to the States for duty at Quantico. In the fall of 1929 I began a six-month course at the Navy Optical School at the Navy Yard in Washington, D. C. They put me in charge of the Optical Shop at Quantico early in 1930."

The next year "Beachhead" made another change, this time to the cruiser LOUISVILLE. He was on the cruiser until 1935, working with the anti-aircraft guns. Then he was transferred to the battleship UTAH, sister ship of the FLORIDA. For two and one-half years he trained hundreds of Marines and sailors in gunnery.

While aboard ship, "Beachhead" anchored in ports from Maine to Alaska, and saw so many places in the Pacific, like the Philippines, Guam, China, etc., that he can't begin to remember the names of all of them.

Returning to the United States in 1938, "Beachhead" joined the Fleet Marine Force at San Diego. For two years he was with the 2nd Battalion of the 10th Marine Artillery Regiment. Later he joined the 22nd Marine howitzer battalion, training in countless maneuvers in the Pacific.

Capable of field stripping everything from a carbine to a big artillery rifle, "Beachhead" has passed on this knowledge to many Marines. He's willing at any time of the day or night to give a fellow Marine a lift with a knotty problem. More than one private has awakened him at night to get advice on weapons.

"I'm glad to help them all I can," he says. "The younger men in the Marine Corps are making excellent artillerymen."

Master Gunnery Sergeant Bell has been called "Beachhead" longer than he can remember.

"I guess they started calling me that because whenever anyone made a landing, he found me there."

"Beachhead" is looking forward with eager anticipation to another landing, this time at San Diego. For it is there that his wife, the former Emma Voll, waits for him. She has spent much of her time waiting, but she realizes that a Marine must spend much time away from home. In San Diego, "Beachhead" will find his garden filled with all kinds of roses, lillies, gardenias, camellias, and other flowers.

"That will be the best landing of all," he says. "I've got every kind of rose in my garden but a black rose—and I'll get myself some of them. I'm going to retire to my flower garden after 30 years. I'll only be 51."

BY TSGT. WILLIAM TERRY
USMC Combat Correspondent

Magician's "handy" means...



"Nothing up
my sleeve!"

3-Ring "handy" means...

"BALLANTINE!"



Before man found his tongue, he talked with his hands. And to this very day, a lot of what we say is said with our hands. Grandpa's "handy" means "Louder, please." Atta-boy "handy" means "Nice going." 3-Ring "handy" means "I'll have Ballantine!" It's "something better" in a moderate beverage—America's finest since 1840! That's when Peter Ballantine, testing for PURITY, BODY, and FLAVOR, found his now-famous trademark in the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table.



BEER

P. Ballantine & Sons,
Newark, N. J.



His expression didn't change a bit unless it got more like it was already—sort of loose and lined

Battle Souvenir

by Lt. Horace Knowles

Joe Ward usually was calm, collected but a letter from the girl at home "disturbed" him

I HAVE been out on many patrols with many different guys in the Marine Corps, but I have never been out with a guy who could come anywhere near Joe Ward. He had everything; he was what you call a tiger.

Joe had the sharpest senses I ever saw. I think he could even smell like a bloodhound, and would have won a medal if he was in the Army's K-9 Corps, because he could operate at night when you couldn't see a naked blonde if she was only two feet in front of you. Furthermore, by putting his ear close to the ground, he could tell how many men were walking a quarter of a mile away.

He was as silent as an earthworm. He could float his low 170-pound frame over brittle little sticks with the lightness of a flyweight ghost, when the rest of us would be making noise like a log jam breaking up in the Spring. Whenever he would be just walking around the camp area he would be practicing walking quietly.

You never saw a guy so possessed of the three C's—calm, cool and collected. He was never ruffled—except one time I'm going to tell you about—and close-in fighting was his specialty.

"I like pianny wire," he would say.

This piano wire was his chief weapon. He had connected a couple of handles to the end of a piece about three feet long, and he'd slip up behind a Jap, fling it over his head and garrote him, severing the

jugular vein. This is very dangerous, because the Jap might hear you and turn around and stick you with his bayonet.

I was Joe's sergeant and was in charge on these patrols and I guess I oughta not let him take such chances, but he liked it, and it did keep from disclosing our presence, because these Japs went down without a sound, whereas a shot would echo for miles around.

So we were going on patrol all the time, protecting the air strip on our narrow beachhead, and Joe was doing all kinds of stunts that would be crazy for another guy to try. But he didn't do anything compared to what he started after he got this letter from this screwy Jane back in the States.

Joe couldn't read or write and I read and wrote all his letters for him. When this letter came from this Jane—that was her name—I had read this part before I knew what I was doing.

"Humbunny," she wrote, "there's something I want—a real, honest-to-goodness Japanese good luck ring. You know what kind—one with some Japanese writing on it. I sure would like to have a genuine one, Humbunny, and we'll let it be our engagement ring."

Joe's expression didn't change a bit when I read this, unless maybe it got more so like it was already—sort of loose with heavy lines, and a faraway calmness about his blue eyes. I guess he looked something like a pre-historic man, but without the frown. He had a broad nose, and a heavy receding chin.

"Uh, huh," was all he

replied, looking at me with a fixed stare.

I handed him the letter, but he gave it back and said read that part again.

"Joe," I said, "why don't you just forget all about it?"

"I couldn't, Sarge," he replied.

And I knew he couldn't. He didn't have that kind of a mind. He had one that focused itself on a very fine point, like the eyes of a cross-eyed man, and couldn't be got off without a major operation.

"Joe," I said, reasoning, "if you kill a Jap whose got one of these rings on—why it's not a good luck one. Otherwise he wouldn't of got killed."

"Uh, huh," he said. But I knew he wasn't listening.

"We goin' out tonight, Sarge?" he asked.

"Tomorrow night," I told him.

The rest of the day and all the next day Joe was like a foxhound chained up on a fox fur farm. Every time a patrol would leave the area, he'd stare after it with his mouth half open.

"Sarge," he came to me pleading, "can



Joe got his two-handed sword going like a buzz saw and it was entirely too dangerous to get within a mile of his wild swings

I go out with another patrol today—and go with you tonight too?"

"No," I said.

I don't like the looks of it. Here I have a guy as calm as the Dead Sea who suddenly, because of a dame's foolish vanity, has turned Eager Beaver on me. This type of person is not the type to do patrol duty. He is likely to get himself killed and some others with him.

Joe was ready two hours before time, his rifle slung over his shoulder, and stalking around camp like a caged animal. That night I was to learn what Joe would be like until he found that ring—or died in the attempt.

We hadn't been out two hours when we flushed a small Jap outpost, close to our perimeter of defenses. We could hear them jabbering in the darkness real low, and figured they were all pretty close together in some bomb crater. I was deciding that we would surround them, and go in with the cold steel, when suddenly, there was the explosion of a hand grenade in their midst.

Right off, I knew what had happened. So I strolled in leisurely, leaving the rest of my 12-man squad where they lay. Joe's dim form already was moving among the six dead Japs, feeling their hands for rings. He didn't find a single ring in the crowd.

"Joe," I said, "come out of that hole."

"Okay Sarge."

He came out, carrying a Jap two-handed sword.

"Joe," I told him, "I've got a good mind to get you court-martialed. I could, too, you know."

"I'm sorry, Sarge."

"No, you aren't."

"Yes, I am, Sarge."

"No, you aren't. You're just thinking about that ring. And on account of you tossing that pineapple we've got to turn around and go back, because every Jap in the Pacific will be looking for us tonight."

Joe held up the sword. "I'll use this from now on," he said.

"Aw, Sarge, don't be mad at me. You know that's the first hand grenade I ever threwed with you."

"I know, Joe," I was sorry for him. "Joe, you ought to forget about that ring. It's driving you nuts. You're going to get yourself killed."

"Yeah."

"Let's go," I said. I took the patrol back and told Lieutenant Nocita the Japs fired a bunch of shots and I thought we'd better come back.

Two nights later, Joe left his piano wire behind and carried the sword, on which he had put a razor edge. I sent him to take care of the first Jap sentry we found. He cleaved him in half at the waist. The man wore no ring.

We were going down a path a few minutes later when Joe touched me on the shoulder and whispered there's about five guys coming toward us. I stopped and gave the others the word and set an ambush, six on either side of the path. No firing. The

signal to close with the shambo force would be a sudden loud yell from me.

Joe missed his calculation, because there weren't but four. I gave a Comanche whoop, but that's about as far as I or anybody else, besides Joe, got toward doing anything to help clean up those four Nips. Joe, first on the path, got this two-handed sword going like a buzz saw and it was entirely too dangerous to get within a mile of his wild swings. I yelled above the noise for all but Joe to hug the ground; if he wants to be such a damn hog, let him have them.

Honestly, it didn't take Joe 30 seconds. He was a butcher with that weapon; he cut off the heads of two Japs. But still no ring.

"Joe," I said, mad as hell. "It's a damn wonder you didn't hit some of your own buddies then, do you know that?"

"I'm sorry, Sarge."

I didn't say any more. But I decided right then that Joe had gone berserk and was not patrol material any longer and that I was not taking him with me until this ring business was settled.

The next day I told Lt. Nocita the situation, and told him the next letter that came from that dame I was going to read in a few lines about how she had changed her mind and didn't want a ring after all.

"No," Lt. Nocita said, "you'd better not do that. Just leave Joe behind a few days and let him cool off."

Of course, Joe started going out alone at night. I didn't say anything, I just waited for him to get caught trying to slip past one of our outposts without authorization, which is what happened.

The next day they called me to the brig. Lt. Nocita was there. He asked me what I thought we ought to do to Joe. I said I didn't know, and he said he didn't know either, so we decided we'd just let him sit in the cooler a while.

He sat there until that night, when he vaulted over a high wire fence and was gone before you could say Japanese. When I heard about it the next

day, I knew the problem was solved, because I knew Joe wouldn't come back to camp without one of those rings, if he had to claw all the way to Tokyo or hell for it.

It was a week later, when I honestly was beginning to feel sorry for those Japs, because I knew Joe was killing them like flies, that Joe came in late one evening. He had lost about 20 pounds, was limping and he smelled like an abattoir. But his old calmness had returned. He didn't say anything. He just held out the ring.

"It's pretty, Joe," I said, taking it.

"Yeah, a genuine good luck ring. It's our engagement ring, you know."

"Yeah," I said.

I wrapped it up for Joe right then and we put a card in it reading: "To my Puddin' Pie, from Humbunny, with love and kisses."

We mailed it next day.

I don't think I did wrong by not telling Joe, because the letters were very small, but on the inside of that ring was: "Made in U. S. A."

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He came in late one night, limping and smelling. But his calmness had returned

END

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AIR ATTACK on an LST

THE JAP plane attack came, as they so often do, just before the evening meal.

Marines aboard an LST (Landing Ship, Tank) were waiting for dinner to be served. They had been listening to radio reports. Suddenly, the harsh honking of the ship's horn blended with the ship's clanging bell, to sound action general quarters.

Navy and Marine Corps gunners ran to their stations. Repair squads moved to their battle stations. Marines not having duties on deck were herded below by guards.

A destroyer off our port bow began throwing ack-ack at a low-flying Japanese torpedo plane. There was a geyser of water near the destroyer, made by the plane's torpedo hitting the water. Turning quickly, the destroyer maneuvered away from the torpedo's path.

A few minutes later two other planes circled high in the clouds, preparing to dive on the convoy. They began their dives, releasing torpedoes from low altitudes. As they leveled off, they strafed ships in the convoy. Fortunately the strafing was inaccurate, and no damage was done.

Ships on the port side of the convoy, including our LST, blackened the sky with anti-aircraft fire until it seemed that no plane could escape. The sky around the planes was pocked with flak.

Crimson tracers from 20-mm guns streaked the sky, and the larger guns hammered at the planes with a lethal, quick, cadence.

Both planes banked sharply before they reached an LST, which they had chosen for their target. Anti-aircraft shells followed but did not knock them down. Undoubtedly they were both damaged, however.

Their torpedoes were not effective. A torpedo crossed near the fantail of the LST, and another swept across its bow.

As one of the anti-aircraft guns manned by Navy personnel jammed, Marine Master Gunnery Sergeant Edward R. Bell of San Diego, Cal., for 29 years a serviceman, quickly put it in working condition.

Crimson tracers lashed the sky as the bombers bore in



JUST 15 minutes after the attack began it ended suddenly, with one of the planes being shot down and the others fleeing, probably damaged. The LST is credited with an "assist" in shooting down the torpedo plane, which came in for its run from the rear. Other ships in the convoy also shot at the plane, which hit the water quickly.

Marine Acting Sergeant Major Raymond B. Alexander of Kinston, N. C., and Washington, D. C., saw the plane shot down.

"I knew it was hit when I saw a thin stream of smoke," he related. "The smoke got blacker, and the plane crashed into the water, bursting into flames. It sank quickly."

Marine Master Technical Sergeant Gerald J. Hutchison of Cromwell, Okla., and La Mesa, Cal., also saw the plane shot down.

"It was about 600 yards away, making a run on us," he said. "I saw five or six of our tracers hit the plane. It went down, struck the water with its left wing, and exploded."

It was the first time the LST had been attacked by enemy planes. Gunners said later they were unmindful of the roar of their guns during the action. This LST had participated in the landings in the Marshalls.

The gunners slept at their guns that night to guard against a possible night attack. A long string of tracer shells was observed at 4:15 the next morning, but there was no attack.

The planes which had attacked the convoy were identified tentatively as the Japs' latest torpedo craft.

Gunners were called to their stations again the next morning but there was no attack. Jap planes attacked another convoy, off our starboard bow, during the evening meal.

One of the attacking planes was shot down. The burning plane flew low for nearly three miles before it hit the ocean. Although the LST was alerted for four planes off its starboard bow, the planes did not come near our convoy. Two enemy planes were visible.

The following day, Sunday, was marked by a number of alerts; an escorting destroyer fired shells at 0807 at a Japanese surface craft, possibly a small gunboat. The battle was over in a few minutes as the destroyer quickly sank the enemy ship. Observers compared the brief "sea battle" to a poodle battling a bulldog.

END

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Today, the Texas PRE-FAB is growing by leaps and bounds, and offers attractive POST-WAR possibilities. Already many applications for current and post-war dealerships are being received—from both civilians and military men. If you visualize the tremendous potentialities for Texas Pre-Fabricated Housing, and would like a profitable part in the future of this rapidly expanding industry, sign and mail the coupon below.

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BOOT BRIEFS



HE WAS a raw, lanky country boy and simply could not march in cadence. The DI did everything he could think of to cure him—from tripping him to shaking his fist under his chin—but it didn't do any good.

Finally, the day of days came—the major inspection and review by the CO. The DI watched this boot like a hawk all during the parading. But, miraculously—glory of glories!—for the first time he was marching in step and no untoward incident occurred. The DI heaved a sigh of relief.

Then came the inspection. The platoon stood at rigid attention and the CO started down the line. The men looked snappy, everything was going beautifully and it was all the DI could do to keep the grin off his face.

And then, just as the CO approached him, the lanky country boy fainted dead away.



A bunch of boots were around a wash rack washing their clothes. Sporadic firing could be heard but, of course, no one paid any attention to it.

One of the boots, however, happened to notice that a member of a flock of geese flying overhead apparently had been hit by a hunter. The boot called out, "Hey, fellows, watch me shoot a goose," pointed a finger skyward and said, "Boom!"

The goose dropped from the sky.

All the boots held this particular boot in great awe the rest of boot camp.



THE BOOTS in this particular platoon were positively prohibited from going to the PX but nearly all of them sneaked over to it after dark.

All but one boot, anyway. He was one of the serious, conscientious kind of guys who kept to himself and read a lot.

That didn't worry the other fellows, though. They became more and more daring in their PX sorties as time went on. But there was one thing they didn't do. That was touch beer. They knew instinctively that that was one thing for which they'd never be forgiven if they were caught.

One night the quiet fellow who kept to himself was missing from his sack. When he showed up he had about him—of all things!—the smell of beer.

Everyone was shocked. He owned up to it right away.

"Sure, I had some beer," he said. "And why not? I've been notified that I've become a father."

END



This will never change!

... but when he comes back there'll be newer, finer ways to enjoy the land he fought for

Maybe we'll take our post-war meals in pink and purple pills—maybe we'll swoosh to work in rocket cars... maybe so!

But there are a few things that eleven million fighting men want to find just as they left them—just as they've dreamed about them through all these long months. Such as the unchanging love of a girl who waited—such as that old corner room with the school pennants that Mom has kept so neat and ready.

Such as the magnificent National Parks and playgrounds that are

the heritage of every American—the pine-scented woods and flashing trout streams—all the exciting and wonderful things to be found along seventy thousand miles of American highways!

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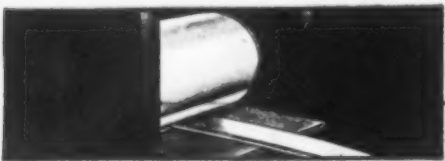
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How to Stop Hemorrhage



Arterial bleeding is recognized by rhythmic spurts of bright red blood synchronized with the heartbeat. Venous bleeding comes in a steady flow. Arterial bleeding always requires prompt treatment

HEMORRHAGE is the medical man's fifty cent word for bleeding, and serious bleeding is extremely dangerous. In applying first aid, bleeding is the first thing to look for because, if unchecked, it will bring death within a few minutes. The human body contains between six and eight quarts of blood and loss of between one and two will bring loss of consciousness.

Fortunately, most bleeding can be stopped by application of a few simple measures. Blood in contact with air has a natural tendency to clot and the object of first aid is to reduce the flow of blood from a wound so that it can clot.

Every Marine recalls his "boot" camp lesson that there are three types of bleeding, arterial, venous and capillary. It is equally important to Marines who may be injured while alone in the field to know what to do to check serious bleeding until a corpsman's help can be obtained.

The pictures here treat with stopping arterial or venous bleeding; capillary bleeding will almost always stop itself. Most important to remember are these rules: (1) Keep your head; (2) Do not disturb the injury more than necessary, and, (3) Don't try to do too much.

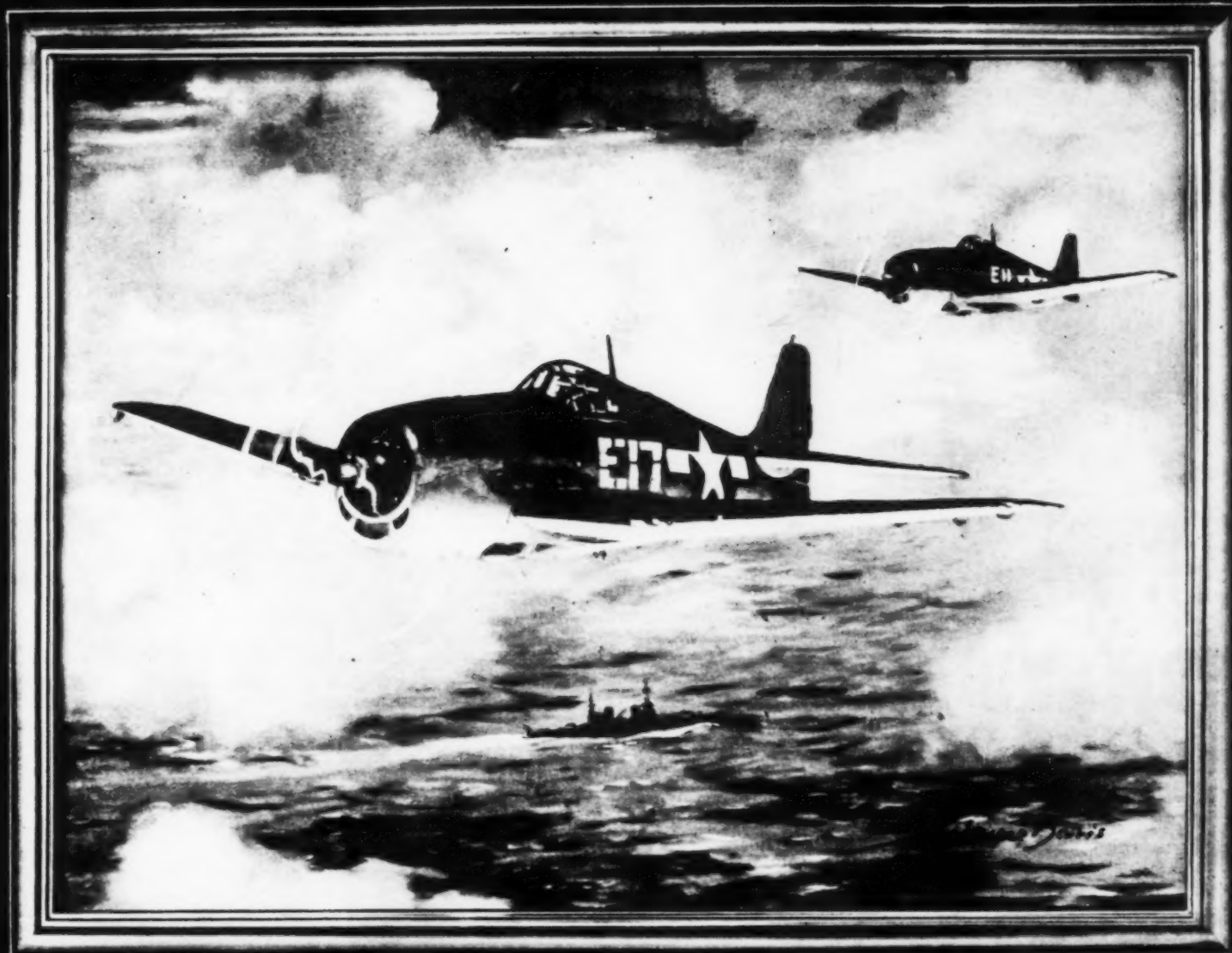


Vital first step is to check blood flow to permit clotting. Using thumb, press on artery above wound. If vein is cut put pressure on side away from heart. Apply tourniquet only as a last resort



Next step is to clean and bandage wound. First aid packet contains necessary materials. In opening it keep injury as quiet as is possible, as shown above, so clot is not reopened

TURN PAGE



U. S. Navy's Grumman Hellcats in Action off Saipan

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HEMORRHAGE (continued)

Use antiseptic freely but don't probe into cut. When possible wash skin around wound, washing always away from injury. Cover the wound with sterile pad from first aid packet, then bandage it firmly into place. The knot should be tied opposite the wound, but never directly on top of the injured area



Tourniquet must never be allowed to remain taut more than 10 or 15 minutes. If bleeding continues, try thumb pressure again. A small stone pressed against artery with G. I. belt is makeshift tourniquet



After doing what you can, keep as quiet as possible. Note that victim here rests injured arm on leg and holds head in other hand. Shock is always present in some degree with any serious injury and next to bleeding is most apt to cause complications

Soon as possible have injury checked by corpsman. His job is to treat wound, yours is only to give temporary first aid. Prompt, sensible first aid has saved many lives in the field but it cannot take place of medical attention. So, don't try to do too much and above all, keep your head



END

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Dunn on Guam

PFC TOM DUNN, whose sketches you see on these pages, is doing line duty and drawing on the side for the Third Division Public Relations unit. One of his recent assignments was to sketch his impressions of the American reconquest of Guam. Dunn joined the Corps on August 3, 1942; participated in the Bougainville campaign and has been a member of mortar and demolition crews, shore party details, a reproduction unit and a headquarters company office. Before entering the Corps he delivered ice, worked in a shipyard, on a steel gang and studied for a year at Villanova College and six months at Pratt Institute. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1922.



JAP ARTILLERY COMES
OUT OF HIDING TO LOB
ONE IN AT DUSK.
MARINES ALMOST IGNORE
NEAR MISS ON LST.

Guam 29 July 1944
Pfc. Tom Dunn
3rd Marine Div.



CONSOLIDATING POSITIONS
NEAR CREST OF MT. TENJO.
OROTE PENINSULA IN
BACKGROUND



3RD MARINE DIVISION
ARTILLERYMEN IN
NATIVE HUT "DUGOUT"



Guam - 30 July 1946
Pfc. Tom Dunn
3rd Marine Div.

EVACUATION CENTER AT ASAN BEACH - TRANSFERRING WOUNDED BY 'DUCK' TO TRANSPORTS



MASS AT ASAN BEACH FOR BUSY REEF TRANSFER- AND BEACH PARTIES

PATROL ENTERS JAP GATE INTO VEGETABLE GARDEN. WATER TOWER WAS USED BY JAPS FOR SIGHTING IN ARTILLERY - BUT NO MORE!



Guam - 31 July 1946
Pfc. Tom Dunn
3rd Marine Div.



DRYING GEAR AFTER TROPICAL RAINSTORM WASHED OUT MARINES' FOXHOLE

WATER BUFFALO LOOKS DEAD BUT ISN'T. JUST COMFORTABLE AND LAZY.



SUPPLIES TRANSFERRED FROM 'DUCK' TO TRUCK WITHOUT TOUCHING BEACH

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



"Yes, sir, ***that's fine tobacco-***"

LUCKY STRIKE
means fine tobacco

Yes, sir! L.S./M.F.T.



Casualties

Marine Corps casualties, missing and dead, released to the press between August 15, 1944, and September 15, 1944.

SAFE

NEW JERSEY

MORAN, Edward P., PFC

DEAD

ALABAMA

EVERY, Edward B., PFC
BLEVINS, James H., PFC
CANNON, Ocie R., PFC
CARLIN, James D., Corp.
DANIELS, Nelson D., Pvt.
EASTIS, Truman D., Jr., Corp.
EROS, Robert V., Corp.
HESTER, William B., Fck.
JACOBS, Billy M., PFC
JERNIGAN, Vaunel, PFC
KIRBY, Emmett F., PFC
MORGAN, Herbert L., PFC
PLUMMER, Norman E., PFC
REEVES, W. M. Jr., PFC
REYON, Paul A., Jr., PFC
RUSSELL, James K., PFC
WALKER, Roderick M., PFC

ARIZONA

ALLISON, Robert E., PFC
BENNETT, James L., Corp.
CRANDALL, Rex F., PFC
DAVIS, Charles A., Corp.
ESTES, Rex G., PFC
GREENHAW, C. L. D., Corp.
HOUSEWOOD, Johnson, PFC
JARNAGIN, Merle R., Sgt.
LARSON, Corwin T., 1st Lt.
LOPEZ, Manuel R., Corp.
MANNING, Robert E., Corp.
NORZAGARAY, Anibal J., Pvt.
OLIVER, Henry S., 2nd Lt.
ROBLES, Merardo D., PFC
STEVENSON, Loomis C., PFC

ARKANSAS

BARNES, Kelsey G., Corp.
BOEVER, Edward A., PFC
CLINTON, Wesley R., PFC
DOWNING, Harry J., Pvt.
FLOWERS, Harley A., PFC
GARDNER, Elijah W., PFC
GARRATT, Henry F., PFC
GIMSON, John, Sgt.
HAMLETT, Bailey Q., Jr., PFC
HARRELL, William J., PFC
HOPKINS, Richard A., PFC
JEFFERIES, Dan C., Corp.
KNIGHT, Lawrence E., PFC
MAXWELL, Leon J., PFC
PARKER, Leonard E., PFC
POYNOR, Albert R., Corp.
SIMPSON, H. C., Jr., PFC
SMITH, Terrell G., Sgt.
WHITE, Harold L., Corp.

CALIFORNIA

ALLEN, Philip E., PFC
ALVISO, Jesus R., Corp.
ATWOOD, Dean W., 1st Lt.
BARTHE, Peter J., Corp.
BEHRENT, William M., PFC
BELKO, Max, 1st Lt.
BELL, William S., 1st Lt.
BENJAMIN, Roy E., PFC
BENNETT, William L., PFC
BLUMENSHINE, H. C., Gysgt.
BRANCH, James M., PFC
BUCHHOLZ, Carl R., PFC
BUNDSCHU, Geary R., Capt.
BUTTERFIELD, Marvin D., Pvt.
CALDERA, Roberto, PFC
CARTER, A. C. M., 2nd Lt.
CLARK, Herbert J., Jr., PFC
CLEARY, John W., PFC
COLE, Claude F., PISgt.
COLLINS, Richard H., Corp.
COONS, David W., PFC
CROWELL, Robert M., Corp.
DAVARS, Hershel M., PFC
DAVIS, E. B., Jr., 1st Lt.
DIAZ, Rene A., PFC
DOMINGUEZ, E. F., Pvt.
DORAN, Harold D., Pvt.
DORRIS, George J., Jr., PFC
DURHAM, Victor L., PFC
EASLEY, John W., LtCol.
ERBURU, Lawrence M., PFC
FIERRO, William, Pvt.
FRANK, Robert L., Capt.
FREEMAN, Jack M., Sgt.
FRY, Richard W., PFC
GAGE, Raymond C., PFC
GALLEGOS, Lupe M., PFC
GARCIA, George, PFC
GONZALEZ, Raul, Corp.
GRATZ, Donald W., Corp.
HARTMAN, Darrel F., Sgt.
HARVEY, James B., PFC
HATHAWAY, M. D., 1st Lt.
HEFLEBOWER, Jack A., PFC
HENDERSON, R. T., Jr., Corp.
HILDRETH, Philip A., PFC
HILKERBAUMER, J. W., Corp.
HOFFMANN, Harold G., PFC
HOPPING, Herbert E., Sgt.
HOUPPT, David L., PISgt.
HUGHES, Charles E., 2nd Lt.
HYMER, Cleo C., PFC
JELLESMA, Rudolph C., PFC
JENKINS, James B., PFC
JOHNSON, Eric H., PFC
JUNKE, Charles R., Sgt.
KING, William J., 2nd Lt.
LEWIS, Edward P., PFC
LILLIE, Owen P., Capt.
LOCKE, Wayne W., PFC

LOCKHART, Richard J., Corp.
McCAUSLAND, Walter P., PFC
MAIER, Kenneth A., PFC
MEADS, Lee B., Pvt.
MERRITT, Bruce D., Corp.
MINNICK, Myron L., 1st Lt.
NELSON, Loreen A. O., Capt.
NIQUETTE, Gerald W., PFC
NOLAN, Robert W., 1st Lt.
OLSON, William J., PFC
OWEN, Edward F., PFC
PETERSON, R. W., Jr., Sgt.
PHILLIPS, Glenn A., 2nd Lt.
PHILLIPS, Paul H., 2nd Lt.
PINNEY, George E., PFC
PORTER, Ray W., PFC
PRITCHETT, John E., Pvt.
PTAK, John A., Maj.
RATZMAN, Norwood R., PFC
RODGERS, Richard R., 2nd Lt.
SAGER, Howard L., PFC
SALKELD, Earl V., PFC
SAND, DeWayne C., Pvt.
SANDERS, Jack H., Corp.
SARMENTO, Harold G., PFC
SEVEY, Cecil A., PFC
SMITH, Ian D., PFC
SMITH, William G., Capt.
SMYSER, Robert M., 1st Lt.
SRSTKA, Steven J., PFC
STEERS, Joseph B., Jr., PFC
STOCKWELL, B. A., Corp.
TEEGARDEN, Eugene H., Pvt.
VIEHES, Joseph, PFC
WALKER, Jackson G., Sgt.
WATTENBARGER, W. T., PFC
WHIFFEN, John M., Pvt.
WHITE, Chevey S., LtCol.
WILLIAMS, Frank S., PFC
YARDLEY, Robert J., Corp.
ZAMORA, Rudolph, PFC
ZION, Kenneth I., PFC
ZWEIGEL, Henry, Sgt.

COLORADO

ABEYTA, Bonnie, PFC
ANDERSON, John C., Jr., PFC
ARTHUR, Clifford A., PFC
BLAHA, Charles J., PFC
CAYTON, Leon D., PFC
CIEBER, Lloyd A., PFC
FERGUSON, Albert F., Corp.
GOODWIN, Oliver H., Pvt.
HOBART, Art W., PFC
HOWARD, Frank, PFC
HUNTER, Fred C., Sgt.
JAGGER, Glenn N., PFC
KNIFER, George L., Pvt.
MANZANARES, Nicholas, PFC
NICHOLS, Jerry, PISgt.
ROOS, Richard J., PFC
SAVOREN, John J., PFC
SMITH, Horace S., 1st Lt.
WOLVERTON, E. E., 2nd Lt.
ZIDAN, Jerome J., Pvt.

CONNECTICUT

ARAUJO, Virgilio E., PFC
BILLER, Harold F., PFC
BIRDSALL, Matthew D., PFC
CHELSE, Chester J., PFC
FRATE, Anthony R., PFC
GOSS, Albert B., PFC
GRANFIELD, Patrick, PFC
HALLIDAY, Joseph J., PFC
HAMILTON, Francis L., PFC
HUNNIFORD, W. J., Jr., PISgt.
MENDELSON, Joseph M., Corp.
NELSON, William G., PFC
NORTH, Ralph S., PFC
POCKING, Frank W., PFC
SCHON, Robert L., PFC
SMITH, Harrison M., Jr., PFC
YOUNG, Richard H., Sgt.
YUSH, David, Corp.

DELAWARE

BOWMAN, Harry S., PFC
CAULK, Paul L., Sgt.
RENTZ, James H., PFC
WHARTON, Ferris L., 1st Lt.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

BALDWIN, Wilfred, Corp.
BOYD, John S., Corp.
CARLUCCI, Harry J., PFC
FISHER, William L., PFC
FRIDAY, David O., PFC
GENTILCORE, Anthony D., PFC
HILL, Fred L., PFC
JONES, Samuel P., TSgt.
PROSISE, L. I., Jr., PFC
RASKIN, Marvin J., 1st Lt.
SMITH, Glen B., 2nd Lt.

FLORIDA

ANDERSON, Ralph G., Sgt.
COCHRAN, Robert L., Jr., PFC
DAUGHETY, James E., PFC
DOMINICK, James C., PFC
DRURY, Jaunice R., PFC
HAMPTON, Charles E., Sgt.
HEDRICK, Harry D., Capt.
HOWARD, Herbert L., PFC
JAMES, Marvin T., Sgt.
MILLS, Julian B., PFC
PATE, Thomas W., Jr., PFC
SHYTL, Joseph E., 1st Lt.
WEBB, Harold F., Corp.
WOLLSTADT, John H., PFC

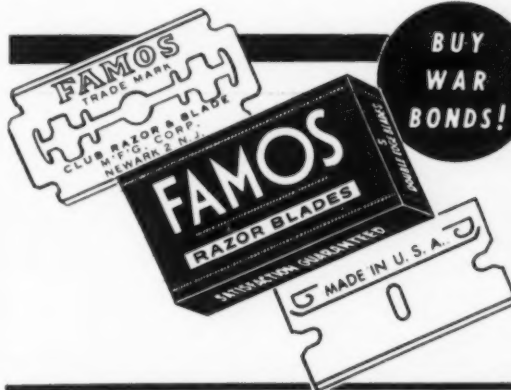
GEORGIA

BAKER, Stephenson W., PFC
BASS, PAUL, Sgt.
BRANNON, Louis A., PFC
BURNES, Herbert B., PFC
CAMP, James W., Pvt.
CULPEPPER, C. B., Jr., 2nd Lt.
EVERS, Marvion L. O., PFC
HARDEN, Oscar M., Jr., PFC
HARDY, Wallace, PFC
HURSTON, Charles J., PISgt.
JENNINGS, W. A., PFC
JONES, Robert F., Jr., 1st Lt.
JUSTICE, Dan R., 2nd Lt.
MATHEWS, Charles L., PFC
MAYS, Albert T., PFC

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The world's best soldiers, sailors and marines deserve the best of everything. That's another reason why FAMOS Blades are famous with our armed forces! . . . These blades are made from the finest quality steel, precision-ground, rust-resistant and rigidly tested to assure smooth shaving . . . Ask for FAMOS Blades at your PX or ship store . . . to-day!



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TURN PAGE



"Night-letter" cargo for bonus payloads

Variations in rail traffic are met simply by adding or removing cars. But the fixed capacity of an airplane demands full loads for maximum economy.

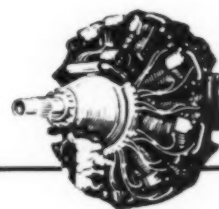
A constant backlog of air express for deferred departure at "Night Letter" rates offers one possible means of achieving capacity loads. Shipments could be bulked for common destinations to fill in on non-capacity flights leaving within a few hours. Such a service could assure second morning delivery virtually anywhere in America.

The reduction of air cargo rates will necessarily be a gradual, cut-and-try process. The "Night Letter" plan would be in

essence a "commodity" rate on space available on off-hour flights and would not entail wholesale rate revision.

Wright believes that the full load is the key to the gradual reduction of all air traffic rates. To that end, Wright Cyclones offer a payload bonus of one or more passengers in the weight of each engine. With lower fuel consumption and maintenance costs, world-wide operation demonstrates the fact that *Wright Cyclones pay their way*.

Wright Aeronautical Corporation
(A Division of Curtiss-Wright Corporation)
Paterson, New Jersey, U.S.A.



Cyclones Save 3 Ways

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LOWER FUEL CONSUMPTION
REDUCED MAINTENANCE

WRIGHT

Aircraft Engines

Casualties (continued)

MORRIS, Thomas A., PFC
NISBET, W. R. Jr., Corp.
ROBINSON, John W., 1st Lt.
ROWLAND, Robert A., PFC
SAPP, Grover D., Corp.
SMITH, James R., PFC

IDAHO

DOUGLASS, Ralph M., PFC
ELSEN, Theodore W., PFC
ENDZELIN, John M., PFC
ERICKSON, Dwain C., PFC
GAGE, Ivan R., PFC
SMITH, Lester R., 2nd Lt.
WALTERS, Kenneth J., PFC

ILLINOIS

ANDREWS, Peter N., PFC
ANT, John W., PFC
ANTHONY, Robert J., PFC
BARKER, Robert A., PFC
BERKOWITZ, Reuben J., PFC
BOLIN, Robert G., PFC
BOYD, John F., PFC
BRACKETT, George B., PFC
BREWER, Richard W., ACK.
CARDER, Ray M., PFC
CONTOS, Thomas A., ACK.
COSTENSON, Oliver K., Corp.
CUTI, Thomas G., PFC
CZEKALA, Richard R., Corp.
DANIELS, Virgil, Sgt.
DASH, John J., PFC
DENNIS, Robert H., PFC
ERLENBORN, Alan, Jr., Sgt.
EKSTROM, Warner A., PFC
FERRY, Raymond A., PISgt.
FIEDLER, Donald J., PFC
FRASER, Hugh M., PFC
FRENCH, Robert H., 2nd Lt.
GAILINAS, Joseph, PFC
GLUCH, Edwin J., PFC
GRUBB, Woodrow W., PFC
GUTHRIE, Gene A., Corp.
GUTHRIE, Marvin E., PFC
HANSEN, Leonard R., PFC
HARTIGAN, James P., 2nd Lt.
HAYNES, Eugene L., PFC
HELLRUNG, Louis J., PFC
HENSEBERY, Patrick J., Corp.
HIGHT, Charles F., 1st Lt.
HITER, James C., PFC
JOHNSON, Andrew W., Jr., PFC
JOHNSON, Lowell L., 1st Lt.
JONES, Burnett E., PFC
JOYNT, Raymond E., Sgt.
KAWALSKI, Clement R., PISgt.
KEMZURA, Walter, PFC
KIRK, Albert E., Corp.
KLINGER, Robert F., PFC
KNUTSON, Kenneth E., Corp.
KROL, Leonard J., PFC
KULASKI, A. E., Jr., Sgt.
LA PANSKI, Lewis L., PFC
LEVINE, Harold N., 1st Lt.
LONG, Harold W., Pvt.
MALLICK, Clarence F., Corp.
McARD, Robert H., Gysgt.
McCORD, Fred J., Pvt.
McGREW, Lavern S., PFC
MURPHY, Robert E., PFC
MYNIEWICZ, Eugene J., PFC
ORR, Edward W., Jr., PFC
OSENKARSKI, Anthony J., Sgt.
PIERCE, Paul E., PFC
PODOBNIK, Rudolph A., PFC
POROD, Eugene L., PFC
RADLEY, John W., PFC
SHENEBERY, P. J., Corp.
SLINNER, George M., 2nd Lt.
SMITH, Arlo D., PFC
SMITH, Donald E., FMICL
SOMEN, Paul F., PFC
SYROKA, Henry J., Pvt.
TUDOR, George V., PISgt.
VRCHOTA, George J., Jr., PFC
WALL, Philip J., PFC
WEBER, Henry L., PFC
WELLBAUM, Donald L., PFC
WEVER, Thomas E., Sgt.
WITT, Harold E., PFC
WOELLER, Norman W., SSgt.
WOLF, Irving W., 2nd Lt.
WUERTZ, William, Jr., Corp.
YORK, Walter K., PFC
ZIKOWSKI, John J., PFC

INDIANA

ANDERSON, Charles V., PFC
APPLE, Marion H., PFC
BAUERMEISTER, W. G., Corp.
BEAVO, Lawrence W., Pvt.
BLAKEMORE, Robert, PFC
BOUSMAN, Freeman N., Corp.
CALDWELL, James W., Sgt.
CHEROCK, Edward R., Corp.
CUNNINGHAM, Richard M., PFC
DEHN, James P., PFC
EASTON, Robert G., 1st Lt.
EBER, John R., PFC
FASNACHT, Roscoe E., Jr., PFC
FLEISHER, Ezra J., PFC
GAMBREL, John R., PFC
HELPINGSTINE, H., Corp.
HELTZEL, Thomas J., Corp.
HERRELL, James E., PFC
HOPE, Garrett G., Jr., Sgt.
JARRRELL, Kenneth, Sgt.
KERR, Jerald L., PFC
LEHMAN, George J., Gysgt.
McBRIDE, Thomas E., PFC
McMILLAN, Carl E., PFC
NORTHERN, Virgil C., PFC
RELIC, Nicholas, PFC
SCHWINDLER, Damon C., PFC
SHEPERS, William M., PFC
SPURK, Gerald A., Jr., Pvt.
THAYER, Robert K., PFC
TRITTIPO, Lavern E., PFC
VANSICKLE, Robert A., PFC
WAGNER, Marvin L., PFC
WILSON, George W., PFC
WOODS, Henry N., PFC

IOWA

BARKER, Harry B., Capt.
BRISSEY, Calvin L., PFC
BRUBAKER, Russell W., PFC
CLARK, Loren E., PFC

CRANE, Donald S., Pvt.
ETLER, Donald W., PFC
GROVES, Howard D., PFC
HAYES, James R., Sgt.
HENDERSON, Kenneth D., PFC
HEWITT, Gerald W., PFC
HOPKINS, Max J., Corp.
JABOUR, Thomas E., PFC
JENSEN, Eldon E., PFC
KRUSE, Davis V., PFC
KRUSE, Lawrence F., 1st Lt.
LANZENDORF, John W., Sgt.
SLUYTER, Harry A., PFC
SMART, Wendie D., PFC
SMITH, Vernon T., PFC
THATCHER, Donald R., PFC
WIBHOLM, Ole C., Jr., Corp.

KANSAS

AUSTIN, Harold G., PFC
AXLINE, Irwin E., Corp.
BARNES, Raymond D., PFC
BARR, Leroy, PFC
BUNCH, Everard L., PISgt.
CEZAR, Elmer, Pvt.
COLE, Clarence E., PFC
CUMMINGS, James D., Corp.
FAULKNER, Maurice L., Corp.
HAYES, Gerald E., Corp.
HEDGES, Jack L., PFC
HUBBARD, Derrol D., Corp.
McCLENAHAN, Hall B., PFC
MEETZ, Victor G., PFC
PORTER, Norman L., PISgt.
RUSSELL, Delbert W., Sgt.
SAMPLES, Loren E., PFC
SCHROEDER, R. V., 1st Lt.
SEPULVEDA, Frank E., PFC
SHUFFELBERGER, A. L., Corp.
SWAGGERTY, Robert L., PFC
TIMMERMAN, Grant F., Sgt.

KENTUCKY

BAKER, Hilbert L., PFC
BATTS, James H., PFC
BLANTON, George, Pvt.
BOWLING, Herman A., PFC
CAMPBELL, Edwin R., Corp.
COLE, Henry R., PFC
FIELDS, Ernest R., PFC
FOTHERGILL, Samuel, Corp.
HANSON, Egbert W., Sgt.
HOLLIDAY, Burnice, PFC
KAMPSEN, John H., Jr., Pvt.
KEARNEY, Andrew E., Jr., Corp.
KERNEN, E. L., Jr., PFC
LITTLETON, Robert L., PFC
NEAL, Carl R., PFC
NEAL, John M., PFC
OWENS, Charles P., Corp.
PARRY, Robert H., PFC
RILEY, Blaine, PFC
ROBBINS, Marion G., Corp.
SLOAN, Bernard D., PFC
SULLIVAN, William L., Corp.
WEATHERHOLT, Carl R., PFC

LOUISIANA

BAZINE, Robert L., Corp.
BROWN, Hubie H., Corp.
DILLON, George J., Jr., Corp.
FOREMAN, Billy G., PFC
HERBERT, Roy J., Jr., PFC
JACKSON, W. C., Jr., Pvt.
KALIL, Philip, PFC
LEMOINE, John C., Sr., PFC
MENDEZ, Carlyle J., Corp.
MORGAN, Walter C., PFC
PECOT, James B., 1st Sgt.
POLK, Joe S., PFC
POWELL, Arnold O., Sgt.
RILEY, Lloyd M., PFC
RUSSO, Peter S., Corp.
SALOME, J. F., Jr., 1st Lt.
SIMONEAUX, Allen F., PFC
SMITH, Paul L., PFC
SOLOMON, Alexander C., Sgt.
TOUCHET, Linus, PFC
VICKNAIR, Robert P., PFC
WELCH, Oscar, PFC

MAINE

BERRY, Benjamin T., Corp.
BOUCHER, George A., PFC
CHAMPAGNE, Jules F., PFC
CHARETTE, Joseph G., PFC
DUMONT, Raymond R., Corp.
FILLION, Roger R., PFC
FULLER, David W., PFC
JACQUES, Adrien J., PFC
JOHNSTON, Warren C., PFC
TAYLOR, Charles J., 1st Lt.

MARYLAND

BRITZMAN, Edgar C., PFC
CASPER, Keistutis K., PFC
DEZAVAS, Hector, LCol.
EVERING, Charles C., PFC
GEYER, Edward B., PFC
KENNEDY, Edward C., PFC
KREINBRINK, W. H., 1st Lt.
WHITEHEAD, John F., Pvt.

MASSACHUSETTS

ANSALONI, Vincent L., PFC
ARSENAL, Norman, Pvt.
BARRETT, Edwin J., Corp.
BELLUARDO, Joseph L., PFC
BLASKO, Joseph, PISgt.
BOLDUC, Joseph R., PFC
BORGES, Joseph M., ACK.
CHANNELL, F. G., PFC
CHASE, Ouis R., Corp.
CLUKIES, Sydney E., Corp.
CONNOR, Hugh E., PFC
CORBETT, Malcolm R., PFC
COURCHANE, Roland A., PFC
DEVENNEY, Fred, Jr., PFC
DI CESARE, John F., PFC
DREHER, George R., 1st Lt.
FIELD, Robert E., Corp.
FROST, Raymond C., Corp.
GREENBERG, Philip, Sgt.
HANSON, Robert M., 1st Lt.
HARPER, Arthur A., PFC
JANKUN, Stanley G., Sgt.
KANERT, Arthur D., Jr., PFC
KATSOUNAKIS, M. N., Corp.
KELLEHER, D. A., Jr., Capt.

Marching Ahead

of all others ***
with a captivating
pin-up smile!

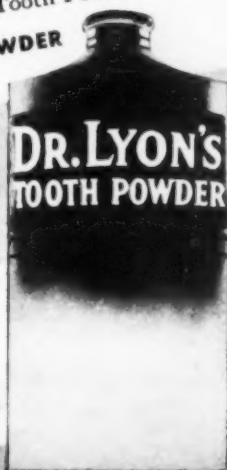


You can start *right now*, to brighten your smile the Dr. Lyon's way—the *proved* way to clean your teeth. And remember, *nothing* you can get cleans teeth more *quickly*, more *thoroughly*.

Listen to Patricia Boyd—one of America's loveliest, most successful models: "I'd like to pin a medal on Dr. Lyon's—it brings out the true lustre and natural brilliance of my teeth—keeps my smile sparkling bright for the camera!" Let your teeth be revealed in all the gleaming lustre nature intended them to show—then let your smile flash this message—"It certainly pays to use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder!"

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DR. LYON'S



America's No. 1 Tooth Powder

cool shaves

-AS YOU LIKE IT!



Ingram's helps condition your face for smooth shaving while it wilts your wiry whiskers!

LATHER up with Ingram's, Leatherneck, and you've set the stage for an all-star shaving performance. For Ingram's is your ticket to quick, close, COOL shaves—with comfort as an encore.

Ingram's "gives out" with a rich, speedy lather that wilts the toughest beards. Your razor breezes through the stubble at P-38 speed—shaves you close as Webster is to dictionary. And mister, all the time that COOL, COOL Ingram's lather soothes your face—helps

condition your skin for a smooth, comfortable shave.

And that's not all. Long after the final maneuver of your whisking blade, that Ingram's coolness lingers on. Your cheek and chin keep on feeling braced and refreshed—and in addition your face looks smoother, happier, younger.

Give your face a real treat. Make the Post Exchange or the nearest drug store your next objective and ask for Ingram's Shaving Cream. In jar or tube—it's swell!



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INGRAM'S

SHAVING CREAM



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Casualties (continued)

MACK, John F., Corp.
O'MALLEY, Patrick, Corp.
PRINCE, Maurice E., PFC
RICHARDSON, Arnold R., TSgt.
RIVARD, Joseph V. D., Corp.
ROUST, James A., PFC
RUNNER, Philip L., Pvt.
SALAMY, William E., PFC
SALTONSTALL, P. B., PISgt.
SANTILLI, Alexander, 1st Lt.
SHELLEY, J. E., Jr., 2nd Lt.
SHOEMAKER, W. G., Capt.
SMITH, David M., Sgt.
TAYLOR, Herbert S., PFC
VESCE, John, Pvt.
WALSH, Joseph P., PFC
WEBB, Kenneth A., PFC

MICHIGAN

BALL, Robert W., PFC
BAYLIS, Donald D., PFC
BLOOMFIELD, John W., PFC
BOCK, Joseph J., PFC
BRADLEY, Harold I., PFC
CARNES, Howard C., Pvt.
CASHMORE, George H., PFC
CASTANIER, Harry J., PFC
CHAFFEE, Allen J., PFC
COHEN, Irving, PFC
COOK, Steve, Jr., PFC
COWELL, Clifford J., PFC
CUTHBERTSON, John D., PFC
DEVEREAUX, Robert E., Corp.
DIEBEL, Donald L., PFC
DOLPH, William H., PFC
ELUSHIK, Russel W., PFC
EVANS, Walter L., PFC
FIRTH, Stanley H., CCK
FITCH, Dwight S., Pvt.
FORDYCE, Richard L., PFC
GARCIA, Julian L., Jr., PFC
GLIWA, Robert A., PFC
GOTTLIEB, Morton, PFC
GOUDIE, Jack L., PFC
GRAHAM, Norman R., PFC
GRAINGER, Arthur J., PFC
GREENBERG, Junior A., Corp.
HACKETT, Russell L., PFC
HANNIGAN, John J., Jr., Pvt.
HOFFMAN, Clarence, Corp.
JENDRASIAK, Charles F., PFC
JOHNSON, Helmer K., Corp.
KEDROWSKI, Edmond L., PFC
KEESE, James E., 1st Lt.
KING, William W., MTSgt.
KNISLEY, Glen H., PFC
KRAKOW, Percy R., Corp.
LAUBACH, George H., PFC
LEE, Floyd R., Corp.
LOCKE, Wayne W., PFC
MARKULIS, Mack S., PFC
McLAUGHLIN, J. F., Jr., PFC
MILLS, Charles L., Capt.
MOCKERMAN, Emerson A., PFC
NEAL, Donald C., PFC
NOBLISKI, Stanley, PFC
PARKER, Terrance R., PFC
PAUL, George J., PFC
PEACE, Charles E., PFC
PECK, William W., PFC
PODGER, Frank, Jr., PFC
POLESCHUK, Fred S., Sgt.
PRICE, Leonard G., Pvt.
RAU, Donald A., PFC
RICH, Jack L., PFC
SCHULTES, Richard E., PFC
SNOW, Thomas E., PFC
STEGER, Herbert J., PFC
STEVENS, Homer E., PFC
STROUD, Stanley W. H., SSgt.
SUTTERFIELD, W. A., Jr., PFC
UMINSKI, Henry, PFC
VAN MUNSTER, Herman J., PFC
VAN PATTEN, Harold L., PFC
WALDO, Francis E., Sgt.

MINNESOTA

ADLER, Glen M., PFC
BIDA, Lawrence J., PFC
BLATZHEIM, William, PFC
CEDERBLOOM, C. A., PFC
CRIMMINS, John L., PFC
DAHLQUIST, Duane A., 1st Lt.
DAVIS, William W., Gysgt.
DUFFEY, Donald J., Corp.
EISTEN, George A., Pvt.
ERICKSON, Harlowe N., Corp.
FINNEY, Donald L., PFC
GRAEN, Richard J., PFC
GRAFF, Earl C., PFC
GRESHNER, Frank G., PFC
HOFFMANN, Wilfrid D., PFC
HOPKINS, George W., Corp.
HORTON, Burt H., Sgt.
HOVEY, James F., Capt.
JOHNSON, Lawrence R., Corp.
JOHNSON, Robert E., PISgt.
KALOFATICH, S. J., Corp.
KAMPEN, Henry C., MTSgt.
KARLSON, Richard S., PFC
KELLEY, William D., PFC
LAIR, Kenneth E., PFC
LINDAHL, Charles R., PFC
LUND, Ernest L., Pvt.
MILLER, William H., PFC
MUNDO, James, Sgt.
O'NEIL, Franklin H., SSgt.
RIME, Orville E., PFC
ROSS, Robert W., PFC
SCOTT, Robert E., PFC
SOLETH, Raymond H., PFC
THIEMAN, Francis J., PFC
WEBB, Gerold R., Corp.

MISSISSIPPI

ABELS, Cephus J., PFC
ALLRED, John A., Sgt.
BREAKFIELD, Isaac, WO
COSBY, Edward H., PFC
CRIMM, Cecil L., Corp.
CURRAN, M. J., Jr., Capt.
DAWSEY, Claud, Pvt.
DUNAGIN, C. A., 1st Lt.
FORBES, Frank, PFC
FURTICK, John D., PFC
GRANIER, James A., 1st Lt.
GRAVES, Willie E., PISgt.
GIBSON, Edwin R., FldCk.
GOLSON, Graham E., 1st Lt.

HESTER, Frank R., PFC
JOHNSON, Murry M., Corp.
KYZAR, Robert R., PFC
McDANIEL, Herbert H., PFC
McDANIEL, Paul M., PFC
MILLS, Charles L., Capt.
PHAGAN, Doyle W., PISgt.
ROGERS, Ralph H., Jr., PFC
SMITH, John, Gysgt.
TUTOR, Herby O., Sgt.

MISSOURI

ALEXANDER, J. H., Jr., PFC
BEASLEY, Norman C., ACK.
BOHN, George P., PFC
BOLINGER, George E., PFC
BRADY, Eugene P., PFC
BREEDEN, Aubrey E., Corp.
BREEHER, Warren E., Corp.
BROWN, Tommy E., PFC
BUCHANON, George P., PFC
BURRIS, George H., PFC
CLARKSON, W. N., Jr., Corp.
DURRETT, George W., Corp.
GENTHON, Ernest A., PFC
GOLDEN, Robert W., Corp.
HAMMAN, Thomas E., Corp.
HEROLD, Fred, PFC
HOFFER, John P., Jr., PFC
HOLLADAY, Moses C., Gysgt.
IVEY, Clifton E., PFC
McKIN, Varneld D., PFC
McNAMEE, Joseph G., Corp.
OSTERREICH, Edward F., PFC
ROBERTSON, N. W., Jr., PFC
SABATINO, Tony, Corp.
SCHORLE, E. F., Jr., FMIC
SHEPHERD, M. E., Jr., PFC
SIRNA, Sam L., Corp.
TAYLOR, Glenn W., PFC
TOMASEK, Charles J., Jr., PFC
TOMLINS, W. H., III, PFC
WEARS, William H., PFC
WEST, James M., PFC
WESTON, Earl R., Jr., Corp.
ZEIGEL, Warren W., Corp.

MONTANA

DALE, Roy E., PFC
FINCO, Aurelio M., PISgt.
GOLDSMITH, D. D., Jr., PFC
HALVORSEN, Nels A., Corp.
HAUCK, Herbert H., SSgt.
JONES, Philip W., PFC
KIENZLE, Edwin, PISgt.
ROGNRUD, Gordon E., Corp.
SORENSEN, Raymond A., 1st Lt.

NEBRASKA

BODEWIG, Ervin P., Sgt.
DAHL, John E., Jr., Corp.
HALL, Harold E., PFC
KWICK, Leo G., Sgt.
McKIM, E. D., Jr., 2nd Lt.
REMM, Roy E., PFC
SMILEY, Robert S., PFC
TOMES, Raymond G., Maj.
WROE, James E., PFC

NEVADA

BUSBY, Alfred E., PFC
ROWE, Arthur A., Corp.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BROOK, H. E., Jr., 1st Lt.
DAVIS, Robert W., Corp.
MERRILL, Verne H., PFC
SAUVAGEAU, Paul M., PFC
WHITMORE, J. A., Jr., Pvt.

NEW JERSEY

ADAMS, James R., Capt.
BARLIK, John T., PFC
BEYTS, W. W., PFC
BROWN, Kenneth J., PFC
BULLER, William W., Sgt.
CASEY, John F., Jr., PFC
CURRY, James J., 1st Lt.
DE CICCO, Joseph C., PFC
DEPRETZ, George D., Gysgt.
DORSEY, Paul, PFC
EASTON, John J., Sgt.
FELICITTY, William H., Pvt.
FISCHER, Herbert C., PFC
GABODA, Frank, PFC
GARBOSKI, Stephen, PFC
GINDA, Eugene, Sgt.
GLASSEN, Paul M., PFC
GOVALETZ, John J., Sgt.
GROSSMAN, Solomon, PFC
HEMMENDINGER, H. N., Corp.
HENKEL, George A., PFC
KELLY, Raymond J., PFC
KRABS, George C., PFC
KRESS, Harold G., PFC
KRONCKE, Arthur J., 2nd Lt.
LITOWINSKY, N. J., Corp.
LUBOWICKI, Bernard R., PFC
MARSH, Jack C., PFC
MASI, Daniel H., PFC
MASLOSKI, Stanley A., PFC
MIKOS, John M., PFC
PENN, Oliver S., PFC
POWERS, Frank X., PFC
RILEY, John W., PFC
ROSS, William N., PFC
SACKER, August, Jr., 2nd Lt.
SANTILLO, Orest J., Corp.
SARRAIOTTO, David, PFC
SERGENT, Donald W., PFC
SILVERMAN, Joseph, PFC
VENEZIA, Joseph D., Pvt.
VIVIAN, Arthur C., Jr., 1st Lt.
VOLASKOW, Walter T., Pvt.
WALKER, Joseph J., Corp.
WILSON, William T., Corp.
WORKHOVEN, Irving F., 2nd Lt.

NEW MEXICO

BAKER, Harold R., PFC
DELGADO, Joseph V., Jr., PFC
DIXON, George E., Pvt.
THURSTONSON, F. A., PFC

NEW YORK

ACKERMAN, Warren R., PFC
AMANIERA, William F., PFC
ASHKAR, Joseph T., Corp.

BARRETT, James J., PFC
 BASS, Victor A., PFC
 BENSON, Kenneth M., PFC
 BERGAMINI, J. V., Jr., 1st Lt.
 BLECHMAN, Solomon I., SSgt.
 BUDELL, Julius F., PFC
 CARBINO, Milford A., PFC
 CARR, John R., Pvt.
 CHERNOTA, William J., PFC
 CLIFFORD, William G., Corp.
 COLLINS, Lester D., PFC
 CROSS, Raymond J., PFC
 DALY, Lawrence J., PFC
 DAVIES, Jack F., Corp.
 DELAPINA, Arthur J., PFC
 DEL BALSO, Michael W., PFC
 DELONG, Robert G., PFC
 DE LOURA, Harold W., PFC
 DIACETIS, Carlo, PFC
 DUGGAN, John P., PFC
 DZENEV, Robert, PFC
 ELLIOTT, Lee, Corp.
 FELICIANO, George, PFC
 FIORE, Martin J., PFC
 FOLEY, Edward T., PFC
 FRAGALE, Joseph V., PFC
 FRANCIS, E. J., Jr., Pvt.
 FRY, Thomas M., Maj.
 GALE, George W., PFC
 GALLIGAN, Lawrence, PFC
 GRAVINA, Edward J., Corp.
 GREENBERG, Albert, PFC
 HAGLER, Murray L., PFC
 HAHN, John D., Corp.
 HANEY, James A., PFC
 HARDIE, Frank R., Pvt.
 HART, James M., PFC
 HARTMAN, William A., Corp.
 HIGGINS, Francis T., PFC
 HONOHAN, William J., Corp.
 HOOPER, George E., Capt.
 HUTCH, Richard T., PFC
 IVES, Henry H., Corp.
 IZZO, Albert W., PFC
 JAROSZ, Walter, Jr., Corp.
 KASS, Cyril D., Corp.
 KIJEWski, Norman J., PFC
 KILMER, Harold R., PFC
 KNOX, Frank R., PFC
 KOCHANIEWICZ, S. F., Pvt.
 KSIAZEK, Anthony R., Corp.
 LABOMBARD, John W., PFC
 LABOR, Alphonse J., PFC
 LANDRY, Robert W., PFC
 LOCKWOOD, John L., 1st Lt.
 MACDONALD, P. C., Jr., 2nd Lt.
 MANWARING, Robert N., PFC
 MARMION, Vincent J., PFC
 MASS, Jacob L., PFC
 MCGOWAN, Patrick J., PFC
 MINIER, Lee N., 2nd Lt.
 MOMME, Frederick W., PFC
 MOORE, Anthony T., 1st Lt.
 MORAN, Joseph B., Corp.
 MORRISSEY, William F., PFC
 MORROW, Carlton A., Pvt.
 O'BRIEN, William D., Capt.
 O'CONNOR, Leo F., PFC
 O'CONNOR, Marvin J., PFC
 O'MALLEY, Joseph M., PFC
 PAVONE, Corretto, PFC
 PUTZ, Frank M., Corp.
 RAFFERTY, Gerald A., PFC
 RAPPOCCIO, Anthony J., PFC
 REES, George S., 2nd Lt.
 REINTHALER, Joseph, Sgt.
 ROBER, Joseph H., PFC
 RUGUR, Frank W., PFC
 SALTZ, Albert H., Pvt.
 SAYER, Burton C., PFC
 SCHOHN, Eugene C., PFC
 SCOTT, Michael J., PISgt.
 SHEEHAN, W. D., Jr., PFC
 SHULTZ, Ernest F., Corp.
 SIEGEL, Bernard, PFC
 SINLEY, Wilmer C., Corp.
 SLOWICK, Stanley, Pvt.
 STAEBELL, Robert, PFC
 STIGLIANO, Michael J., PFC
 TASSCHE, Louis E., PFC
 THOMAS, Richard, PFC
 TICONI, Leo A., PFC
 TYLICKI, Stanley P., Sgt.
 WARING, August G., Pvt.
 WHITE, Leo J., PFC
 WHITELAW, Robert, PFC
 WINTER, Duane E., Corp.
 WOOD, James J., PFC

NORTH CAROLINA

ANDERSON, John Y., PFC
 ANDREWS, James B., PFC
 BINGHAM, Robert H., 1st Lt.
 BOYD, Rex, V., PFC
 BROWN, William F., Chk.
 BURN, E. V., Jr., 1st Lt.
 BURCHFIELD, Robert E., PFC
 BYRD, Robert M., Corp.
 CANNON, Sidney L., PFC
 COLAGRAKIS, Jimmy, Corp.
 COOK, Maurice L., Gysgt.
 COX, James R., PFC
 DOUGAN, Desmond J., Sgt.
 FOSTER, George H., Gysgt.
 FOUST, William H., PFC
 FULGO, Edwin S., Corp.
 HAGGARD, Claude S., Corp.
 HOUGH, James R., Sgt.
 LEWIS, Thad Q., Sgt.
 LEWIS, Wray C., 1st Lt.
 MAULTSBY, J. W., 1st Lt.
 MORRIS, Jewell, PFC
 NICHOLS, William J., Corp.
 PHILLIPS, F. E., Jr., Capt.
 ROOF, James T., Sgt.
 ROYSTER, B. S., III, 1st Lt.
 SHOEMAKER, Walbert T., PFC
 SIKES, David M., PFC
 WHITESIDE, A. D., Jr., PFC

NORTH DAKOTA

LONG, Francis E., PFC
 MANSKE, Leo W., Corp.

OHIO

BARNHART, Ralph E., PFC
 BENNETT, Elmer E., PFC
 BILMEIER, Paul A., PFC
 BLAINE, John, PFC

BOWLING, Ralph R., Gysgt.
 BRANCH, Robert L., Pvt.
 BUNNELL, Dewey W., Sr., PFC
 BUTLER, Jack D., 2nd Lt.
 BYERLEY, Warren W., PISgt.
 CARTER, Eugene J., Corp.
 CLARK, James E., PFC
 CLARK, William W., PFC
 CUNNINGHAM, H. E., Corp.
 DAY, Edgar E., PFC
 DICKSON, Joseph H., Sgt.
 DIXON, Donald E., 1st Lt.
 FLEISCHER, George, Sgt.
 FOUST, Wiley, Jr., PFC
 GOSSARD, Harry E., 1st Lt.
 HAIRNS, William, Corp.
 HART, Clarence R., PFC
 HART, James E., PFC
 HAYDEN, John C., PFC
 HILL, Richard H., Pvt.
 HODANBOSI, Stephen M., PFC
 HOWARD, Ambers H., PFC
 HURD, Ronald L., Sgt.
 JERDONEK, Paul P., PFC
 KING, Edward N., Corp.
 KLINGER, Richard L., PFC
 MIHALEK, John W., PFC
 MINOR, R. M., Jr., Corp.
 MONAGLE, Edward A., Sgt.
 OLEJAR, John A., Corp.
 PALMER, Thomas E., Jr., PFC
 PARADYSZ, Edward L., PFC
 PICKLESIMER, Granville, PFC
 REINHOLD, Charles F., Capt.
 RICHARDS, Thomas E., PFC
 ROBINSON, Donald R., PFC
 ROBINSON, Richard J., PFC
 SANDERS, John F., Asck.
 SCHLENKER, Russell A., PFC
 SCHNEIDER, Mark H., PFC
 SENHAUSER, W. E., 1st Lt.
 SHAFFER, Golden H., PFC
 SHARP, James L., PFC
 SIMPSON, Robert L., PFC
 SISE, Rodger E., PFC
 STULTZ, Paul K., PFC
 TIBBS, Kenneth J., PFC
 WALKUP, Jennings H., PFC
 WELLS, Earl L., PFC
 WENTZ, Russell L., Jr., PFC

OKLAHOMA

BEANE, Frederick E., Jr., PFC
 BRANDON, Hugh S., Corp.
 BROWN, Dawson D., PFC
 CARTER, Jack A., Jr., PFC
 CHAINEY, David C., PFC
 CLEMENTS, Ray R., Sgt.
 COPELAND, Billy G., PFC
 FORD, Harry M., Jr., PFC
 GASTON, Hershel L., PISgt.
 GOLD, Jay W., PFC
 KIDDER, L. E., Jr., PFC
 KING, Clifford J., PFC
 KNIGHT, Irvin L., PFC
 MINER, Lester E., PFC
 MITCHELL, Kenneth T., PFC
 PIERSON, Emmett C., PFC
 PRITCHARD, Nathan M., PFC
 RANKIN, Harry M., Sgt.
 RATLIFF, Virgil E., Corp.
 RHOADS, Earl R., Gysgt.
 RICHARDSON, Lloyd W., PFC
 STOCKTON, Claud C., PFC
 TATE, Leo A., PFC

OREGON

AMES, Edward E., Corp.
 ANDREWS, Oscar D., PFC
 BROWNS, Robert E., Sgt.
 BRUNSON, Orland G., PFC
 COFFEY, Tom R., 1st Lt.
 FOWLER, Charles H., PFC
 GIRTZ, Aloysius N., PFC
 HARTLEY, Chad R., PFC
 HIGGINS, James D., PFC
 KEAN, Kenneth K., PFC
 KOHLER, Joseph D., Pvt.
 MILLER, Wilfred E., PFC
 REED, Harold A., Pvt.
 SHELLEHORN, W. A., 2nd Lt.
 SHELSEY, Elmer E., PFC
 YOUNG, Douglas C., PFC

PENNSYLVANIA

ALBORN, Ronald C., Sgt.
 ALDERFER, Richard K., PFC
 BAZLAK, Charles W., PFC
 BENN, Fred D., Jr., Corp.
 BLAKE, Charles E., Jr., PFC
 BOTOSKY, Bernard V., PFC
 BOWERS, Arnold G., PFC
 BURKHART, Robert A., PFC
 BUTCHKO, John, Corp.
 CAMERON, Peter J., PFC
 CANNON, Herbert S., FMIC
 CARBEAU, C. W., Jr., 1st Lt.
 CHAMBERS, Jack E., Corp.
 CHARLES, Carroll C., PFC
 COTTRELL, G. L., Jr., PFC
 CRAMER, Wilmer B., PFC
 CUMMINS, Hubert L., PFC
 DEMAR, Lloyd W., PFC
 DEW, Leslie C., PFC
 DEWITT, Howard J., PFC
 DIETRICH, D. L., Jr., PFC
 DOMBROSKY, Albert, PFC
 ENGEL, Robert F., PFC
 EVERITT, William W., PFC
 FOBER, Francis J., PFC
 FRY, William E., PFC
 FULLERTON, Donald R., PFC
 GARATONA, James V., PFC
 GAUGHAN, John M., PFC
 GIANDONATO, A. V., Corp.
 GODIN, William H., Jr., PFC
 GOODROW, Gordon L., Sgt.
 GOTT, Tony, Pvt.
 GREEN, Charles D., PFC
 HALL, Joseph G., PFC
 HANLEY, Charles J., Corp.
 HARRY, Clinton C., PFC
 HARTMAN, Arthur J., PFC
 HECHT, Robert, PFC
 HINES, Marlin E., WO
 HIRD, Robert S., PFC
 HOHN, Charles M., Corp.
 HOLWIG, Raymond H., Asck.



In a tailspin in a trainer— but cool and sensible about his smile!

Dodo or Ace—gums, as well as teeth, require steady care. Start today, with Ipana and massage!

THE Cadet is 1500 feet up—and as far as he's concerned, he's just 1500 feet too far from terra firma. It seems he's either searching for the nearest exit—or trying to make friends with his instructor.

Not always in a spin, though, the cadet comes down to earth about his smile. For he's learned that gums, as well as teeth, need regular care.

You see, modern soft foods don't give gums all the exercise they need. Often, gums grow flabby and weak from lack of vigorous chewing. To make up for this, put your gums in training—give them what many dentists call "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Every time you brush your teeth—massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Ipana and massage is the big reason behind a lot of healthy gums and bright, sparkling smiles. Start with Ipana and massage today—you can get Ipana Tooth Paste at any drug store or your PX.

Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA



AND MASSAGE

TURN PAGE



Though this bugler could call taps or mess;
When he called, not a girl would say "yes".
Then he hit the right note—
Got the feminine vote
With Vitalis—that helps you progress!

For Orderly, Good-Looking Hair— Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

If you use Vitalis, will a dozen girls rush out to greet you every time you ring a door bell? Will they fight to get a button off your coat? Not really, Mister!

But neat, Vitalized hair will add a snap to your appearance that every girl admires. Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Rub Vitalis on your scalp. That tin-

gle is a sign circulation is speeding up. And you help protect your hair against sun that can bake it brittle—showers that wash away natural oils.

Comb your hair. It's easy to manage. Has a natural, handsome lustre, with no "patent-leather" shine. Start with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" for hair that rings the bell with the belles. At any drug store or P. X.

Product of Bristol-Myers

VITALIS

UNDER WARTIME CONDITIONS

Wartime Vitalis is made under government restrictions that affect most products today. But you get all three benefits from Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." (1) Keeps hair well-groomed (2) helps root loose dandruff and (3) helps prevent excessive falling hair.



Casualties (continued)

HORWATT, Paul T., Sgt.
HOWLETT, William, 1st Lt.
HULL, John E., PFC
IRWIN, Donald J., Corp.
JAMES, Roland W., Corp.
JAMISON, Gordon M., PFC
JOHNSON, Howard O., PFC
JOZEFICK, Steve E., AsCk.
KALINA, Charles, PFC
KELLER, Robert S., PFC
KELLY, Francis E., PFC
KINGCAID, Samuel D., PFC
ROLL, Daniel, PISgt.
KOLSON, Stephen M., Sgt.
KRIVECKY, Albert, PFC
KROLL, Harry J., PFC
KUNTZ, Charles X., Corp.
LUCAS, Frank P., Corp.
LYNCH, William F., 2nd Lt.
MINNICHBACH, Leslie T., PFC
MONROE, George S., 2nd Lt.
MOTTOLA, S. R., Jr., Corp.
NERI, Victor L., PFC
NEWCOMER, Thomas J., Pvt.
NILES, Robert C., Corp.
PANKAKE, Warren B., PFC
PARIGIS, Charles E., PFC
PEARSON, Harry K., Corp.
PHELAN, Robert G., PFC
PIETRONE, John M., PFC
PIKUR, Thomas, PFC
PULLER, Samuel D., LtCol.
RALSTON, Milton J., Sgt.
RAUM, William H., PFC
REGER, Verol L., 1st Lt.
RENDAKO, Raymond J., PFC
RICHARDS, John H., Corp.
RILEY, Darwin J., Corp.
ROMAN, John, Jr., PFC
SCARPATO, Michael A., PFC
SCHMOYER, Wilmer K., Corp.
SCHULTZ, Vonkel, Corp.
SEALS, Francis B., PFC
SHERLOCK, W. F., Jr., PFC
SNYDER, John J., Corp.
SNYDER, Vincent K., PFC
SPORER, Lawrence C., PFC
SPRATT, Alexander, Corp.
STAPLES, Clesson H., Pvt.
STRONG, Harry W., PFC
TEPPER, Samuel, PFC
TOPKA, Edward H., PFC
VANDEVERE, A. M., PFC
VANGHEL, Michael, PFC
WASKO, George P., Jr., PFC
WEAVER, Edwin C., PFC
WOLOSUK, Fred, PFC
WRAY, LaCounte L., Corp.
YABLUNOSKY, Joe V., PFC
YOCUM, Russel G., Corp.
ZELINSKI, Stanley J., PFC
ZIMMER, Harry J., LtCol.

RHODE ISLAND

BROUGHAM, Edwin J., PFC
CAMODY, Alfred J., Jr., Corp.
CASTIGLIEGO, N., PFC
DEL VECCHIO, Vincent, PFC
GEORGE, George P., Pvt.
HENAULT, Norman L., PFC
MALHOTRA, Thomas, PFC
PALIOTTI, Victor, Corp.
PAOLOZZI, Alfonso, PFC

SOUTH CAROLINA

ALEXANDER, Arthur J., AsCk.
BAGWELL, Earl C., PFC
BASS, Rupert, PFC
BURROWS, Liston B., Corp.
HENDERSON, Edw. P., Jr., PFC
KNOTTS, Lawson G., PFC
LEES, Vern F., Sgt.
McCLAIN, C. E., Jr., 1st Lt.
McINTOSH, C. L., Corp.
MERRITT, Charlie D., PFC
MILLER, Clarence W., PFC
MITCHELL, John N., Pvt.
PALMER, Joseph B., 1st Lt.
SELF, Howard D., Gysgt.

SOUTH DAKOTA

BRANDON, Roy A., PFC
BRANDT, Herbert E., PFC
HEALY, John W., PFC
NESS, Daniel W., Corp.
STEVENS, Norman G., Corp.
VASKNETZ, Emil, Pvt.
WILMSEN, C. G., 1st Lt.

TENNESSEE

BAKER, Wesley H., PFC
BAWGUS, Howard T., Pvt.
BLAIR, Charles M., Sgt.
BUMBALOUGH, Hubert E., PFC
CUMTRELL, Jack W., Ck.
CLYMER, Robert H., Sgt.
COBB, Horace W., Corp.
FINE, James C., PFC
GASTON, Wilburn K., PFC
HAMMONS, James V., Sgt.
HAYES, Thomas F., Ck.
HERRIMAN, Warner L., PFC
McCALEB, General J., Pvt.
MOORE, Charles S., Pvt.
MUNDY, Robert E., Corp.
PARKER, Carwin O., PFC
PARSONS, Grady L., PFC
PENDERGRASS, E. S., PFC
RODENBAUGH, W. M., PFC
RUNYON, William C., PFC
SHEWMAKER, M. A., Corp.
SMITH, Roger E., 1st Lt.
VISE, Ralph E., Corp.

TEXAS

ALLEN, Lawrence W., PFC
BALLARD, David E., PFC
BARKER, Charles L., Sgt.
BEARD, Elmer C., PFC
BELL, Thomas E., PFC
BENTLEY, Delbert G., Corp.
BIBLE, George R., Corp.
BOUTTE, A. C., Jr., PFC
BRUCE, C. P., 1st Lt.

BROCK, Jarvis T., PFC
BROWN, Harold F., Jr., PFC
BURGESS, Coy, Corp.
CAMMACK, Alvin L., Corp.
CAMPBELL, John H., PFC
CARRIZALES, Joe A., PFC
CHASTAIN, Joe Bill, Sgt.
CHRISTIAN, Billy J., PFC
COTTON, James E., PFC
DABERRY, James H., PFC
DODD, Frederick W., Sgt.
DOGGETT, Clifford W., Corp.
EARLY, Walter F., Corp.
EDGE, Kenneth W., Sgt.
ELLIS, Elmo D., PFC
ETZEL, Louis E., PFC
FORREST, Douglas V., PFC
FUQUAY, Marvin, PFC
GERALD, O. C., Jr., PFC
GEYER, William E., Corp.
GLENN, James W., PFC
GOLDEN, Louis W., PFC
GOOD, Robert D., Corp.
HANNA, Lloyd D., Sgt.
HARLOW, Donald D., Pvt.
HARWELL, Julian L., PFC
HENNINGTON, H. F., Jr., PFC
HESTER, Olive L., PFC
HIGHTOWER, James C., Sgt.
HILL, Oren R., PISgt.
HINDS, Clifford, PFC
HINES, Melville E., PFC
HINOJOSA, Jessie C., Corp.
HOLDER, Leland W., PFC
HOLLEY, John W., Jr., PFC
HUNTER, Thomas P., 1st Lt.
JACKSON, Shelby R., PFC
JARAMILLO, Alexander, PFC
KIZZIA, Robert L., Corp.
LACKEY, Grady, PFC
LANE, Sam W., 1st Lt.
LOVELL, Marshall S., PFC
McCONNICO, William M., PFC
McELREATH, Perry D., Sgt.
McELROY, E. S., Jr., PFC
McMASTER, Thomas M., PFC
MOORE, Thomas T., Sgt.
NOEL, Joseph, PFC
ODOM, Joe L., PFC
OVERSTREET, Fred L., Jr., PFC
PAINTER, Tom H., PFC
PARKER, Leroy D., Pvt.
PAYNE, Edward C., Corp.
PINTER, Alphons A., Sgt.
PRITCHETT, J. W., Jr., 1st Lt.
RAYMOND, John L., PFC
REED, Zeno O., Jr., PISgt.
RICE, L. N., Corp.
RODEN, Marshall B., Corp.
SCHONERSTEDT, F. P., Sgt.
SHAFFER, Lavon H., PFC
SMALL, George W., PFC
STEWART, Hoyt M., 2nd Lt.
STROMGUIST, Hulen L., 2nd Lt.
TAYLOR, Johnny P., Corp.
TEESDALE, Edward C., PFC
TOWLES, Bobby B., Corp.
TOWNSEND, Willie, PFC
WARING, Willie B., PFC
WILLIAMS, Bill J., PFC
WILLIAMS, Roy E., Corp.
WILLIAMS, Van W., Jr., Corp.

UTAH

CAMPBELL, Clyde A., PFC
COLLARD, Ellis M., PFC
HODSON, Wendell B., PFC
JAMES, Orson L., PFC
LARSEN, Gerald T., PFC
LARSEN, Leor B., 2nd Lt.
NALDER, Lewis M., PFC
NELSON, Enoch G., PFC
REEDER, Jesse L., Sgt.
RICH, Gerald M., Corp.

VERMONT

ASHTON, Leon M., Jr., PFC
BAKER, Herman C., PFC
BECK, Adrian, 2nd Lt.
LADD, Richard F., 1st Lt.
MADISON, Ralph S., Corp.

VIRGINIA

BONOVITCH, OTTO, Corp.
BOOKER, Jesse W., III, 2nd Lt.
BURTON, Charles F., PFC
COWLES, Harry H., Capt.
FENTRESS, A. E., Jr., Corp.
FERRELL, Benjamin B., PFC
HATER, Hunter E., PFC
HUGHES, Arthur M., Corp.
HYLTON, Cecil H., PFC
KENNEDY, Ovia E., Corp.
KIRBY, Granville G., Corp.
LUGAR, James A., Corp.
MOTLEY, James C., Jr., Capt.
PUCKETT, Nelson E., Corp.
WARD, John J., Jr., 1st Lt.
WHITCOMB, Robert G., PFC
WOLFE, Glenn E., PFC

WASHINGTON

BEAUDRY, Louis N., PFC
BERG, Thomas D., PFC
BRAUN, James E., PFC
BREN, Harley H., PFC
CALVIN, Jack C., PFC
CHRISTMAN, Jed T., PFC
DEJONG, John T., PFC
FRANK, Harry D., Pvt.
GIBBS, George R., PFC
GRAVES, James W., TSgt.
HEMPSTEAD, Don C., 1st Lt.
HOLLAND, Robert L., PFC
HUTCHINGS, Karl C., PFC
ISAACSON, Wilhelm T., PFC
KROOK, Glen G., Corp.
LEHMAN, George J., Gysgt.
LOVE, Loren E., 1st Lt.
McALLISTER, C. R., 1st Lt.
MILLER, Maurice L., PFC
NYE, Paul L., PFC
OLMSTED, Frank H., 2nd Lt.
RAMSEY, Robert L., 1st Lt.
ROBERTS, Francis E., PFC

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my dough is
in the bank!



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How about you, Leatherneck? If you haven't an allotment account, start one now. Fill out an identification blank, have your Commanding Officer certify your signature, and mail it to any one of the Bank of America branches in California. This bank will acknowledge your first allotment promptly and add interest to your money at regular rates.

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SCHOTTEL, John F., Maj.
SLOAT, Richard O., 1st Lt.
STOWE, Merle J., PFC
TURNER, Richard S., Pvt.
WORDEN, Gordon W., PFC

WEST VIRGINIA

BARE, George V., Jr., Sgt.
BALKE, James K., PFC
CAMERON, Donald A., PFC
CASDORPH, J. O., Jr., PISgt.
CRINER, John V., PFC
DAJCHAK, Walter, PFC
DISCO, Alec, Corp.
DODD, Howard W., PFC
DZIEDZIC, Stanley A., PFC
EDGE, Thomas J., Sgt.
FANSLER, Tennyson W., Corp.
FEDELE, Frank, PFC
GERLACH, Richard L., PFC
HINTE, Herman, Jr., PFC
HOLCOMB, Walter L., PFC
JONES, Henry, Jr., Pvt.
LOY, Edward E., PFC
LYONS, Harold F., PFC
MEADOWS, Bobbie R., PFC
MESSENGER, Otmer F., PFC
MORGAN, Warren G., PFC
PLASHA, Mike, Sgt.
STEWART, Ralph L., PFC
STOUT, George, Jr., PFC
WEEKS, Johnnie W., PFC

WISCONSIN

AMUNDSON, Maurice R., Capt.
ANDERSON, Edward, Jr., PFC
ARMSON, Edward B., Sgt.
BARTLEIN, Leon H., Corp.
BUJAK, Gilbert J., Sgt.
CLEARY, LeRoy C., PISgt.
DAVIS, Clarence L., PFC
DORN, Robert C., PFC
GORZALSKI, Leonard J., PFC
HAMBLIN, Arthur L., PFC
HARMER, Ervin W., Pvt.
HEIBEL, Rudolph G., Pvt.
JAZDZEWSKI, Donald J., PFC
KEITHLEY, William E., PFC
KITZKE, LeRoy L., PFC
LAMBERT, W. H., Jr., 2nd Lt.
LARSON, William L., PFC
LENLING, Floyd C., PFC
MATHIAS, Lawrence G., PFC
McCLUE, Howard L., Jr., Corp.
McGOVERN, Robert H., PFC
MEYERS, Joseph A., PFC
MICHALSKY, Everett J., PFC
MURPHY, Lloyd D., Gysgt.
PETROVICH, Milton, Pvt.
PETERSON, Gordon A., PFC
PSAJDL, Charles J., PFC
PUKALL, Roland W., PFC
RICHARDSON, Charles D., PFC
RUTKOWSKI, Joseph J., Corp.
SCHLEICHER, T. N., PFC
SEELING, Elmer H., PFC
SERGO, Mike E., PFC
SMITH, William A., PFC
STROEBEL, George H., PFC
VISH, Leo C., PFC
WEINSTOCK, Ralph, Corp.
WHITE, Edward H., PFC

WYOMING

HOEL, Gene D., PFC
HOLMES, Lee, Sgt.
POWERS, Theodore, FMIC

MISSING

CALIFORNIA

BURGE, Harry L., 1st Lt.

ILLINOIS

SCHMIDT, Karl J., Corp.
VAN DER HAEGHEN, R. F., Sgt.

IOWA

BEHRENS, Robert H., PFC

MICHIGAN

SHELTON, Harold L., PFC
SINCLAIR, Donald R., PFC

MINNESOTA

BURNS, Edward G., PFC
GIULIANI, Robert J., Pvt.

MISSOURI

LORCH, Orville F. S., 1st Lt.
TODD, Paul H., Maj.

NEW JERSEY

SEMPREVIVA, V., Jr., 2nd Lt.

NEW MEXICO

WALCOTT, Vincent H., PFC

NEW YORK

CANFIELD, Edward R., PFC
CHAITIN, Herbert L., 1st Lt.

OREGON

BROWN, Milton O., Corp.
HANKINS, Jesse D., PFC

TENNESSEE

BETTIS, Warren G., PFC

TEXAS

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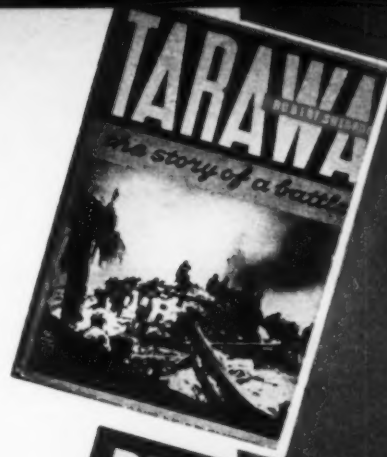
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The Editor's Report

The Commandant's Inspection Tour

THERE was nothing surprising to the ground crew on the airfield at Banika about mid-morning of August 18 when three Grasshopper observation planes flew in from Pavuvu, where they had taken off from a stretch of road, and settled neatly down. But the crew, and everybody else, snapped to attention in a hurry when out of the cramped, glass enclosed cabins of the little planes stepped a three-star general, and two lieutenant colonels. It was Lieutenant General Alexander A. Vandegrift, Commandant of the Marine Corps, and two members of his staff. After a quick look around the island and a chat with the commander of the Banika garrison, the party took off in a Curtiss Commando for Bougainville.

The episode occurred recently while the Commandant, veteran of Guadalcanal, was making a whirlwind inspection trip around Marine bases in the Pacific. "We flew over 22,000 miles in 18 days," says the Commandant. "And," he adds, smiling with the pleasure of a man who likes to fly, "I think we flew in nearly every kind of plane known to man. We went to San Francisco in a Lockheed Lodestar; to Pearl Harbor in a Clipper; to Guam in Admiral Nimitz' Liberator; and so on. There were Douglas transports, Curtiss Commandos, Sky Masters, and a lot of others. The only time we didn't fly was when we took a Higgins picket boat between two of the Russell Islands."

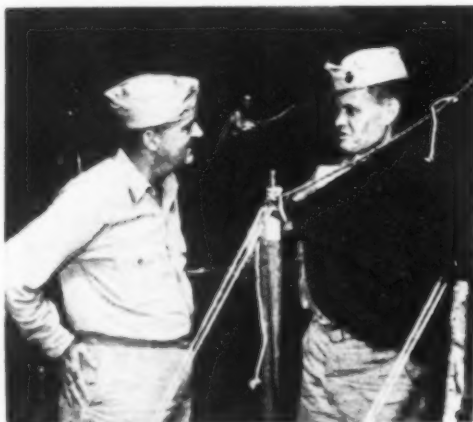
When he was asked the purpose of his trip, General Vandegrift, tall, fit, and immaculate, leaned back in his chair and stared at a map of the Pacific nearly as large as one whole wall of his spacious office. He became serious—no doubt remembering the early, bitter days at Guadalcanal—as he explained, "The hard fighting on Saipan, Guam, and Tinian was just winding up. We wanted to get a first hand picture of the condition of the troops, of their equipment, of their morale. We wanted to get kicks while they were still fresh in people's minds. That's the only way to profit by experience. Paper work is too slow."

Included in the party that left Washington were: Brigadier General G. C. Thomas, Chief of the Division of Plans and Policies; Brigadier General Field Harris, Chief of the Division of Aviation; Colonel Elmer E. Hall, Chief of the Detail Branch; Lieutenant Colonel Paul Drake, senior aide to the Commandant, but chiefly concerned on this trip with collecting reports on equipment; and, of course, General Vandegrift, primarily occupied with problems of command and personnel, but with a restless and experienced eye peering in all directions for ways to improve the battle practice of the Marine Corps. At Honolulu the party split up and took off in all directions to do their jobs the quickest way.

"Everywhere I went," says General Vandegrift, "I found the men in fine spirits and with their morale high. They were tired, naturally. On Saipan they had put up one of the hardest fights of all time against a most determined enemy over almost impossible terrain."

"One of the most remarkable things we saw," continued the Commandant, "was the degree of perfection reached in the system of supply. In our recent operations it had been functioning almost without a hitch. For example, three days after the initial landing on Guam, the Division Bakery was established and was putting out fresh bread for the men."

"As for equipment, it was great to see that our people can now go ashore fully armed with everything necessary for amphibious warfare. Several improvements have made our recent landings much more effective than anything we could have attained early in the war. The LVT's are much more improved, and we have many more of them. An added factor in recent landings has been the adequacy and constancy of the air cover and of naval shelling."



Lt. Gen. A. A. Vandegrift, Commandant, listens as an enlisted Marine tells what's on his mind

After a quick "look-see" at the naval installations on Saipan, the Commandant flew to Guam, where he saw the Third Marine Division and the First Provisional Marine Brigade, talked with regimental and battalion commanders, studied the areas that were fought over, and accompanied a patrol to the north end of the island where, on August 13, remnants of the Jap garrison were still fighting in caves and jungles.

The Fourth Marine Division had left Tinian when the party arrived there, but some mopping up was still going on in the southern end of the island. "We were sorry to miss the Fourth," says General Vandegrift. "I would have liked to have seen that magnificent outfit." On Tinian, where Marines are in charge of Japanese civilians, the Commandant visited the concentration camps. "They are a docile people," he says, "and everybody out there was trying to provide adequate housing for them. And on Guam, by the way," General Vandegrift continued, "we were much impressed by the Chamorros. Their houses had been destroyed, and many of their fields made unfit. Still, they were genuinely glad to see Americans. They are, of course, our own people."

From Tinian the party returned to Saipan where conferences were held and the Commandant spent one day and two nights visiting various units of the Second Marine Division.

From the Marianas, the party flew on to Eniwetok, Kwajalein, Guadalcanal, the Russells and Bougainville, and then returned to Guadalcanal. "It seemed very strange to be back at Guadalcanal," the Commandant remarked. "I found it much changed. Now there are wide roads, laundries, and so on. About 1900 acres of land are under cultivation, and supply a large part of the fresh vegetables needed by the garrison."

After a fast trip back, General Vandegrift was rejoined by his entire party at Honolulu on August 22, and arrived in Washington early on August 24.

The Commandant gives the impression that he is pleased with the progress of the Pacific war, but impatient to get it over and done with. "We are most decidedly not 'island hopping' in the Pacific," he emphasizes. "We are taking only those islands which we must have to further our march to the Japanese homeland and the coast of China."

The Commandant's recent trip to the Pacific, indicating close liaison between Headquarters and the field, gives assurance that the islands which have to be taken will be taken with the best commands, the best troops, and the best equipment that the Marines—or anybody else—can find.

BACK OF THE BOOK



LIVIA

If Sgt. Frank E. Livia has an owl's look in the sunlight, it must be due to the many hours he's spent in photographic darkrooms. As one of LEATHERNECK's darkroom technicians, Livia saved many a picture from mediocrity by his subtle touches. Such work receives little recognition from the average reader, but many a picture is made or lost in the darkroom.

Before joining the Corps, Livia was in charge of color work for Victor Keppler, one of the country's best known photographers. After boot camp at Parris Island, Livia attended the Photography School at Quantico, and later joined the staff of THE LEATHERNECK. He is married and makes his home in New York City.



CLYMER

Corp. John F. Clymer, who's responsible for this month's cover, as well as the art work on the demolition story, likes nothing better than to roam the wilds of Canada painting pictures of natural grandeur. A native of the State of Washington, he spent more than a decade with our neighbors in the North, painting outdoor scenes and illustrations for magazines. For eight years, before joining the Corps, he maintained a studio at Westport, N. Y., doing advertising art as well as magazine illustrations. He is an Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy and has exhibited at the National Academy in New York City as well as at other prominent galleries. Clymer is married and the father of a son.



HELFER

Sgt. Harold Helfer, who authored "Combat Cash" and wrote the copy for "Fire In The Hole" in this issue, was a reporter and columnist on the Birmingham (Ala.) Post for 10 years before joining the Marine Corps in September, 1942.

He is married and has a boy who looks enough like him to have been manufactured by carbon copy out of his dad's typewriter. Sgt. Helfer has had stuff in such magazines as the Saturday Evening Post, Sir, the Woman, Coronet, Read, and Gourmet.

His writing assignments for newspapers have included such things as living in a monastery, entering a dance marathon and motorcycling from Birmingham to New York. He's written a couple of songs, too.



Picture Credits

Sgt. Louis Lowery, pp. 26, 27, 28, 29.
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